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" With this fragment of the rock hurled at thy head, thee and thy perjured crew will I demolish ! "

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MASTERPIECES
OF THE WORLD'S
LITERATURE
ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF
THE WORLD WITH THEIR
MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M.
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VIII

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THE DUCHESS.

The Duchess, pseudonym of Mrs. Margaret Hungerford (Hamilton Argles). A popular Irish novelist, born 1855. The daughter of the Rev. Canon Hamilton of Roscarberry. Died at Bandon, Cork County, Jan. 24, 1897. She began her career when young, and up to the time of her death had written about thirty novels, of which the most popular are as follows: — "Phyllis" (1877); "Molly Bawn" (1878); "Airy Fairy Lilian" (1879); "Beauty's Daughters" (1880); "Mrs. Geoffrey" (1881); "Faith and Unfaith" (1881); "Portia" (1882); "Loÿs, Lord Beresford, and Other Tales" (1883); "Rossmoyne" (1883); "Doris" (1884); "O Tender Dolores" (1885); "A Maiden All Forlorn, and Other Stories" (1885); "In Durance Vile" (1885); "Lady Branksmere" (1886); "A Mental Struggle" (1886); "Lady Valworth's Diamonds" (1886); "Her Week's Amusement" (1886); "Green Pastures and Gray Grief" (1886); "A Modern Circe" (1887); "The Duchess" (1887); "Undercurrents" (1888); "Marvel" (1888); "Hon. Mrs. Vereker" (1888).

The Engagement.

(From "Molly Bawn.")

It is raining, not only raining, but pouring. All the gracious sunshine of yesterday is obliterated, forgotten, while in its place the sullen raindrops dash themselves with suppressed fury against the window-panes. Huge drops they are, swollen with the hidden rage of many days, that fall, and burst heavily, and make the casements tremble.

Outside, the flowers droop and hang their pretty heads in sad wonder at this undeserved Nemesis that has overtaken them. Along the sides of the graveled paths small rivulets run frightened. There is no song of birds in all the air. Only the young short grass uprears itself, and, drinking in with eager greediness the welcome but angry shower, refuses to bend its neck beneath the yoke.

"How I hate a wet day!" says Luttrell, moodily, for the twentieth time, staring blankly out of the deserted schoolroom window, where he and Molly have been yawning and moping for the last half-hour.

"Do you? I love it," replies she, out of a sheer spirit of contradiction; as, if there is one thing she utterly abhors, it is the idea of rain.

"If I said I loved it, *you* would say the reverse," says he, laughing, not feeling equal to the excitement of a quarrel.

"Without doubt," replies she, laughing too; so that a very successful opening is rashly neglected. "Surely it cannot keep on like this all day," she says, presently, in a dismal tone, betraying by her manner the falsity of her former admiration: "we shall have a dry winter if it continues much longer. Has any wise man yet discovered how much rain the clouds are capable of containing at one time? It would be such a blessing if they had; then we might know the worst, and make up our minds to it."

"Drop a line to the clerk of the weather office; he might make it his business to find out if you asked him."

"Is that a joke?" with languid disgust. "And you professed yourself indignant with me yesterday when I perpetrated a really superior one! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I would not condescend to anything so feeble."

"That reminds me I have not yet paid you off for that misdemeanor. Now when time is hanging so heavily on my hands, is a most favorable opportunity to pay the debt. I embrace it. And you too. So 'prepare for cavalry.'"

"A fig for all the hussars in Europe," cries Molly, with indomitable courage.

Meantime Letitia and John in the morning-room — that in a grander house would have been designated a boudoir — are holding a hot discussion.

Lovat, the eldest son, being the handsomest and by far the most scampish of her children, is, of course, his mother's idol. His master, however, having written to say that up to this, in spite of all the trouble that had been taken with him, he has evinced a far greater disposition for cricket and punching his companions' heads than for his Greek and Latin, Lovat's father has given it as his opinion that Lovat deserves a right good flogging; while Lovat's mother maintains that all noble, high-spirited boys are "just like that," and asks Mr. Massereene, with the air of a Q.C., whether he never felt a distaste for the dead languages.

Mr. Massereene replying that he never did, that he was always a model boy, and never anywhere but at the head of his class, his wife instantly declares that she doesn't believe a word of it, and most unfairly rakes up a dead-and-gone story, in which Mr. Massereene figures as the principal feature, and is discovered during school-hours on the top of a neighbor's apple-tree, with a long-suffering but irate usher at the foot of it, armed with his indignation and a birch rod.

"And for three mortal hours he stood there, while I sat up aloft and grinned at him," says Mr. Massereene, with (considering his years) a disgraceful appreciation of his past immoral conduct; "and when at last the gardener was induced to mount the tree and drag me ignominiously to the ground, I got such a flogging as made a chair for some time assume the character of a rack."

"And you deserved it, too," says Letitia, with unwonted severity.

"I did, indeed, my dear," John confesses, heartily; "richly. I am glad to see that at last you begin to take a sensible view of the subject. If I deserved a flogging because I once shirked my tasks, what does not Lovat deserve for a long course of such conduct?"

"He is not accused of stealing apples at all events; and, besides, Lovat is quite different," says Letitia gravely. Whereupon John tells her her heart is running away with her head, and that her partiality is so apparent that he must cease from further argument, and goes on with his reading.

Presently, however, he rises, and crossing the room, stands over her, watching her white shapely fingers as they deftly fill up the holes in the little socks that lie in the basket beside her. She is so far *en rapport* with him as to know that his manner betokens a desire for confidence.

"Have you anything to say to me, dear?" she asks, looking up and suspending her employment for the time being.

"Letitia," begins he, thoughtfully, not to say solemnly, "it is quite two months since Luttrell first put in an appearance in this house. Now, I don't wish to seem inhospitable — far be it from me: a thirst for knowledge alone induces me to put the question — but *do* you think he means to reside here permanently?"

"It is certainly very strange," says Letitia, unmoved by his eloquence to even the faintest glimmer of a smile, so deep is her interest in the subject — "the very oddest thing. If, now, it were a place where a young man could find any amusement, I would say nothing: but here! Do you know, John" — mysteriously — "I have my suspicions."

"No!" exclaims Mr. Massereene, betraying the wildest curiosity in voice and gesture — so wild as to hint at the possibility of its not being genuine. "You don't say so!"

"It has once or twice occurred to me" —

"Yes?"

"I have certainly thought" —

"Letitia" — with authority — "don't think, or suspect, or let it occur to you any more: *say* it."

"Well, then, I think he is in love with Molly."

John breaks into a hearty laugh.

"What it is to be a woman of penetration," says he. "So you have found that out? Now that is where we men fail. But are you certain? Why do you think it?"

"I am almost convinced of it," Letitia says, with much solemnity. "Last night I happened to be looking out of one of the windows that overhang the garden, and there in the moonlight (it was quite ten o'clock) I saw Molly give him a red rose; and he took it and gazed at it as though he were going to devour it; and then he kissed it; and after that he kissed Molly's hand! Now, I don't think, John, unless a young man was — you know — eh?"

"I altogether agree with you. Unless a young man *was*, you know, why, he wouldn't — that's all. I am glad, however, he had the grace to stop at the hand — that it was not Molly's lips he chose instead."

"My *dear* John!"

"My darling Letty! have I said anything so very *outré?* Were you never kissed by a young man?"

"Only by you," returns Mrs. Massereene, laughing apologetically, and blushing a rare delicate pink that would not have disgraced her at eighteen.

"Ah, you may well be excused, considering how you were tempted. It is not every day one meets — By the bye, Letty, did you cease eavesdropping at that point?"

"Yes; I did not like to remain longer."

"Then depend upon it, my dear, you did not see the last act in that drama."

"You surely do not think Molly"—

"I seldom trouble to think. I only know Luttrell is an uncommonly good-looking fellow, and that the moon is a white witch."

"He *is* good-looking," says Letitia, rising and growing troubled; "he is more than that—he is charming. Oh, John! if our Molly were to fall in love with him, and grow unhappy about it, what should we do? I don't believe he has anything beyond his pay."

"He has something more than that, I know, but not much. The Luttrells have a good deal of spare cash thrown about among them."

"But what of that? And a poor man would be wretched for Molly. Remember what an expensive regiment he is in. Why, I suppose as it is he can hardly keep himself. And how would it be with a wife and a large family?"

"Oh, Letitia! let us have the marriage ceremony first. Why on earth will you saddle the miserable man with a large family so soon? And wouldn't a small one do? Of what use to pile up the agony to such a height?"

"I think of no one but Molly. There is nothing so terrible as a long engagement, and that is what it will come to. Do you remember Sarah Annesley? She grew thinner and thinner day by day, and her complexion became positively yellow when Perceval went away. And her mother said it was suspense preying upon her."

"So they *said* my dear; but we all *know* it was indigestion."

"John"—austerely—"what is the exact amount of Mr. Luttrell's income?"

"About six hundred a year, I think."

"As much as that?" Slightly relieved. "And will his father allow him anything more?"

"Unless you insist upon my writing to Sir William I could not tell you that."

"Six hundred a year is far too little."

"It is almost as much as we have."

"But you are not in the army, and you are not a fashionable young man."

"If you say that again I shall sue for a divorce. But seriously, Letty, perhaps you are exciting yourself about nothing. Who knows but they are indifferent to each other?"

"I fear they are not. And I will not have poor Molly made unhappy."

"Why not, 'poor Luttrell'? It is far more likely, as I see it."

"I don't want any one to be unhappy. And something must be done."

"Exactly." After a pause, with ill-concealed cowardice: "Will you do it?"

"Do what?"

"That awful 'something' that is to be done."

"Certainly not. It is your duty to — to — find out everything, and ask them both what they mean."

"Then I won't," declares John, throwing out his arms decisively.

"I would not be bribed to do it. What! ask a man his intentions! I couldn't bring myself to do such a thing. How could I look him in the face again? They must fight the battle they can for themselves, like every one else. I won't interfere."

"Very good. I shall speak to Molly. And I really think we ought to go and look them up. I have seen neither of them since breakfast-time."

"The rain has ceased. Let us go by the balcony," says Mr. Massereene, stepping through the open window. "I heard them in the schoolroom as I passed."

Now, this balcony, as I have told you, runs along all one side of the house, and on it the drawing-room, schoolroom, and one of the parlor windows open. Thick curtains hang from them and conceal in part the outer world; so that when John and Letty stand before the schoolroom window to look in they do so without being themselves seen. And this, I regret to say, is what they see:

In the center of the room a square table, and flying round and round it, with the tail of her white gown twisted over her right arm, is Miss Massereene, with Mr. Luttrell in full chase after her.

"Well, upon my word!" says Mr. Massereene, unable through bewilderment to think of any remark more brilliant.

Round and round goes Molly, round and round follows her pursuer; until Luttrell, finding his prey to be quite as fleet if not fleeter than himself, resorts to a mean expedient, and, catching hold of one side of the table, pushes it, and Molly behind it, slowly but surely into the opposite corner.

There is no hope. Steadily, certainly she approaches her doom, and, with flushed cheeks and eyes gleaming with laughter, makes a vain protest.

"Now I have you," says Luttrell, drawing an elaborate penknife from his pocket, in which all the tools that usually go to adorn a carpenter's shop fight for room. "Prepare for death, or — I give you your choice: I shall either cut your jugular vein or kiss you. Don't hurry. Say which you prefer. It is a matter of indifference to me."

"Cut every vein in my body first," cried Molly, breathless but defiant.

["Letitia," whispers John, "I feel that I am going to laugh. What shall I do?"

"Don't," says Letitia, with stern promptitude. "That is what you will do. It is no laughing-matter. I hope you are not going to make a jest of it, John."

"But, my dear, supposing I can't help it?" suggests he, mildly. "Our risible faculties are not always under our control."

"On an occasion such as this they should be."

"Letitia," says Mr. Massereene, regarding her with severity, "you are going to laugh yourself; don't deny it."

"No — no, indeed," protested Letitia, foolishly, considering her handsome broad face is one broad smile, and that her plump shoulders are visibly shaking.]

"It is mean, it is shameful!" says Molly, from within, seeing no chance of escape. Whichever way she rushes can only be into his arms.

"All that you can say won't prevent me," says Luttrell, moving toward her with full determination in his eye.

"Perhaps a little that I can say may have the desired effect," breaks in Mr. Massereene, advancing into the middle of the room, with Letitia, looking rather nervous, behind him.

Tableau.

There is a sudden, rather undignified, cessation of hostilities on the part of Mr. Luttrell, who beats a hasty retreat to the wall, where he stands as though glad of the support. He bears a sneaky rather than a distinguished appearance, and altogether has the grace to betray a considerable amount of shame.

Molly, dropping her gown, turns a rich crimson, but is, I need hardly say, by far the least upset of the two delinquents. She remains where she is, hedged in by the table, and is conscious of feeling a wild desire to laugh.

Determined to break the silence, which is proving oppressive, she says, demurely:

"How fortunate, John, that you happened to be on the spot! Mr. Luttrell was behaving *so* badly!"

"I don't need to be told that."

"But how did you come here?" asks Molly, making a brave but unsuccessful effort to turn the tables upon the enemy. "And Letitia, too! I do hate people who turn up when they are least expected. What were you doing on the balcony?"

"Watching you — and — your friend," says John, very gravely for him. He addresses himself entirely to Molly, her "friend" being in the last stage of confusion and utterly incapable of speech. At this, however, he can support the situation no longer, and, coming forward, says, eagerly:

"John, let me explain. The fact is, I asked Miss Massereene to marry me, a little time ago, and she has promised to do so — if you — don't object." After this bit of eloquence he draws himself up, with a little shake, as though he had rid himself of something disagreeable, and becomes once more his usual self.

Letitia puts on a "didn't I tell you?" sort of air; and John says:

"Is that so?" looking at Molly for confirmation.

"Yes, if it is your wish," cries she, forsaking her retreat, and coming forward to lay her hand upon her brother's arm entreatingly, and with a gesture full of tenderness. "But if you do object, if it vexes you in the very slightest degree, John I" —

"But you will give your consent, Massereene," interrupts her lover hastily, as though dreading the remainder of the sentence, "won't you?" He too has come close up to John, and stands on one side, opposite Molly. Almost, from the troubled expression of his face as he looks at the girl, one might imagine him trying to combat her apparent lukewarmness more than her brother's objections.

"Things seem to have progressed very favorably without my consent," says John, glancing at the unlucky table, which has come in for a most unfair share of the blame. "But, before giving you my blessing, I acknowledge — now we are on the subject — I would like to know on what sum you intend setting up housekeeping." Here Letitia, who has preserved a strict neutrality throughout, comes more to the front. "It is inconvenient, and anything but romantic, I know, but people must eat, and those who indulge in *violent exercise* are generally possessed of healthy appetites."

"I have over five hundred a year," says Luttrell, coloring, and feeling as if he had said fifty and was going to be called presumptuous. He also feels that John has by some sudden means become very many years older than he really is.

"That includes everything?"

"Everything. When my uncle — Maxwell Luttrell — hops the — that is, drops off — I mean dies," says Luttrell, whose slang is extensive and rather confusing, "I shall come in for five thousand pounds more."

"How can you speak in such a cold-blooded way of your uncle's death?" says Molly, who is not so much impressed by the occasion as she should be.

"Why not? There is no love lost between us. If he could leave it away from me, he would; but that is out of his power."

"That makes it seven hundred," says Letitia, softly, *à propos* of the income.

"Nearer eight," says he, brightening at her tone.

"Molly, you wish to marry Tedcastle?" John asks his sister, gazing at her earnestly.

"Ye—es; but I'm not in a hurry, you know," replies she, with a little nod.

Massereene regards her curiously for a moment or two; then he says:

"She is young, Luttrell; she has seen little of the world. You must give her time. I know no man I would prefer to you as a brother; but — give her time. Be satisfied with the engagement; do not let us speak of marriage just yet."

"Not unless she wishes it," says the younger man, bravely, and perhaps a little proudly.

"In a year," says John, still with his eyes on his beautiful sister, and speaking with marked hesitation, as though waiting for her to make some sign by which he shall know how to best forward her secret wishes; "then we may begin to talk about it."

"Yes, then we may talk about it," echoes Molly, cheerfully.

"But a year! — it is a lifetime," says Luttrell, with some excitement, turning his eyes full of mute desire for help, upon Letitia. And when did Letitia ever fail any one?

"I certainly think it is too long," she says truthfully and kindly.

"No," cries Molly, pettishly, "it shall be as John wishes. Why, it is nothing! Think of all the long years to come afterward, when we shall not be able to get rid of each other, no matter how earnestly we may desire it; and then see how small in comparison is this one year."

Luttrell, who has grown a little pale, goes over to her and takes her hand in both his. His face is grave, fuller of purpose than they have ever yet seen it. To him the scene is a betrothal, almost a marriage.

"You will be true to me?" he says, with suppressed emotion. "Swear that you will, before your brother."

"Of course I will," with a quick, nervous laugh. "Why should I be otherwise? You frighten me with your solemn ways. Am I more to you than I was yesterday? Why, how should I be untrue to you, even if I wished it? I shall see no one from the day you leave until you come again."

At this moment the noise of the door handle being turned makes him drop her hand, and they all fall simultaneously into what they fondly hope is an easy attitude. And then Sarah appears upon the threshold with a letter and a small packet between her first finger and thumb. She is a very genteel girl, is Sarah, and would scorn to take a firm grasp of any thing.

"This 'ere is for you, sir," she says, delivering the packet to Luttrell, who consigns it hastily to his coat pocket; "and this for you, Miss Molly," giving the letter. "The postman says, sir, as 'ow they only came by the afternoon, but I am of the rooted opinion that he forgot 'em this morning."

Thus Sarah, who is loquacious though trustworthy, and bears an undying grudge to the postman, in that he has expressed himself less enamored of her waning charms than of those of the more buxom Jane, who queens it over the stewpans and the cold joints.

"Most improper of the postman," replies Mr. Massereene, soothingly.

Meantime, Molly is standing staring curiously at her missive.

"I don't know the writing," she says, in a vague tone. "I do hope it isn't a bill."

"A bill, with that monogram!" exclaims Luttrell. "Not likely. I would swear to a dunning epistle at twenty yards' distance."

"Who can it be from?" wonders Molly, still dallying with one finger inserted beneath the flap of the envelope.

"Perhaps if you look within you may find out," suggests John, meekly; and thus encouraged she opens the letter and reads.

At first her face betrays mere indifference, then surprise, then a sudden awakening to intense interest, and lastly unmitigated astonishment.

"It is the most extraordinary thing," she says, at last, looking up, and addressing them generally in an awe-struck whisper, "the most unexpected. After all these years, I can scarcely believe it to be true."

"But what is it, darling?" asks Letty, actually tingling with excitement.

"An invitation to Herst Royal!"

"I don't believe you," cries Luttrell, who means no rudeness at all, but is merely declaring in a modern fashion how delighted beyond measure he is.

"Look: is not that Marcia's writing? I suppose she wrote it, though it is dictated by grandpapa."

All four heads are instantly bent over the clear, bold caligraphy to read the cold but courteous invitation it contains.

"Dear Eleanor" is given to understand that her grandfather will be pleased to make her acquaintance, if she will be pleased to transfer herself and her maid to Herst Royal on the twenty-seventh of the present month. There are a few hints about suitable trains, a request that a speedy reply in the affirmative will be sent, and then "dear Eleanor" is desired to look upon Mr. Amherst as her "affectionate grandfather." Not one word about all the neglect that has been showered upon her for nineteen years.

"Well?" says Luttrell, who is naturally the first to recover himself.

"Had you anything to do with this?" asks John, turning almost fiercely to him.

"Nothing, on my honor."

"He must be near death," says Letitia. Molly is silent, her eyes still fixed upon the letter. "I think, John — she ought to go."

"Of course she shall go," returns John, a kind of savage jealousy pricking him. "I can't provide for her after my death. That old man may be softened by her face or terrified by the near approach of dissolution into doing her justice. He has neither watched her, nor tended her, nor loved her; but now that she has come to perfection he claims her."

"John," cries Molly, with sudden passion, flinging herself into his arms, "I will not go. No, not one step. What is he to me, that stern old tyrant, who has refused for nineteen years to acknowledge me? While you, my dear, my darling, you are my all."

"Nonsense, child!" Speaking roughly, although consoled and strengthened by her caress and loving words. "It is what I have been wishing for all these years. Of course you must go. It is only right you should be recognized by your relations, even though it is so late in the day. Perhaps he will leave you a legacy; and" — smiling — "I think I may console myself with the reflection that old Amherst will scarcely be able to cut me out."

"You may, without flattering yourself," says Luttrell.

"Letitia, do you want to get rid of me?" asks Molly, still half crying.

"You are a hypocrite," says Letitia; "you know you are dying to go. I should, were I in your place. Instead of lamenting, you ought to be thanking your stars for this lucky chance that has befallen you; and you should be doubly grateful to us for letting you go, as we shall miss you horribly."

"I sha'n't stay any time," says Molly, reviving. "I shall be back before you realize the fact that I have gone. I know in polite society no one is expected to outstay a month at the very longest."

"You cover me with confusion," says Luttrell, laughing. "Consider what unmentionable form I have displayed. How long have I outstayed my time? It is uncommonly good of you, Mrs. Massereene, not to have given me my *congé* long ago; but my only excuse is that I have been so utterly happy. Perhaps you will forgive me when you learn that I must tear myself away on Thursday."

"Oh! must you?" says Letitia, honestly sorry. Now that the engagement is *un fait accompli*, and the bridegroom-elect has declared himself not altogether so insolvent as she had feared, she drops precautionary measures, and gives way to the affection with which she has begun to regard him. "You are going to Herst also. Why cannot you stay here to accompany Molly? Her going is barely three weeks distant."

"If I could I would not require much pressing, you can readily believe that. But duty is imperative, and go I must."

"You did not tell me you were going," says Molly, looking aggrieved. "How long have you known it?"

"For a week. I could not bear to think about leaving, much less to speak of it, so full of charms has Brooklyn proved itself" — with a smile at Mrs. Massereene — "but it is an indisputable fact for all that."

"Well, in spite of Lindley Murray, I maintain that life is long," says Massereene, who has been silent for the last few minutes. "And I need hardly tell you, Luttrell, you are welcome here whenever you please to come."

"Thank you, old boy," says Luttrell.

"Come out," whispers Molly, slipping her hand into her lover's (she minds John and Letitia about as much as she minds the tables and chairs); "the rain has ceased, and see what a beautiful sun. I have any amount of things to say to you, and a whole volume of questions to ask about my detested *grand-père*. So freshen your wits. But first before we go" — mischievously, and with a little nod full of reproof — "I really think you ought to apologize to John for your scandalous behavior of this morning."

"Molly, I predict this glorious future for you," says her brother: "that you will be returned to me from Herst Royal in disgrace."

When they have reached the summer-house in the garden, whither they have wended their way, with a view to shade (as the sun, having been debarred from shining for so many hours, is now exerting itself to the utmost to make up for lost time), Luttrell draws from his pocket the identical parcel delivered to him by Sarah, and, holding it out to Molly, says, somewhat shamefacedly,

"Here is something for you."

"For me?" Coloring with surprise and pleasant expectation. She is a being so unmistakably delighted with anything she receives, be it small or great, that it is an absolute joy to give to her. "What is it?"

"Open it and see. I have not seen it myself yet, but I hope it will please you."

Off comes the wrapper; a little leather case is disclosed, a mysterious fastener undone, and there inside, in its velvet shelter, lies an exquisite diamond ring that glistens and flashes up into her enchanted eyes.

"Oh, Teddy! it cannot be for me," she says with a little gasp that speaks volumes; "it is too beautiful. Oh, how good of you to think of it! And how did you know that if there is one thing on earth which I love it is a ring? And *such* a ring! You wicked boy, I do believe you have spent a fortune on it." Yet in reality she hardly guesses the full amount of the generous sum that has been so willingly expended on that glittering hoop.

"I am glad you like it," he says, radiant at her praise. "I think it is pretty."

"'Pretty' is a poor word. It is far too handsome. I would scold you for your extravagance, but I have lost the power just now. And do you know" — raising her soft, flushed face to her lover — "I never had a ring before in my life, except a very old-fashioned one of my mother's, an ancient square, you know, with hair in the center, and all around it big pearls, that are anything but pearly now, as they have grown quite black. Thank you a thousand times."

She slips her arm around his neck and presses her lips warmly, unbashfully to his cheek. Be it ever so cold, so wanting in the shyness that belongs to conscious tenderness, it is still the very first caress she has ever given him of her own accord. A little thrill runs through him, and a mad longing to catch her in his arms, as he feels the sweet, cool touch; yet he restrains himself. Some innate sense of honor, born on the occasion, a shrinking lest she should deem him capable of claiming even so natural a return for his gift, compels him to forego his desire. It is noticeable, too, that he does not even place the ring on her engaged finger, as most men would have done. It is a bauble meant to gratify her: why make it a fetter, be it ever so light a one?

"I am amply repaid," he says, gently. "Was there ever such luck as your getting that invitation this morning? I wonder what could have put it into the old fellow's head to invite you? Are you glad you are going?"

"I am. I almost think it is mean of me to be so glad, but I can't help it. Is my grandfather so very terrific?"

"He is all of that," says Luttrell, "and a good deal more. If I were an American I would have no scruples about calling him a 'darned old cuss;' as it is, I will smother my feelings, and let you discover his failings for yourself."

"If he is as bad as you say, I wonder he gets any one to visit him."

"He does, however. We all go — generally the same lot every year; though I have been rather out of it for a time, on account of my short stay in India. He has first-class shooting; and when he is not in the way it is pretty jolly. He hates old people, and never allowed a chaperon inside his doors — I mean elderly chaperons. The young ones don't count: they, as a rule, are backward in the art of talking at one and making things disagreeable all round."

"But he is old himself."

"That's just it. It is all jealousy. He finds every old person he meets, no matter how unpleasant, a decided improvement on himself; whereas he can always hope the younger ones may turn out his counterparts."

"Really, if you say much more, I shall be afraid to go to Herst."

"Oh, well" — temporizing — "perhaps I exaggerate slightly. He has a wretched temper, and he takes snuff, you know; but I dare say there are worse."

"I have heard of damning praise," says Molly, laughing. "You are an adept at it."

"Am I? I didn't know. Well, do you know, in spite of all my uncivil remarks, there is a certain charm about Herst that other country-houses lack? We all understand our host's little weaknesses, in the first place, and are, therefore, never caught sleeping. We feel as if we were at school again, united by a common cause, with all the excitement of a conspiracy on foot that has a master for its victim; though, to confess the truth, the master in our case has generally the best of it, as he has a perfect talent for hitting on one's sore point. Then, too, we know to a nicety when the dear old man is in a particularly vicious mood, which is usually at dinner-time, and we keep looking at each other through every course, wondering on whose devoted head the shell of his wrath will first burst; and when that is over we wonder again whose turn it will be next."

"It must keep you very lively."

"It does; and, what is better, it prevents formality, and puts an end to the earlier stages of etiquette. We feel a sort of relationship, a clanship among us; and indeed, for the most part, we are related, as Mr. Amherst prefers entertaining his family to any others — it is so much easier to be unpleasant to them than to strangers. I am connected with him very distantly through my mother; so is Cecil Stafford; so is Potts in some undefined way."

"Now, don't tell me you are my cousin," says Molly, "because I wouldn't like it."

"I am not proud; if you will let me be your husband I won't ask anything more. Oh, Molly, how I wish this year was at an end!"

"Do you? I don't. I am absolutely dying to go to Herst." Then, turning eyes that are rather wistful upon him, she says, earnestly, "Do they — the women, I mean — wear very lovely clothes? To be like them must I — be very well dressed?"

"You always are very well dressed, are you not?" asks her lover, in return, casting a loving, satisfied glance over the fresh, inexpensive holland gown she wears, with a charming but masculine disregard of the fact that muslin is not silk, nor cotton cashmere.

"Am I? You stupid boy!" says Molly; but she laughs in a little pleased way and pats his hand. Next to being praised herself, the sweetest thing to a woman is to have her dress praised. "Not I. Well, no matter; they may crush me if they please with their designs by Worth, but I defy them to have a prettier ring than mine," smiling at her new toy as it still lies in the middle of her hand. "Is Herst very large, Teddy? How shall I remember my own room? It will be so awkward to be forever running into somebody else's, won't it?"

"Your maid will manage all that for you."

"My maid?" coloring slowly, but still with her eyes on his. "And — supposing I have no maid?"

"Well, then," says Tedcastle, who has been bred in the belief that a woman without her maid is as lost as a babe without its mother, "why, then, I suppose you would borrow one from your nearest neighbor. Cecil Strafford would lend you hers. I know my sisters were only allowed one between each two; and when they spent the autumn in different houses they used to toss up which should have her."

"What does a maid do for one, I wonder?" muses independent Molly.

"I should fancy you could better answer that than I."

"No — because I never had one."

"Well, neither had I," says Luttrell; at which they both laugh.

"I am afraid," says Molly, in a rather dispirited tone, "I shall feel rather strange at Herst. I wish you could manage to be there the very day I arrive — could you, Teddy? I would not be so lonely if I knew for certain you would be on the spot to welcome me. It is horrible going there for — that is — to be inspected."

"I will surely be there a day or two after, but I doubt I could be there on the twenty-seventh. You may trust me to do my best."

"I suppose it is — a very grand place," questions Molly, growing more and more depressed, "with dinner-parties every day, and butlers, and footmen, and all the rest of it? And I shall be there, a stranger, with no one to care whether I enjoy myself or not."

"You forget me," says Luttrell, quietly.

"True," returns she, brightening; "and whenever you see me sitting by myself, Teddy, you are to come over to me, no matter how engaged you may be, and sit down beside me. If I have any one else with me, of course you need not mind it."

"I see." Rather dryly. "Two is company, three is trumpery."

"Have I vexed you? How foolish you are! Why, if you are jealous in imagination, how will it be in reality? There will be many men at Herst; and perhaps — who knows" —

"What?"

"I may fall in love with some of them."

"Very likely." With studied coolness.

"Philip Shadwell, for instance?"

"It may be."

"Or your Mr. Potts?"

"There is no accounting for tastes."

"Or any one else that may happen to please me?"

"I see nothing to prevent it."

"And what then?"

"Why, then you will forget me, and like him — until you like some one else better."

"Now, if I were a dignified young lady," says Molly, "I should feel insulted; but, being only Molly Bawn, I don't.

I forgive you; and I won't fall in love with any one, so you may take that thunder-cloud off your brow as soon as it may please your royal highness."

"What do you gain by making me unhappy?" asks he, impetuously seizing the hand she has extended to him with all the air of an offended but gracious queen.

"Everything." Laughing. "I delight in teasing you, you look so deliciously miserable all through; it is never time thrown away upon you. Now, if you could only manage to laugh at my sallies or tease me back again, I dare say I should give in in a week and let you rest in peace ever after. Why don't you?"

"Perhaps because I can't. All people are not gifted with your fertile imagination. Or because it would give *me* no pleasure to see *you* 'deliciously miserable.'"

"Oh, you *wouldn't* see that," says Molly, airily. "All you could say would not suffice to bring even the faintest touch of misery into my face. Angry I might be, but 'miserable,' never!"

"Be assured, Molly, I shall never put your words to the test. Your happiness means mine."

"See how the diamonds flash!" says Molly, presently, recurring to her treasure. "Is this the engagement-finger? But I will not let it stay there, lest it might betray me."

"But every one knows it now."

"Are John and Letty every one? At Herst they are still in blissful ignorance. Let them remain so. I insist on our engagement being kept secret."

"But why?"

"Because if it was known it would spoil all my fun. I have noticed that men avoid a *fiancée* as they would a — a rattlesnake."

"I cannot see why being engaged should spoil your fun."

"But it would for all that. Come now, Ted, be candid: how often were you in love before you met me?"

"Never." With all the vehemence of a thousand oaths.

"Well, then, to put it differently, how many girls did you like?"

"Like?" Reluctantly. "Oh, as for that, I suppose I did fancy I liked a few girls."

"Just so; and I should like to like a few men," said Miss Massereene, triumphantly.

"You don't know what you are talking about," says Tedcastle, hotly.

"Indeed I do. That is just one of the great points which the defenders of women's rights forget to expatiate upon. A man may love as often as he chooses, while a woman must only love once, or he considers himself very badly used. Why not be on an equal footing? Not that I want to love any one," says Molly; "only it is the injustice of the thing I abhor."

"Love any one you choose," says Tedcastle, passionately, springing to his feet, "Shadwell or any other fellow that comes in your way; I sha'n't interfere. It is hardly necessary for you to say you don't 'want to love any one.' Your heart is as cold as ice. It is high time this engagement — this farce — should come to an end."

"If you wish it," says Molly quietly, in a subdued tone; yet as she says it she moves one step — no more — closer to him.

"But I do not wish it; that is my cruel fate!" cries the young man, taking both her hands and laying them over his heart with a despairing tenderness. "There are none happy save those incapable of knowing a lasting affection. Oh, Molly!" — remorsefully — "forgive me. I am speaking to you as I ought not. It is all my beastly temper; though I used not to be ill-tempered," says he, with sad wonder. "At home and among our fellows I was always considered rather easy-going than otherwise. I think the knowledge that I must part from you on Tuesday (though only for so short a time) is imbittering me."

"Then you are really sorry to leave me?" questions Molly, peering up at him from under her straw hat.

"You know I am."

"But very sorry — desperately so?"

"Yes." Gravely, and with something that is almost tears in his eyes. "Why do you ask me, Molly? Is it not palpable enough?"

"It is not. You look just the same as ever — quite as 'easy-going'" — with a malicious pout — "as either your 'home' or your 'fellows' could desire. I quite buoyed myself up with the hope that I should see you reduced to a skeleton as the last week crept to its close, and here you are robust and well to do as usual. I call it unfeeling," says Miss Massereene, reproachfully, "and I don't believe you care a pin about me."

"Would you like to see me 'reduced to a skeleton'?" asks Luttrell, reproachfully. "You talk as though you had been done out of something; but a man may be horribly cut up about a thing without letting all the world know of it."

"You conceal it with great skill," says Molly, placing her hand beneath his chin, under a pretense of studying his features, but in reality to compel him to look at her; and, as it is impossible for any one to gaze into another's eyes for any length of time without showing emotion of some kind, presently he laughs.

"Ah!" cries she, well pleased, "now I have made you laugh, your little attack of spleens will possibly take to itself wings and fly away."

All through the remainder of this day and the whole of the next — which is his last — she is sweetness itself to him. Whatever powers of tormenting she possesses are kept well in the background, while she betrays nothing but a very successful desire to please.

She wanders with him contentedly through garden and lawn; she sits beside him; at dinner she directs swift, surreptitious smiles at him across the flowers; later on she sings to him his favorite songs; and why she scarcely knows. Perhaps through a coquettish desire to make the parting harder; perhaps to make his chains still stronger; perhaps to soothe his evident regret; perhaps (who can say) because she too feels that same regret.

And surely to-night some new spirit is awake within her. Never has she sung so sweetly. As her glorious voice floats through the dimly-lighted room and out into the more brilliant night beyond, Luttrell, and Letitia, and John sit entranced and wonder secretly at the great gift that has been given her.

"If ever words are sweet, what, what a song
When lips we love the melody prolong!"

Molly in every-day life is one thing; Molly singing divinely is another. One wonders curiously, when hearing her, how anything so gay, so *débonnaire* as she, can throw such passion into words, such thrilling tenderness, such wild and mournful longing.

"Molly," cries John impatiently from the balcony, "I cannot bear to hear you sing like that. One would think your heart was broken. Don't do it, child."

And Molly laughs lightly, and bursts into a barcarolle that utterly precludes the idea of any deep feeling; after which she gives them her own "Molly Bawn," and then, shutting down the piano, declares she is tired, and that evidently John doesn't appreciate her, and so she will sing no more.

Then comes the last morning — the cruel moment when farewell must be said.

The dog-cart is at the door; John is good-naturedly busy about the harness; and Letitia having suddenly and with suspicious haste recollected important commands for the kitchen, whither she withdraws herself, the lovers find themselves alone.

"Hurry, man; you will barely catch it," cries John, from outside, meaning the train; having calculated to a nicety how long it would take him to give and receive a kiss, now that he has been married for more years than he cares to count.

Luttrell, starting at his voice, seizes both Molly's hands.

"Keep thinking of me always," he says, in a low tone; "always, lest at any moment you forget."

Molly makes him no answer, but slowly raises to his, eyes wet with unshed tears. It is more than he has hoped for.

"Molly," he cries hurriedly, only too ready to grasp this small bud of a longed-for affection, "you will be sorry for me? There are tears in your eyes — you will *miss* me? You love me, surely — a little?"

Once more the lovely dewy eyes meet his; she nods at him and smiles faintly.

"A little," he repeats wistfully. (Perhaps he has been assuring himself of some more open encouragement — has dreamed of spoken tenderness, and feels the disappointment.) "Some men," he goes on, softly, "can lay claim to all the great treasure of their love's heart, while I — see how eagerly I accept the bare crumbs. Yet darling, believe me, your sweet coldness is dearer to me than another woman's warmest assertion. And later — who knows? — perhaps" —

"Yes, perhaps," says Molly, stirred by his emotion or by some other stronger sentiment lying deep at the bottom of her heart, "by and by I may perhaps bore you to death by the violence of my devotion. Meantime," — standing on tiptoe, and blushing just enough to make her even more adorable than before, and placing two white hands on his shoulders — "you shall have one small, wee kiss to carry away with you."

Half in doubt he waits until of her own sweet accord her lips do verily meet his; and then, catching her in his arms, he strains her to him, forgetful for the moment of the great fact that neither time nor tide waits for any man.

"You are not going, I suppose?" calls John, his voice breaking in rudely upon the harrowing scene. "Shall I send the horse back to the stables? Here, James,"— to the stable-boy —"take round Rufus; Mr. Luttrell is going to stay another month or two."

"Remember," says Luttrell, earnestly, still holding her, as though loath to let her go.

"You remind me of Charles the First," murmurs she, smiling through her tears. "Yes, I will remember *you*, and all you have *said*, and — *everything.* And more, I shall be longing to see you again. Now go," giving him a little push.

Presently — he hardly knows how — he finds himself in the dog-cart, with John, oppressively cheerful, beside him, and looking back as they drive briskly up the avenue, takes a last glance at Brooklyn, with Molly on the steps, waving her hand to him, and watching his retreating form with such a regretful countenance as gives him renewed courage.

In an upper window is Letitia, more than equal to the occasion, armed with one of John's largest handkerchiefs, that bears a strong resemblance to a young sheet as it flutters frantically hither and thither in the breeze; while below the two children, Daisy and Renee — under a mistaken impression that the hour is festive — throw after him a choice collection of old boots much the worse for wear, which they have purloined with praiseworthy adroitness, from under their nurse's nose.

"Oh, Letty, I do feel so honestly lonely," says Molly, half an hour later, meeting her sister-in-law on the stairs.

"Do you, dearest?" Admiringly. "That is very nice of you. Never mind; you know you will soon see him again. And let us come and consult about the dresses you ought to wear at Herst."

"Yes, do let us," returns Miss Massereene, brightening with suspicious alacrity, and drawing herself up as straight as a young tree out of the despondent attitude she has been wearing. "That will pass the time better than anything."

Whereupon Letitia chuckles her ill-suppressed amusement and gives it as her opinion that "dear Molly isn't as bad as she thinks herself."

John has done his duty, has driven the melancholy young man to the station, and very nearly out of his wits, by insisting on carrying on a long and tedious argument that lasts the entire way, waiting pertinaciously for a reply to every one of his questions.

This has taken some time, more especially as the train was late, and the back drive hilly, yet when at length he reaches his home he finds his wife and Molly still deep in the mysteries of the toilet.

"Well?" says his sister, as he stands in the doorway regarding them silently. As she speaks she allows the dejected expression of two hours ago to return to her features, her lids droop a little over her eyes, her forehead goes up, the corners of her mouth go down. She is in one instant a very afflicted Molly. "Well?" she says.

"He isn't well at all," replies John, with a dismal shake of the head and as near an imitation of Molly's rueful countenance as he can manage at so short a notice; "he is very bad. I never saw a worse case in my life. I doubt if he will last out the day. I don't know how you regard it, but I call it cruelty to animals."

"You need not be unfeeling," says Molly, reproachfully, "and I won't listen to you making fun of him behind his back. You wouldn't before his face."

"How do you know?" As though weighing the point. "I never saw him funny until to-day. He was on the verge of tears the entire way. It was lucky I was beside him, or he would have drenched the new cushions. For shame's sake he refrained before me, but I know he is in floods by this."

"He is not," says Molly, indignantly. "Crying, indeed! What an idea. He is far too much of a man for that."

"I am a man too," says John, who seems to find a rich harvest of delight in the contemplation of Luttrell's misery. "And once, before we were married, when Letitia treated me with disdain, I gave way to my feelings to such an extent that" —

"Really, John," interposes his wife, "I wish you would keep your stupid stories to yourself, or else go away. We are very busy settling about Molly's things."

"What things? Her tea things — her play-things? Ah! poor little Molly! her last nice new one is gone."

"Letty, I hope you don't mind, dear," says Molly, lifting a dainty china bowl from the table near her. "Let us trust it won't break; but, whether it does or not, I must and will throw it at John."

"She should at all events have one pretty new silk dress," murmurs Letitia, vaguely, whose thoughts "are with her heart, and that is far away," literally buried, so to speak, in the depths of her wardrobe. "She could not well do without it. Molly" — with sudden inspiration — "you shall have mine. That dove-color always looks pretty on a girl, and I have only worn it once. It can easily be made to fit you."

"I wish, Letitia, you would not speak to me like that," says Molly, almost angrily, though there are tears in her eyes. "Do you suppose I want to rob you? I have no doubt you would give me every gown you possess, if I so willed it, and leave yourself nothing. Do remember I am going to Herst more out of spite and curiosity than anything else, and don't care in the least how I look. It is very unkind of you to say such things."

"You are the kindest soul in the world, Letty," says John, from the doorway; "but keep your silk. Molly shall have one too." After which he decamps.

"That is very good of John," says Molly. "The fact is, I haven't a penny of my own — I never have a week after I receive my allowance — so I must only do the best I can. If I don't like it, you know I can come home. It is a great thing to know, Letty, that *you* will be glad to have me, whether I am well dressed or very much the reverse."

"Exactly. And there is this one comfort also, that you look well in anything. By the bye, you must have a maid. You shall take Sarah, and we can get some one in until you come back to us. That" — with a smile — "will prevent your leaving us too long to our own devices. You will understand without telling what a loss the fair Sarah will be."

"You are determined I shall make my absence felt," says Molly, with a half-smile. "Really, Letty, I don't like" —

"But I do," says Letty. "I don't choose you to be one whit behind any one else at Herst. Without doubt, they will beat you in the matter of clothes; but what of that? I have known many titled people have a fine disregard of apparel."

"So have I," returns Molly, gayly. "Indeed, were I a man, possessed with a desire to be mistaken for a lord, I would go to the meanest 'old clo' shop and purchase there the seediest garments and the most dilapidated hat (with a tendency toward greenness), and a pair of boots with a patch on the left side, and, having equipped myself in them, saunter down the 'shady side of Pall Mall' with a sure and certain conviction that I was quite the thing. Should my ambitious longings soar as high as a dukedom, I would add to the above costume a patch on the right boot as well, and — questionable linen."

"Well," says Letitia, with a sigh, "I hope Marcia is a nice girl, and that she will be kind to you."

"So do I" — with a shrug — "but from her writing I am almost sure she isn't."

Roses and Thorns.

(From "Airy Fairy Lilian.")

It is the gloaming — that tenderest, fondest, most pensive time of all the day. As yet, night crouches on the borders of the land, reluctant to throw its dark shadow over the still smiling earth, while day is slowly, sadly receding. There is a hush over everything; above, on their leafy perches, the birds are nestling, and crooning their cradle songs; the gay breeze, lazy with its exertions of the day, has fallen asleep, so that the very grasses are silent and unstirred. An owl in the distance is hooting mournfully. There is a serenity on all around, an all-pervading stillness that moves one to sadness, and fills unwittingly the eyes with tears. It is the peace that follows upon grief, as though the busy world, that through all the heat and turmoil of the day has been weeping and groaning in anguish, has now for a few short hours found rest.

The last roses of summer in Mrs. Arlington's garden, now that those gay young sparks, the bees, have deserted them, are growing drowsy, and hang their heavy heads dejectedly. Two or three dissipated butterflies, fond of late hours and tempted by the warmth, still float gracefully through the air.

Cecilia, coming down the garden path, rests her arms upon her wicket gate and looks toward Chetwoode.

She is dressed in exquisite white cambric fastened at the throat by a bit of lavender ribbon; through her gown here and there are touches of the same color; on her head is a ravishing little cap of the mob description, that lends an additional charm to her face, making her seem, if possible, more womanly, more lovable than ever.

As she leans upon the gate a last yellow sunbeam falls upon her, peeps into her eyes, takes a good-night kiss from her parted lips, and, descending slowly, lovingly, crosses her bosom, steals a little sweetness from the white rose dying on her breast, throws a golden shade upon her white gown, and finally dies chivalrously at her feet.

But not for the dead devoted sunbeam does that warm blush grow and mantle on her cheek; not for it do her pulses throb, her heart beat fast. Toward her, in his evening dress, and without his hat, regardless of consequences, comes Cyril, the quickness of his step betraying a flattering haste. As yet, although many weeks have come and gone since their first meeting, no actual words of love have been spoken between them; but each knows the other's heart, and has learned that eyes can speak a more eloquent language, can utter tenderer thoughts, than any the lips can frame.

"Again?" says Cecilia, softly, a little wonder, a great undisguised gladness, in her soft gray eyes.

"Yes; I could not keep away," returns he, simply.

He does not ask to enter, but leans upon the gate from his side, very close to her. Most fair men look well in evening clothes; Cyril looks downright handsome: his blond mustache seems golden, his blue eyes almost black, in the rays of the departing sun; just now those eyes are filled with love and passionate admiration.

Her arms, half bare, with some frail shadowy lace falling over them, look rounded and velvety as a child's in the growing dusk; the fingers of her pretty, blue-veined hands are interlaced. Separating them, Cyril takes one hand between his own and strokes it fondly, silently, yet almost absently.

Suddenly raising his head, he looks at her, his whole heart in his expression, his eyes full of purpose. Instinctively she feels the warmth, the tenderness of his glance, and changes from a calm lily into an expectant rose. Her hand trembles within his, as though meditating flight, and then lies passive as his clasp tightens firmly upon it. Slowly, reluctantly, as though compelled by some hidden force, she turns her averted eyes to his.

"Cecilia," murmurs he imploringly, and then — and then their lips meet, and they kiss each other solemnly, with a passionate tenderness, knowing it is their betrothal they are sealing.

"I wish I had summoned courage to kiss you a week ago," he says presently. He is inside the gate now, and seems to have lost, in this shamefully short time, all the hesitation and modesty that a few minutes ago were so becoming. His arm is around her; even as he makes this rather *risque* remark, he stoops and embraces her again, without ever having the grace to ask permission, while she (that I should live to say it of Cecilia!) never reproves him.

"Why?" she asks, smiling up at him.

"See how I have wasted seven good days," returns he, drinking in gladly all the beauty of her face and smile. "This day last week I might have been as happy as I am now — whereas I was the most miserable wretch alive, the victim of suspense."

"You bore your misery admirably; had you not told me, I should never have guessed your wretchedness. Besides, how do you know I should have been so kind to you seven long days ago?"

"I know it — because you love me."

"And how do you know that either?" asks she, with a new-born coquetry that sits very sweetly upon her. "Cyril, when did you begin to love me?"

"The very moment I first saw you."

"No, no; I do not want compliments from *you;* I want the very honest truth. Tell me."

"I have told you. The honest truth is this. That morning after your arrival when I restored your terrier to you, I fell in love with you; you little thought then, when I gave your dog into your keeping, I was giving my heart also."

"No," in a low, soft voice, that somehow has a smile in it, "how could I? I am glad you loved me always — that there was no time when I was indifferent to you. I think love at first sight must be the sweetest and truest of all."

"You have the best of it, then, have you not?" with a rather forced laugh. "Not only did I love you from the first moment I saw you, but you are the only woman I ever cared for, while you," with some hesitation, and turning his eyes steadily away from hers, "you — of course — did love — once before."

"Never!"

The word comes with startling vehemence from between her lips, the new and brilliant gladness of her face dies from it. A little chill shudder runs through all her frame, turning her to stone; drawing herself with determination from his encircling arms, she stands somewhat away from him.

"It is time I told you my history," she says, in cold, changed tones, through which quivers a ring of pain, while her face grows suddenly as pale, as impenetrable as when they were yet quite strangers to each other. "Perhaps when you hear it you may regret your words of to-night." There is a doubt, a weariness in her voice that almost angers him.

"Nonsense!" he says, roughly, the better to hide the emotion he feels; "don't be romantic; nobody commits murder, or petty larceny, or bigamy nowadays, without being found out; unpleasant mysteries, and skeletons in the closet, have gone out of fashion. We put all our skeletons in the *Times* now, no matter how we may have to blush for their nakedness. I don't want to hear anything about your life if it makes you unhappy to tell it."

"It doesn't make me unhappy."

"But it does. Your face has grown quite white, and your eyes are full of tears. Darling, I won't have you distress yourself for me."

"I have not committed any of the crimes you mention, or any other particular crime," returns she, with a very wan little smile. "I have only been miserable ever since I can remember. I have not spoken about myself to any one for years — except one friend; but now I should like to tell you everything."

"But not there!" holding out his hands to her reproachfully. "I don't believe I could hear you if you spoke from such a distance." There is exactly half a yard of sward between them. "If you are willfully bent on driving us both to the verge of melancholy, at least let us meet our fate together."

Here he steals his arm round her once more, and, thus supported, and with her head upon his shoulder, she commences her short story:

"Perhaps you know my father was a Major in the Scots Greys: your brother knew him; his name was Duncan."

Cyril starts involuntarily.

"Ah, you start. You too knew him?"

"Yes, slightly."

"Then," in a curiously hard voice, "you knew nothing good of him. Well," with a sigh, "no matter; afterward you can tell me what it was. When I was eighteen he brought me home from school, not that he wanted my society — I was rather in his way than otherwise, and it wasn't a good way — but because he had a purpose in view. One day, when I had been home three months, a visitor came to see us. He was introduced to me by my father. He was young, dark, not ugly, well-mannered," here she pauses as though to recover breath, and then breaks out with a passion that shakes all her slight frame, "but hateful, vile, *loathsome.*"

"My darling, don't go on; I don't want to hear about him," implores Cyril anxiously.

"But I must tell you. He possessed that greatest of all virtues in my father's eyes — wealth. He was rich. He admired me; I was very pretty then. He dared to say he loved me. He asked me to marry him, and — I refused him."

As though the words are forced from her, she utters them in short, unequal sentences; her lips have turned the color of death.

"I suppose he went then to my father, and they planned it all between them, because at this time he — that is, my father — began to tell me he was in debt, hopelessly, irretrievably in debt. Among others he mentioned certain debts of (so-called) honor, which, if not paid within a given time, would leave him not only a beggar, but a disgraced one upon the face of the earth; and I believed him. He worked upon my feelings day by day, with pretended tears, with vows of amendment. I don't know," bitterly, "what his share of the bargain was to be, but I do know he toiled for it conscientiously. I was young, unusually so for my age, without companions, romantic, impressionable. It seemed to me a grand thing to sacrifice myself and thereby save my father, and if I would only consent to marry Mr. Arlington he had promised not only to avoid dice, but to give up his habits of intemperance. It is an old story, is it not? No doubt you know it by heart. Crafty age and foolish youth — what chance had I? One day I gave in, I said I would marry Mr. Arlington, and he sold me to him three weeks later. We were married."

Here her voice fails her again, and a little moan of agonized recollection escapes her. Cyril, clasping her still closer to him, presses a kiss upon her brow. At the sweet contact of his lips she sighs, and two large tears gathering in her eyes roll slowly down her cheeks.

"A week after my wretched marriage," she goes on, "I discovered accidentally that my father had lied to me and tricked me. His circumstances were not so bad as he had represented to me, and it was on the condition that he was to have a certain income from Mr. Arlington yearly that he had persuaded me to marry him. He did not long enjoy it. He died," slowly, "two months afterward. Of my life with — my husband I shall not tell you; the recital would only revolt you. Only to think of it now makes me feel deadly ill; and often from my dreams, as I live it all over again, I start, cold with horror and disgust. I did not last long, which was merciful; six months after our marriage he eloped with an actress and went to Vienna."

"The blackguard! the scoundrel!" says Cyril, between his teeth, drawing his breath sharply.

"I never saw him again. In a little while I received tidings of his death: he had been stabbed in a brawl in some drinking-house, and only lived a few hours after it. And I was once more free."

She pauses, and involuntarily stretches forth both her hands into the twilight, as one might who long in darkness, being thrust into the full light of day, seeks to grasp and retain it.

"When I heard of his death," she says, turning to Cyril, and speaking in a clear, intense tone, "I *laughed!* For the first time in many months I laughed aloud! I declared my thankfulness in a distinct voice. My heart beat with honest, undisguised delight when I knew I should never see him again, should never in all the years to come shiver and tremble in his hated presence. He was dead, and I was heartily glad of it."

She stops in terrible agitation. An angry fire gleams in her large, gray eyes. She seems for the moment to have utterly forgotten Cyril's nearness, as in memory she lives over again all the detested past. Cyril lays his hand lightly upon her shoulder, her eyes meet his, and then the anger dies from them. She sighs heavily and then goes on:

"After that I don't know what happened for a long time, because I got brain-fever and, but for one friend, who all through had done his best for me, I should have died. He and his sister nursed me through it, and brought me back to life again; but," mournfully, "they could not restore to me my crushed youth, my ruined faith, my girlish hopes. A few months had changed me from a mere child into a cold, unloving woman."

"Don't say that," says Cyril, gently.

"Until now," returns she, looking at him with eyes full of the most intense affection: "Now all is different."

"Beloved, how you have suffered!" he says, pressing her head down again upon his breast, and caressing with loving fingers her rich hair. "But it is all over, and, if I can make you so, you shall be happy in the future. And your one friend? Who was he?"

She hesitates perceptibly, and a blush creeping up dyes her pale face crimson.

"Perhaps I know," says Cyril, an unaccountable misgiving at his heart. "Was it Colonel Trant? Do not answer me if you do not wish it," very gently.

"Yes, it was he. There is no reason why I should not answer you."

"No?"

"No."

"He asked Guy to let you have the cottage?"

"Yes; I had wearied of everything, and, though by some chance I had come in for all Mr. Arlington's property, I only cared to go away and hide myself somewhere where I should find quiet and peace. I tried several places, but I was always restless until I came here." She smiles faintly.

Cyril, after a pause, says, hesitatingly:

"Cecilia, did you ever care for — for — Trant?"

"Never; did you imagine that? I never cared for any one but you, I never shall again. And you, Cyril," the tears rushing thickly to her eyes, "do you still think you can love me, the daughter of one bad man, the wife of another? I can hardly think myself as good as other women when I remember all the hateful scenes I have passed through."

"I shall treat you to a crowning scene if you ever dare say that again," says Cyril, whose spirits are rising now she has denied having any affection for Trant. "And if every relation you ever had was as bad as bad could be, I should adore you all the same. I can't say any more."

"You needn't," returns she, laughing a little. "Oh, Cyril, how sweet it is to be beloved, to me, especially, who never yet (until now) had any love offered me; at least," correcting herself hastily, "any I cared to accept!"

"But you had a lover?" asks he, earnestly.

"Yes, one."

"Trant again?" letting his teeth close somewhat sharply on his under lip.

"Yes."

"Cecilia, I'm afraid you liked that fellow once. Come, confess it."

"No, indeed, not in the way you mean; but in every other way more than I can tell you. I should be the most ungrateful wretch alive if it were otherwise. As a true friend I love him."

"How dare you use such a word to any one but me?" says Cyril, bending to smile into her eyes. "I warn you not to do it again, or I shall be dangerously and outrageously jealous. Tears in your eyes still, my sweet? Let me kiss them away: poor eyes! surely they have wept enough in their time to permit of their only smiling in the future."

When they have declared over and over again (in different languages every time, of course) the everlasting affection each feels for the other, Cecilia says:

"How late it grows! and you are in your evening dress, and without a hat. Have you dined?"

"Not yet; but I don't want any dinner." (By this one remark, O reader, you may guess the depth and sincerity of his love.) "We generally dine at half-past seven, but to-night we are to starve until eight to oblige Florence, who has been spending the day somewhere. So I dressed early and came down to see you."

"At eight," says Cecilia alarmed; "it is almost that now. You must go, or Lady Chetwoode will be angry with me, and I don't want any one belonging to you to think bad thoughts of me."

"There is plenty of time: it can't be nearly eight yet. Why, it is only half an hour since I came."

"It is a quarter to eight," says Cecilia, solemnly. "Do go, and come again as early as you can to-morrow."

"You will be glad to see me?"

"Yes, if you come very early."

"And you are sure, my own darling, that you really love me?"

"Quite, *quite* sure," tenderly.

"What a bore it is having to go home this lovely evening!" discontentedly. "Certainly 'Time was made for slaves.' Well"—with a sigh—"good-night. I suppose I must go. I shall run down directly after breakfast. Good-night, my own, my dearest."

"Good-night, Cyril."

"What a cold farewell! I sha'n't go away at all if you don't say something kinder."

Standing on tip-toe, Cecilia lays her arms around his neck.

"Good-night, my—darling," she whispers, tremulously;

and with a last lingering caress they part as though years were about to roll by before they can meet again.

. . . .

The next day is dark and lowering, to Lilian's great joy, who, now she is prevented by lameness from going for one of her loved rambles, finds infinite satisfaction in the thought that even were she quite well, it would be impossible for her to stir out-of-doors. According to her mode of arguing, this is one day not lost.

About two o'clock Archibald returns, in time for luncheon, and to resume his care of Lilian, who gives him a gentle scolding for his desertion of her in her need. He is full of information about town and their mutual friends there, and imparts it freely.

"Everything is as melancholy up there as it can be," he says, "and very few men to be seen; the clubs are deserted — all shooting or hunting, no doubt. The rain was falling in torrents all the day."

"Poor Archie! you have been having a bad time of it, I fear."

"In spite of the weather and her ruddy locks, Lady Belle Damascene has secured the prize of the season, out of season. She is engaged to Lord Wyntermere: it is not yet publicly announced, but I called to see her mother for five minutes, and so great was her exultation she could not refrain from whispering the delightful intelligence into my ear. Lady Belle is staying with his people now in Sussex."

"Certainly, 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' She is painfully ugly," says Miss Beauchamp. "Such feet, such hands, and such a shocking complexion!"

"She is very kind-hearted and amiable," says Cyril.

"That is what is always said of a plain woman," retorts Florence. "When you hear a girl is amiable, always conclude she is hideous. When one's trumpeter is in despair, he says that."

"I am sure Lord Wyntermere must be a young man of sound good sense," says Lilian, who never agrees with Florence. "If she has a kind heart he will never be disappointed in her. And, after all, there is no such great advantage to be derived from beauty. When people are married for four or five years, I dare say they quite forget whether the partner of their joys and sorrows was originally lovely or the reverse; custom deadens perception."

"It is better to be good than beautiful," says Lady Chetwoode, who abhors ugly women, "you know what Carew says:

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes."

"Well done, Madre," says Cyril. "You are coming out. I had no idea you were so gifted. Your delivery is perfect."

"And what are you all talking about?" continues Lady Chetwoode: "I think Belle Damascene very sweet to look at. In spite of her red hair, and a good many freckles, and — and — a rather short nose, her expression is very lovable; when she smiles I always feel inclined to kiss her. She is like her mother, who is one of the best women I know."

"If you encourage my mother she will end by telling you Lady Belle is a beauty and a reigning toast," says Guy, *sotto voce.*

Lady Chetwoode laughs, and Lilian says:

"What is every one wearing now, Archie?"

"There is nobody to wear anything. For the rest, they had all on some soft, shiny stuff like the dress you wore the night before last."

"What an accurate memory you have!" says Florence, letting her eyes rest on Guy's for a moment, though addressing Chesney.

"Satin," translates Lilian, unmoved. "And their bonnets?"

"Oh, yes! they all wore bonnets or hats, I don't know which," vaguely.

"Naturally; mantillas are not yet in vogue. You are better than 'Le Follet,' Archie; your answers are so satisfactory. Did you meet any one we know?"

"Hardly any one. By the bye" — turning curiously to Sir Guy — "was Trant here to-day?"

"No," surprised: "why do you ask?"

"Because I met him at Truston this morning. He got out of the train by which I went on — it seems he has been staying with the Bulstrodes — and I fancied he was coming on here, but had not time to question him, as I barely caught the train; another minute's delay and I should have been late."

Archibald rambles on about his near escape of being late for the train, while his last words sink deep into the minds of Guy and Cyril. The former grows singularly silent; a depressed expression gains upon his face. Cyril, on the contrary, becomes feverishly gay, and with his mad observations makes merry Lilian laugh heartily.

But when luncheon is over and they all disperse, a gloom falls upon him: his features contract; doubt and a terrible suspicion, augmented by slanderous tales that forever seem to be poured into his ears, make havoc of the naturally kind expression that characterizes his face, and with a stifled sigh he turns and walks toward the billiard-room.

Guy follows him. As Cyril enters the doorway, he enters too, and, closing the door softly, lays his hand upon his shoulder:

"You heard, Cyril?" he says, with exceeding gentleness.

"Heard what?" turning somewhat savagely upon him.

"My dear fellow" — affectionate entreaty in his tone — "do not be offended with me. Will you not listen, Cyril? It is very painful to me to speak; but how can I see my brother so — so shamefully taken in, without uttering a word of warning?"

"If you were less tragic and a little more explicit, it might help matters," replies Cyril, with a sneer and a short, unpleasant laugh. "Do speak plainly."

"I will, then," desperately, "since you desire it. There is more between Trant and Mrs. Arlington than we know of. I do not speak without knowledge. From several different sources I have heard the same story — of his infatuation for some woman, and of his having taken a house for her in some remote spot. No names were mentioned, mind; but from what I have unwillingly listened to, it is impossible not to connect these evil whispers that are afloat with him and her. Why does he come so often to the neighborhood and yet never dare to present himself to Chetwoode?"

"And you believe Trant capable of so far abusing the rights of friendship as to ask you — *you* — to supply the house in the remote spot?"

"Unfortunately I must."

"You are speaking of your friend," with a bitter sneer, "and you can coldly accuse him of committing so blackguardly an action?"

"If all I have heard be true (and I have no reason to doubt it), he is no longer any friend of mine," says Guy, haughtily. "I shall settle with *him* later on when I have clearer evidence, in the meantime it almost drives me mad to think he should have dared to bring down here, so close to my mother, his"—

"What?" cries Cyril, fiercely, thrusting his brother from him with passionate violence. "What is it you would say? Take care, Guy, take care, you have gone too far already. From whom, pray, have you learned your infamous story?"

"I beg your pardon," Guy says, gently, extreme regret visible in his countenance. "I should not have spoken so, under the circumstances. It was not from one alone, but from several, I heard what I now tell you — though I must again remind you that no names were mentioned: still, I could not help drawing my own conclusions."

"They lied!" returns Cyril, passionately, losing his head, "you may tell them so for me. And you" — half choking — "you lie too when you repeat such vile slanders."

"It is useless to argue with you," Guy says, coldly, the blood mounting hotly to his forehead at Cyril's insulting words, while his expression grows stern and impenetrable: "I waste time. Yet this last word I will say: Go down to the Cottage — now — this moment — and convince yourself of the truth of what I have said."

He turns angrily away; while Cyril, half mad with indignation and unacknowledged fear, follows this final piece of advice, and almost unconsciously leaving the house, takes the unwonted direction, and hardly draws breath until the trim hedges and pretty rustic gates of the Cottage are in view.

The day is showery, threatening since dawn, and now the rain is falling thickly, though he heeds it not at all.

As with laggard steps he draws still nearer the abode of her he loves yet does not wholly trust, the sound of voices smites upon his ear. He is standing upon the very spot — somewhat elevated — that overlooks the arbor where so long ago Miss Beauchamp stood and learned his acquaintance with Mrs. Arlington. Here now he too stays his steps, and gazes spellbound upon what he sees before him.

In the arbor, with his back turned to Cyril, is a man, tall, elderly, with an iron-gray mustache. Though not strictly handsome, he has a fine and very military bearing, and a figure quite unmistakable to one who knows him; with a sickly chill at his heart, Cyril acknowledges him to be Colonel Trant.

Cecilia is beside him. She is weeping bitterly, but quietly, and with one hand conceals her face with her handkerchief. The other is fast imprisoned in both of Trant's.

A film settles upon Cyril's eyes, a dull faintness overpowers him, involuntarily he places one hand upon the trunk of a near elm to steady himself; yet through the semi-darkness, the strange, unreal feeling that possesses him, the voices still reach him cruelly distinct.

"Do not grieve so terribly; it breaks my heart to see you, darling, *darling*," says Trant, in a low, impassioned tone, and raising the hand he holds, he presses his lips to it tenderly. The slender white fingers tremble perceptibly under the caress, and then Cecilia says, in a voice hardly audible through her tears:

"I am so unhappy! it is all my fault, knowing you loved me, I should have told you before of — "

But her voice breaks the spell; Cyril, as it meets his ears, rouses himself with a start. Not once again does he even glance in her direction, but with a muttered curse at his own folly, turns and goes swiftly homeward.

A very frenzy of despair and disappointment rages within him; to have so loved — to be so foully betrayed. Her tears, her sorrow (connected no doubt with some early passages between her and Trant), because of their very poignancy, only render him the more furious.

On reaching Chetwoode he shuts himself into his own room, and, feigning an excuse, keeps himself apart from the rest of the household all the remainder of the evening and the night. "Knowing you loved me" — the words ring in his ears. Ay, she knew it — who should know it better? — but had carefully kept back all mention of the fact when pressed by him (Cyril) upon the subject. All the world knew what he had been the last to discover. And what was it her tender conscience was accusing her of not having told Trant before? — of her flirtation, as no doubt she mildly termed all the tender looks and speeches, and clinging kisses, and loving protestations so freely bestowed upon Cyril — of her flirtation, no doubt.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, he starts for London, and there spends three reckless, miserable days that leave him wan and aged through reason of the conflict he is waging with himself. After which a mad desire to see again the cause of all his misery, to openly accuse her of her treachery, to declare to her all the irreparable mischief she has done, the utter ruin she has made of his life, seizes hold upon him, and, leaving the great city, and reaching Truston, he goes straight from the station to the Cottage once so dear.

In her garden Cecilia is standing all alone. The wind is sighing plaintively through the trees that arch above her head, the thousand dying leaves are fluttering to her feet. There is a sense of decay and melancholy in all around that harmonizes exquisitely with the dejection of her whole manner. Her attitude is sad and drooping, her air depressed; there are tears, and an anxious, expectant look in her gray eyes.

"Pining for her lover, no doubt," says Cyril, between his teeth (in which supposition he is right); and then he opens the gate, and goes quickly up to her.

As she hears the well-known click of the latch she turns, and, seeing him, lets fall unheeded to the ground the basket she is holding, and runs to him with eyes alight, and soft cheeks tinged with a lovely generous pink, and holds out her hands to him with a little low glad cry.

"At last, truant!" she exclaims joyfully; "after three whole long, long days; and what has kept you from me? Why, Cyril, Cyril!"—recoiling, while a dull ashen shade replaces the gay tinting of her cheeks—"what has happened? How oddly you look! You are in trouble?"

"I am," in a changed harsh tone she scarcely realizes to be his, moving back with a gesture of contempt from the extended hands that would so gladly have clasped his. "In so far you speak the truth: I have discovered all. One lover, it appears, was not sufficient for you, you should dupe another for your amusement, it is an old story, but none the less bitter. No, it is useless your speaking," staying her with a passionate movement: "I tell you I know *all!*"

"All what?" she asks. She has not removed from his her lustrous eyes, though her lips have turned very white.

"Your perfidy!"

"Cyril, explain yourself," she says, in a low, agonized tone, her pallor changing to a deep crimson. And to Cyril hateful certainty appears if possible more certain by reason of this luckless blush.

"Ay, you may well change countenance," he says, with suppressed fury, in which keen agony is blended: "have you yet the grace to blush? As to explanation, I scarcely think you can require it; yet, as you demand it, you shall have it. For weeks I have been hearing of you tales in which your name and Trant's were always mingled; but I disregarded them; I madly shut my ears and was deaf to them; I would not believe, until it was too late, until I saw and learned beyond dispute the folly of my faith. I was here last Friday evening."

"Yes," calmly, though in her soft eyes a deep well of bitterness had sprung.

"Well, you were there, in that arbor" — pointing to it — "where *we*" — with a scornful laugh — "so often sat; but then you had a more congenial companion. Trant was with you. He held your hand, he caressed it; he called you his 'darling,' and you allowed it, though indeed, why should you not? doubtless it is a customary word from him to you! And then you wept as though your heart, your *heart*" — contemptuously — "would break. Were you confessing to him your coquetry with me? and perhaps obtaining an easy forgiveness?"

"No, I was not," quietly, though there is immeasurable scorn in her tone.

"No?" slightingly. "For what, then, were you crying?"

"Sir" — with a first outward sign of indignation — "I refuse to tell you. By what right do you now ask the question? yesterday, nay, an hour since, I should have felt myself bound to answer any inquiry of yours, but not now. The tie between us, a frail one as it seems to be, is broken; our engagement is at an end: I shall not answer you!"

"Because you dare not," retorts he, fiercely, stung by her manner.

"I think you dare too much when you venture so to address me," in a low, clear tone. "And yet, as it is in all human probability the last time we shall ever meet, and as I would have you remember all your life long the gross injustice you have done me, I shall satisfy your curiosity. But recollect, sir, these are indeed the final words that shall pass between us.

"A year ago Colonel Trant so far greatly honored me as to ask me to marry him; for many reasons I then refused. Twice since I came to Chetwoode he has been to see me — once to bring me law papers of some importance, and last Friday to again ask me to be his wife. Again I refused. I wept then, because, unworthy as I am, I knew I was giving pain to the truest and, as I know now" — with a faint trembling in her voice, quickly subdued — "the *only* friend I have! When declining his proposal, I gave him my reason for doing so! I told him I loved another! That other was you!"

Casting this terrible revenge in his teeth, she turns, and, walking majestically into the house, closes the door with significant haste behind her.

This is the one solitary instance of inhospitality shown by Cecilia in all her life. Never until now was she known to shut her door in the face of trouble. And surely Cyril's trouble at this moment is sore and needy!

To disbelieve Cecilia when face to face with her is impossible. Her eyes are truth itself. Her whole manner, so replete with dignity and offended pride, declares her innocent. Cyril stands just where she had left him, in stunned silence, for at least a quarter of an hour, repeating to himself miserably all that she has said, and reminding himself with cold-blooded cruelty of all he has said to her.

At the end of this awful fifteen minutes he bethinks himself his hair must now, if ever, be turned gray; and then, a happier and more resolute thought striking him, he takes his courage in his two hands, and, walking boldly up to the hall door, knocks, and demands admittance with really admirable composure. Abominable composure! thinks Cecilia, who, in spite of her stern determination never to know him again, has been watching him covertly from behind a handkerchief and a bedroom curtain all this time, and is now stationed at the top of the staircase, with dim eyes, but very acute ears.

"Yes," Kate tells him, "her mistress is at home," and forthwith shows him into the bijou drawing-room. After which she departs to tell her mistress of his arrival.

Three minutes, that to Cyril's excited fancy lengthen themselves into twenty, pass away slowly, and then Kate returns.

"Her mistress's compliments, and she has a terrible headache, and will Mr. Chetwoode be so kind as to excuse her?"

Mr. Chetwoode on this occasion is not kind. "He is sorry," he stammers, "but if Mrs. Arlington could let him see her for five minutes, he would not detain her longer. He has something of the utmost importance to say to her."

His manner is so earnest, so pleading, that Kate, who scents at least a death in the air, retires full of compassion for the "pore gentleman." And then another three minutes, that now to the agitated listener appear like forty, drag themselves into the past.

Suspense is growing intolerable, when a well-known step in the hall outside makes his heart beat almost to suffocation. The door is opened slowly, and Mrs. Arlington comes in.

"You have something to say to me?" she asks, curtly, unkindly, standing just inside the door, and betraying an evident determination not to sit down for any consideration upon earth. Her manner is uncompromising and forbidding, but her eyes are very red. There is rich consolation in this discovery.

"I have," replies Cyril, openly confused now that it has come to the point.

"Say it then. I am here to listen to you. My servant tells me it is something of the deepest importance."

"So it is. In all the world there is nothing so important to me. Cecilia"—coming a little nearer to her—"it is that I want your forgiveness; I ask your pardon very humbly, and I throw myself upon your mercy. You must forgive me!"

"Forgiveness seems easy to you, who cannot feel," replies she, haughtily, turning as though to leave the room; but Cyril intercepts her, and places his back against the door.

"I cannot let you go until you are friends with me again," he says in deep agitation.

"Friends!"

"Think what I have gone through. *You* have only suffered for a few minutes, *I* have suffered for three long days. Think of it. My heart was breaking all the time. I went to London hoping to escape thought, and never shall I forget what I endured in that detestable city. Like a man in a dream I lived, scarcely seeing, or, if seeing, only trying to elude, those I knew. At times"—

"You went to London?"

"Yes, that is how I have been absent for three days; I have hardly slept or eaten since last I saw you!"

Here Cecilia is distinctly conscious of a feeling of satisfaction; next to a man's dying for you, the sweetest thing is to hear of a man starving for you!

"Sometimes," goes on Cyril, piling up the agony higher and higher, and speaking in his gloomiest tones, "I thought it would be better if I put an end to it once for all, by blowing out my brains."

"How dare you speak to me like this?" Cecilia says, in a trembling voice: "it is horrible. You would commit suicide! Am I not unhappy enough, that you must seek to make me more so? Why should you blow your brains out?"—with a shudder.

"Because I could not live without you. Even now"—reproachfully—"when I see you look so coldly upon me, I almost wish I had put myself out of the way for good."

"Cyril, I forbid you to talk like this."

"Why? I don't suppose you care whether I am dead or alive." This artful speech, uttered in a heart-broken tone, does immense execution.

"If you were dead," begins she, forlornly, and then stops short, because her voice fails her, and two large tears steal silently down her cheeks.

"Would you care?" asks Cyril, going up to her and placing one arm gently round her; being unrepulsed, he gradually strengthens this arm with the other. "Would you?"

"I hardly know."

"Darling, don't be cruel. I was wrong, terribly, unpardonably wrong ever to doubt your sweet truth; but when one has stories perpetually dinned into one's ears, one naturally grows jealous of one's shadow, when one loves as I do."

"And pray who told you all these stories?"

"Never mind."

"But I do mind," with an angry sob. "What! you are to hear lies of me, and to believe them, and I am not even to know who told you them! I do mind, and I insist on knowing."

"Surely it cannot signify now, when I tell you I don't believe them."

"It does signify, and I should be told. But, indeed, I need not ask," with exceeding bitterness; "I know. It was your brother, Sir Guy. He has always (why, I know not) been a cruel enemy of mine."

"He only repeated what he heard. He is not to be blamed!"

"It *was* he, then?" quickly. "But 'blamed'?—of course not; no one is in the wrong, I suppose, but poor me! I think, sir"—tremulously—"it would be better you should go home, and forget you ever knew anyone so culpable as I am. I should be afraid to marry into a family that could so misjudge me as yours does. Go, and learn to forget me."

"I can go, of course, if you desire it," laying hold of his hat; "that is a simple matter: but I cannot promise to forget. To some people it may be easy; to me impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. The going is the first step. Oblivion" — with a sigh — "will quickly follow."

"I do not think so. But, since you wish my absence" —

He moves toward the door with lowered head and dejected manner.

"I did not say I wished it," in faltering tones; "I only requested you to leave me for your own sake, and because I would not make your people unhappy. Though" — piteously — "it should break my heart, I would still bid you go."

"Would it break your heart?" flinging his hat into a corner (for my own part, I don't believe he ever meant going); coming up to her he folds her in his arms. "Forgive me, I entreat you," he says, "for what I shall never forgive myself."

The humbleness of this appeal touches Cecilia's tender heart. She makes no effort to escape from his encircling arms; she even returns one out of his many caresses.

"To think you could behave so badly to me!" she whispers, reproachfully.

"I am a brute! I know it."

"Oh, no! indeed you are not," says Mrs. Arlington. "Well, yes" — drawing a long breath — "I forgive you; but *promise*, promise you will never distrust me again."

Of course he gives the required promise, and peace is once more restored.

"I shall not be content with an engagement any longer," Cyril says, presently. "I consider it eminently unsatisfactory. Why not marry me at once? I have nine hundred a year, and a scrap of an estate a few miles from this — by the bye, you have never yet been to see your property — and, if you are not afraid to venture, I think we might be very happy, even on that small sum."

"I am not afraid of anything with you," she says, in her calm, tender fashion: "and money has nothing to do with it. If," with a troubled sigh, "I ever marry you, I shall not come to you empty-handed."

"'If': dost thou answer me with 'ifs'?" quotes he, gayly. "I tell you, sweet, there's no such word in the dictionary. I shall only wait a favorable opportunity to ask my mother's consent to our marriage."

"And if she refuses it?"

"Why, then I shall marry you without hers, or yours, or the consent of anyone in the world."

"You jest," she says, tears gathering in her large appealing eyes. "I would not have you make your mother miserable."

"Above all things, do not let me see tears in your eyes again," he says quickly. "I forbid it. For one thing it makes me wretched, and" — softly — "it makes me feel sure *you* are wretched, which is far worse. Cecilia, if you don't instantly dry those tears I shall be under the painful necessity of kissing them away. I tell you I shall get my mother's consent very readily. When she sees you, she will be only too proud to welcome such a daughter."

Soon after this they part, more in love with each other than ever.

. . . .

So Lady Chetwoode goes down to the Cottage in her carriage, and insists upon carrying Cecilia back with her — to which, after a slight demur, Cecilia gladly assents.

"But how to get Cyril?" says practical Lilian, who is with them.

"He is in Amsterdam," answers Cecilia, with some hesitation. "Colonel Trant told me so in his letter."

"Colonel Trant is the most wonderful man I know," says Lilian; "but Amsterdam of all places! What on earth can any one want in Amsterdam?"

At this they all laugh, partly because they are still somewhat nervously inclined, and partly because (though why, I cannot explain) they seem to find something amusing in the mere thought of Amsterdam.

"I hope he won't bring back with him a fat *vrouw*," says Miss Chesney. And then she runs up-stairs to tell Kate to get ready to accompany her mistress.

Turning rather timidly toward Lady Chetwoode, Cecilia says:

"When Cyril returns, then — you will not — you do not" —

"When he returns, my dear, you must marry him at once, if only to make amends for all the misery the poor boy has been enduring. But," — kindly — "you must study economy, child; remember you are not marrying a rich man."

"He is rich enough for me," smiling; "though indeed it need not signify as I have money enough for both. I never spoke of it until now, because I wished to keep it as a little surprise for him on — on our wedding-day, but at Mr. Arlington's death I inherited all his fortune. He never altered the will made before our marriage, and it is nearly four thousand a year, I think," simply: "Colonel Trant knows the exact amount, because he is a trustee."

Lady Chetwoode colors deeply. This woman, whom she had termed "adventuress," is in reality possessed of a far larger fortune than the son she would have guarded from her at all hazards; proves to be an heiress, still further enriched by the priceless gifts of grace and beauty.

To say the very least of it, Lady Chetwoode feels small. But, pride coming to her rescue, she says, somewhat stiffly, while the pleasant smile of a moment since, dies from her face:

"I had no idea you were so — so — in fact, I believed you almost portionless. I was led — how I know not — but I certainly was led to think so. What you say is a surprise. With so much money you should hesitate before taking any final step. The world is before you — you are young, and very charming. I will ask you to forgive an old woman's bluntness; but remember there is always something desirable in a title. I would have you therefore consider. My son is no match for you where *money* is concerned." This last emphatically and very proudly.

Cecilia flushes, and grows distressed.

"Dear Lady Chetwoode," she says, taking her hands forcibly, "I entreat you not to speak to me so. Do not make me again unhappy. This money, which up to the present I have scarcely touched, so hateful has it been to me, has of late become almost precious in my sight. I please myself with the thought that the giving of it to — to Cyril — may be some small return to him for all the tenderness he has lavished upon me. Do not be angry with me that I cherish, and find such intense gratification in this idea. It is so sweet to give to those we love!"

"You have a generous heart," Lady Chetwoode answers, moved by her earnest manner, and pleased too, for money, like music, "hath charms." "If I have seemed ungracious, forget it. Extreme wonder makes us at times careless of courtesy, and we did not suspect one who could choose to live in such a quiet spot as this of being an heiress."

"You will still keep my secret?" anxiously.

"I promise. You shall be the first to tell it to your husband upon your wedding-day. I think," says the elder lady, gracefully, "he is too blessed. Surely you possessed treasure enough in your own person!"

So Cecilia goes to Chetwoode, and shortly afterward Lady Chetwoode conceives a little plot that pleases her intensely, and which she relates with such evident gusto that Lilian tells her she is an *intrigant* of the deepest dye, and that positively for the future she shall feel quite afraid of her.

"I never heard anything so artful," says Taffy, who has with much perseverance wormed himself into their confidence. In fact, after administering various rebuffs they all lose heart, and confess to him the whole truth out of utter desperation. "Downright artful!" repeats Mr. Musgrave, severely. "I shouldn't have believed you capable of it."

But Cecilia says it is a charming scheme, and sighs for its accomplishment. Whereupon a telegram is written and sent to Cyril. It is carefully worded, and, though strictly truthful in letter, rather suggests the idea that his instant return to Chetwoode will be the only means of saving his entire family from asphyxiation. It is a thrilling telegram, almost bound to bring him back without delay had he but one grain of humanity left in his composition.

It evokes an answer that tells them he has started on receipt of their message, and names the day and hour they may expect him, wind and weather permitting.

It is night — a rather damp, decidedly unlovely night. The little station at Truston is almost deserted; only the station-master and two melancholy porters represent life in its most dejected aspect. Outside the railings stands the Chetwoode carriage, the horses foaming and champing their bits in eager impatience to return again to their comfortable stables.

Guy, with a cigar between his lips, is pacing up and down, indifferent alike to the weather or the delay. One of the melancholy porters, who is evidently in the final stage of depression, tells him the train was due five minutes ago, and hopes dismally there has been no accident higher up on the line. Guy, who is lost in thought, hopes so too, and instantly offers the man a cigar, through force of habit, which the moody one takes sadly, and deposits in a half-hearted fashion in one of his numerous rambling pockets to show to his children when he gets home.

"If ever I *do* get home," he says to himself, hopelessly taking out and lighting an honest clay that has seen considerable service.

Then a shrill whistle rings mistily through the air, the train steams lazily into the station, and Guy, casting a hasty glance at the closed blinds of the carriage outside, hastens forward to meet Cyril, who is the only passenger for Truston to-night.

"Has anything happened?" he asks anxiously, advancing to greet Sir Guy.

"Yes, but nothing to make you uneasy. Do not ask me any questions now: you will hear all when you get home."

"Our mother is well?"

"Quite well. Are you ready? What a beastly objectionable night it is! Have you seen to everything, Buckley? Get in, Cyril. I am going outside to finish my cigar."

When Guy chooses, he is energetic. Cyril is not, and allows himself to be pushed unresistingly in the direction of the carriage.

"Hurry man: the night is freezing," says Guy, giving him a final touch. "Home, Buckley."

Guy springs up in front. Cyril finds himself in the brougham, and in another instant they are beyond the station railings, rolling along the road leading to Chetwoode.

As Cyril closes the door and turns round, the light of a lamp outside reveals to him the outline of a dark figure seated beside him.

"Is it you, Lilian?" he asks, surprised; and then the dark figure leans forward, throws back a furred hood, and Cecilia's face, pale, but full of a glad triumph, smiles upon him.

"You!" exclaims he, unsteadily, unable through utter amazement to say anything more, while with his eyes he gathers in hungrily each delicate beauty in that "sweetest face to him in all this world."

Whereupon Cecilia nods almost saucily, though the tears are thick within her lovely eyes, and answers him:

"Yes, it is even I. Are you glad or sorry, that you stare so rudely at me? and never a word of greeting! Shame, then! Have you left all your manners behind you in Amsterdam? I have come all this way, this cold night, to bid you welcome and bring you home to Chetwoode, and yet — Oh, Cyril," suddenly flinging herself into his longing arms, "it is all right at last, my dear — dear — *dear*, and you may love me again as much as ever you like."

When explanations have come to an end, and they are somewhat calmer, Cyril says:

"But how is it that you are here with Guy, and going to Chetwoode?"

"I am staying at Chetwoode. Your mother came herself and brought me back with her. How kind she is, how sweet! Even had I never known you, I should have loved her dearly."

This last assurance from the lips of his beloved makes up the sum of Cyril's content.

"Tell me more, sweetheart," he says, contented only to listen. With his arms round her, with her face so close to his, with both their hearts beating in happy unison, he hardly cares to question, but is well pleased to keep silence, and listen to the soft, loving babble that issues from her lips. Her very words seem to him, who has so long wearied for them, set to tenderest music. "Like flakes of feathered snow, they melted as they fell."

"I have so much to tell, I scarcely know where to begin. Do you know you are to escort me to a ball at Mrs. Steyne's next week? No? why, you know nothing? so much for sojourning in Amsterdam. Then I suppose you are ignorant of the fact that I have ordered the most delicious dress you ever beheld to grace the occasion and save myself from disgracing you. And you are to be very proud of me, and to admire me immensely, or I shall never forgive you."

"I am pretty certain not to deserve condign punishment on that score," fondly. "Darling, can it be really true that we are together again, that all the late horrible hopelessness is at an end? Cecilia, if this should prove a dream, and I awoke now, it would kill me."

"Nay, it is no dream," softly. Turning up her perfect face, until the lips are close to his, she whispered: "Kiss me, and be convinced."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

ALEXANDRE DAVY DUMAS.

Alexandre Davy Dumas, a French dramatist and novelist, son of General Alexandre Dumas, born at Villers-Cotterets, Aisne, France, July 24, 1803; died at Puys, near Dieppe, Dec. 5, 1870. His mother sent him to school, where he paid little attention to his studies, but became a good horseman and a good shot. When fifteen years old he was placed in a notary's office. Family embarrassments sent him to Paris. He obtained a clerkship in the household of the Duke of Orleans. He devoted his leisure to dramatic composition. In 1828 he brought out "Henri III. et sa Cour," a historical play, which, though assailed by the critics, was well received by the public. Other plays followed in rapid succession, and drew crowded houses. In 1835 he published his first romance, "Isabelle de Bavière." Other novels dealing with episodes in French history were well received. In 1844 he issued some forty volumes bearing his name, claiming that though he employed assistants, yet his share in the plan and execution of every work was sufficient to make the work truly his own. He continued to write for the stage, and also published some historical works. In 1846 he accompanied the Duke de Montpensier to Spain, and afterward visited Africa. On his return he built a large theater for the production of his plays. His theater did not prosper. The publication of his interesting "Mémoires" was begun in 1852. He joined Garibaldi in 1860, and wrote a volume entitled "Mémoires de Garibaldi." His last years were impoverished. Health and vigor failed. At the beginning of the war in 1870 he was removed from Paris to Dieppe, where he died. The works bearing his name are said to number some twelve hundred volumes.

A few of the great multitude of his famous romances are: "The Count of Monte Cristo" (1844); "The Three Musketeers" (1844); "Twenty Years After" (1845); "The Knight of Maison-Rouge" (1846); "Viscount de Bragelonne" (1847); "Queen Margot" (1845). Many of his stories were of great length, six to twelve volumes. Besides pure fiction he wrote a number of historical romances, as "Joan of Arc" (1842); "Michelangelo and Raffaello" (1846); "Louis XIV. and his Age" (1847). His plays, some sixty in number, which had extraordinary success, include: "Henri III. and his Court" (1829); "Antony" (1831); "Charles VII. with his Grand Vassals" (1831); "Napoleon Bonaparte" (1831); "Mdlle. de Belle-Isle" (1839); "Marriage under Louis XV." (1841); "The Misses St. Cyr" (1843). Nearly all his novels were put on the stage also. He wrote entertaining narratives of his travels in Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Spain, North Africa, Egypt, Syria, etc.

The Predictions.

(From "The Queen's Necklace.")

It was the beginning of April, 1784, between twelve and one o'clock. Our old acquaintance, the Marshal de Richelieu, having with his own hands colored his eyebrows with a perfumed dye, pushed away the mirror which was held to him by his valet, the successor of his faithful Rafté, and shaking his head in the manner peculiar to himself, "Ah!" said he, "now I look myself;" and, rising from his seat with juvenile vivacity, he commenced shaking off the powder which had fallen from his wig over his blue velvet coat, then, after taking a turn or two up and down his room, called for his *maître d'hôtel.*

In five minutes this personage made his appearance, elaborately dressed.

The marshal turned towards him, and, with a gravity befitting the occasion, said, "Monsieur, I suppose you have prepared me a good dinner?"

"Certainly, monseigneur."

"You have the list of my guests?"

"I remember them perfectly, your grace; I have prepared a dinner for nine."

"There are two sorts of dinners, monsieur," said the marshal.

"True, monseigneur, but"—

The marshal interrupted him with a slightly impatient movement, although still dignified.

"Do you know, monsieur, that whenever I have heard the word 'but,'—and I have heard it many times in the course of eighty-eight years,—it has been each time, I am sorry to say, the harbinger of some folly!"

"Monseigneur"—

"In the first place, at what time do we dine?"

"Monseigneur, the citizens dine at two, the bar at three, the nobility at four."

"And I, monsieur?"

"Monseigneur will dine to-day at five."

"Oh, at five!"

"Yes, monseigneur, like the king."

"And why like the king?"

"Because, on the list of your guests is the name of a king."

"Not so, monsieur, you mistake; all my guests to-day are simply noblemen."

"Monseigneur is surely jesting; the Count Haga,[1] who is among the guests" —

"Well, monsieur!"

"The Count Haga is a king."

"I know no king so called."

"Monseigneur must pardon me then," said the *maître d'hôtel*, bowing, "but I believed, supposed" —

"Your business, monsieur, is neither to believe nor to suppose; your business is to read, without comment, the orders I give you. When I wish a thing to be known, I tell it; when I do not tell it, I wish it unknown."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed again, more respectfully, perhaps, than he would have done to a reigning monarch.

"Therefore, monsieur," continued the old marshal, "you will, as I have none but noblemen to dinner, let us dine at my usual hour, — four o'clock."

At this order the countenance of the *maître d'hôtel* became clouded, as if he had heard his sentence of death; he grew deadly pale, then, recovering himself with the courage of despair, he said, "In any event, your grace cannot dine before five o'clock."

"Why so, monsieur?" cried the marshal.

"Because it is utterly impossible."

"Monsieur," said the marshal, with a haughty air, "it is now, I believe, twenty years since you entered my service?"

"Twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks."

"Well, monsieur, to these twenty-one years, a month, and two weeks, you will not add a day, nor an hour. You understand me, monsieur," he continued, biting his thin lips and depressing his eyebrows; "this evening you seek a new master. I do not choose that the word impossible shall be pronounced in my house; I am too old now to begin to learn its meaning."

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[1] The name of Count Haga was well known as one assumed by the King of Sweden when traveling in France.

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed a third time.

"This evening," said he, "I shall have taken leave of monseigneur, but at least up to the last moment my duty shall have been performed as it should be;" and he made two steps towards the door.

"What do you call as it should be?" cried the marshal. "Learn, monsieur, that to do it as it suits me is to do it as it should be. Now, I wish to dine at four, and it does not suit me when I wish to dine at four to be obliged to wait till five."

"Monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, gravely, "I have served as butler to his Highness the Prince de Soubise, and as steward to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan: with the first, his Majesty, the late King of France, dined once a year; with the second, the Emperor of Austria dined once a month. I know, therefore, how a sovereign should be treated. When he visited the Prince de Soubise, Louis XV. called himself in vain the Baron de Gonesse; at the house of Monsieur de Rohan, the Emperor Joseph was announced as the Count de Packenstein; but he was none the less Emperor. To-day, monseigneur also receives a guest, who vainly calls himself Count Haga, — Count Haga is still King of Sweden. I shall leave your service this evening, but Count Haga will have been treated like a king."

"But that," said the marshal, "is the very thing that I am tiring myself to death in forbidding; Count Haga wishes to preserve his incognito as strictly as possible. Well do I see through your absurd vanity; it is not the crown that you honor, but yourself that you wish to glorify with our crowns."

"I do not imagine," said the *maître d'hôtel*, morosely, "that monseigneur is in earnest when he speaks thus to me of money."

"No, no," said the marshal, somewhat abashed. "No, monsieur; money, — why in the devil's name speak of money? Do not beg the question. As I said before, my one object is to prevent the king's presence here from being suspected."

"What, then, does monseigneur take me for? Do you think I am blind? It is not that I wish it known that there is a king here."

"Then, in Heaven's name, do not be obstinate, but let us have dinner at four."

"But at four o'clock, monseigneur, what I am expecting will not have arrived."

"What are you expecting? a fish, like Monsieur Vatel?"

"Monsieur Vatel! Monsieur Vatel!" murmured the *maître d'hôtel.*

"Well, are you horrified at the comparison?"

"No; but Monsieur Vatel has been immortalized merely on account of a sword thrust which he gave himself through his body."

"Ah! ah! And you think that your fellow artist has purchased glory at too small a price, monsieur?"

"No, monseigneur; but how many others, in our profession, suffer far more than he, and swallow insults, and griefs one hundred times worse than a mere sword thrust, and still have never been immortalized."

"But, monsieur, do you not know that it is requisite for one to be either a member of the Academy, or dead, before one can be immortalized?"

"If that is the case, monseigneur, I should think it would be better to be alive, and to do one's duty. I shall not die, and my duty shall be as faithfully performed as that of Monsieur Vatel would have been, had Monsieur le Prince de Condé been patient enough to have waited half an hour."

"Oh, monsieur, you are promising me miracles. You are clever."

"No, monsieur; no miracles."

"But what, then, are you awaiting?"

"Does monseigneur wish that I should tell you?"

"On my faith, I am curious."

"Then, monseigneur, I wait for a bottle of wine."

"A bottle of wine! Explain yourself, monsieur; the thing begins to interest me."

"Listen, then, monseigneur; his Majesty, the King of Sweden — I beg pardon, the Count Haga I should have said — drinks nothing but tokay."

"Well, am I so poor as to have no tokay in my cellar? If so, I must dismiss my butler."

"Not so, your grace; on the contrary, you have about sixty bottles."

"Well, do you think Count Haga will drink sixty-one bottles with his dinner?"

"No, monseigneur; but when Count Haga first visited

France, when he was only prince royal, he dined with the late king, who had received twelve bottles of tokay from the Emperor of Austria. You are aware that the tokay of the finest vintages is reserved exclusively for the cellar of the Emperor, and that kings themselves can only drink it when he pleases to send it to them."

"I know it."

"Then, monseigneur, of these twelve bottles of which the prince royal drank, only two remain. One is in the cellar of his Majesty Louis XVI."

"And the other?"

"Ah, monseigneur!" said the *maître d'hôtel*, with a triumphant smile, for he felt that, after the long battle he had been fighting, the moment of victory was at hand, "the other one was stolen."

"By whom, then?"

"By one of my friends, the late king's butler, who was under great obligations to me."

"Oh! and so he gave it to you?"

"Certainly, monseigneur," said the *maître d'hôtel*, with pride.

"And what did you do with it?"

"I placed it carefully in my master's cellar."

"Your master! And who was your master at that time?"

"His Eminence, the Cardinal du Rohan."

"Ah, mon Dieu! at Strasbourg?"

"At Saverne."

"And you have sent to seek this bottle for me!" cried the old marshal.

"For you, monseigneur," replied the *maître d'hôtel*, in a tone which plainly said, "ungrateful as you are."

The Duke de Richelieu seized the hand of the old servant and cried, "I beg pardon; you are the king of *maîtres d'hôtel*."

"And you would have dismissed me," he replied, with an indescribable shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh, I will pay you one hundred pistoles for this bottle of wine."

"And the expenses of its coming here will be another hundred; but you will grant that it is a bagatelle."

"I will grant anything you please, and, to begin, from to-day I double your salary."

"I seek no reward, monseigneur; I have but done my duty."

"And when will your courier arrive?"

"Monseigneur may judge if I have lost time. On what day did I have my orders for the dinner?"

"Why, three days ago, I believe."

"It takes a courier, at his utmost speed, twenty-four hours to go, and the same to return."

"There still remain twenty-four hours," said the marshal; "how have they been employed?"

"Alas! monseigneur, they were lost. The idea only came to me the day after I received the list of your guests. Now calculate the time necessary for the negotiation, and you will perceive that in asking you to wait till five I am only doing what I am absolutely obliged to do."

"The bottle is not yet arrived, then?"

"No, monseigneur."

"Ah, monsieur, if your colleague at Saverne be as devoted to the Prince de Rohan as you are to me, and should refuse the bottle, as you would do in his place" —

"I? monseigneur" —

"Yes; you would not, I suppose, have given away such a bottle, had it belonged to me?"

"I beg your pardon, humbly, monseigneur; but had a friend, having a king to provide for, asked me for your best bottle of wine, he should have had it immediately."

"Oh!" said the marshal, with a grimace.

"It is only by helping others that we can expect help in our own need, monseigneur."

"Well, then, I suppose we may calculate that it will be given; but there is still another risk, — if the bottle should be broken?"

"Oh! monseigneur, who would break a bottle of wine of that value?"

"Well, I trust not: what time, then, do you expect your courier?"

"At four o'clock precisely."

"Then why not dine at four?" replied the marshal, with the obstinacy of a Castilian mule.

"Monseigneur, the wine must rest for an hour; and had it not been for an invention of my own, it would have required three days to recover itself."

Beaten at all points, the marshal gave way.

"Besides," continued the old servant, "be sure, monseigneur, that your guests, knowing that they will have the honor to dine with the Count Haga, will not arrive before half-past four."

"And why not?"

"Consider, monseigneur: to begin with Monsieur de Launay; he comes from the Bastile, and with the ice at present covering the streets of Paris" —

"No; but he will leave after the prisoners' dinner, at twelve o'clock."

"Pardon me, monseigneur, but the dinner hour at the Bastile has been changed since monseigneur was there; it is now one."

"Monsieur, you are learned on all points; pray go on."

"Madame Dubarry comes from Luciennes, one continued descent, and in this frost."

"That would not prevent her being punctual, since she is no longer a duke's favorite; she plays the queen only among barons. But let me tell you, monsieur, that I desired to have dinner early on account of Monsieur de la Pérouse, who sets off to-night and would not wish to be late."

"But, monseigneur, Monsieur de la Pérouse is with the king, discussing geography and cosmography; he will not get away too early."

"It is possible."

"It is certain, monseigneur, and it will be the same with Monsieur de Favras, who is with the Count de Provence, talking, no doubt, of the new play by the Canon de Beaumarchais."

"You mean the 'Marriage of Figaro'?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Why, you are quite literary also, it seems."

"In my leisure moments I read, monseigneur."

"We have, however, Monsieur de Condorcet, who, being a geometrician, should at least be punctual."

"Yes; but he will be deep in some calculation, from which, when he rouses himself, it will probably be at least half an hour too late. As for the Count Cagliostro, as he is a stranger, and not well acquainted with the customs of Versailles, he will, in all probability, make us wait for him."

"Well," said the marshal, "you have disposed of all my guests, except Monsieur de Taverney, in a manner worthy of Homer, or of my poor Rafté."

The *maître d'hôtel* bowed. "I have not," said he, "named

Monsieur de Taverney, because, being an old friend, he will probably be punctual. These are all the guests, I believe."

"Good; and where do we dine?"

"In the great dining-room, monseigneur."

"But we shall freeze there."

"It has been warmed for three days, monseigneur; and I believe you will find it perfectly comfortable."

"Very well; but there is a clock striking. Why, it is half-past four!" cried the marshal.

"Yes, monseigneur; and there is the courier entering the court-yard with my bottle of tokay."

"May I continue for another twenty years to be served in this manner!" said the marshal, turning again to his looking-glass, while the *maître d'hôtel* ran down stairs.

"Twenty years!" said a laughing voice, interrupting the marshal in his survey of himself; "twenty years, my dear duke; I wish them to you; but then I shall be sixty, — I shall be very old."

"You, countess!" cried the marshal, "you are my first arrival, and, mon Dieu! you look as young and charming as ever."

"Duke, I am frozen."

"Come into the boudoir, then."

"Oh! *tête-à-tête*, marshal?"

"Not so," replied a somewhat broken voice.

"Ah! Taverney!" said the marshal; and then, whispering to the countess, "Plague take him for disturbing us!"

Madame Dubarry laughed, and they all entered the adjoining room.

MONSIEUR DE LA PÉROUSE.

At the same moment, the noise of carriages in the street warned the marshal that his guests were arriving; and soon after — thanks to the punctuality of his *maître d'hôtel* — nine persons were seated round the oval table in the dining-room. Nine lackeys, silent as shadows, quick without bustle, and attentive without importunity, glided over the carpet, and passed among the guests, without ever touching their chairs, which were surrounded with furs, which were wrapped round the legs of the sitters. These furs, with the heat from the stoves, and the odors from the wine and the dinner, diffused a degree of comfort which manifested itself in the gayety of the guests, who had just finished their soup.

No sound was heard from without, and none within, save that made by the guests themselves; for the plates were changed and the dishes moved round with the most perfect quiet. Nor from the *maître d'hôtel* could a whisper be heard; he seemed to give his orders with his eyes.

The guests, therefore, began to feel as though they were alone. It seemed to them that servants so silent must also be deaf.

Monsieur de Richelieu was the first who broke the silence, by saying to the guest on his right hand, "But, count, you drink nothing."

This was addressed to a man about thirty-eight years of age, short, fair-haired, and with high shoulders; his eye a clear blue, now bright, but oftener with a pensive expression; and with nobility stamped unmistakably on his open and manly forehead.

"I only drink water, marshal," he replied.

"Excepting with Louis XV.," returned the marshal; "I had the honor of dining at his table with you, and you deigned that day to drink wine."

"Ah! you recall a pleasing remembrance, marshal; that was in 1771. It was tokay, from the imperial cellar."

"It was like that with which my *maître d'hôtel* will now have the honor to fill your glass," replied Richelieu, bowing.

Count Haga raised his glass and looked through it. The wine sparkled in the light like liquid rubies. "It is true," said he; "marshal, I thank you."

These words were uttered in a manner so noble, that the guests, as if by a common impulse, rose and cried,—

"Long live the king!"

"Yes," said Count Haga, "long live his Majesty the King of France. What say you, Monsieur de la Pérouse?"

"Monseigneur," replied the captain, with that tone, at once flattering and respectful, common to those accustomed to address crowned heads, "I have just left the king, and his Majesty has shown me so much kindness, that no one will more willingly cry 'Long live the king!' than I. Only, as in another hour I must leave you to join the two ships which his Majesty has put at my disposal, once out of this house I shall take the liberty of saying, 'Long life to another king,' whom I should be proud to serve, had I not already so good a master."

And raising his glass, he bowed respectfully to the Count de Haga.

"This health that you propose," said Madame Dubarry, who sat on the marshal's left hand, "we are all ready to drink, but the oldest of us should take the lead."

"Is it you that that concerns, or me, Taverney?" said the marshal, laughing.

"I do not believe," said another on the opposite side, "that Monsieur de Richelieu is the senior of our party."

"Then it is you, Taverney," said the duke.

"No, I am eight years younger than you. I was born in 1704," returned he.

"How rude," said the marshal, "to expose my eighty-eight years!"

"Impossible, duke, that you are eighty-eight!" said Monsieur de Condorcet.

"It is, however, but too true; it is a calculation easy to make, and therefore unworthy of an algebraist like you, marquis. I am of the last century, — the great century, as we call it. My date is 1696."

"Impossible!" cried De Launay.

"Oh, if your father were here, he would not say impossible, — he, who, when governor of the Bastile, had me for a lodger in 1714."

"The senior in age, here, however," said Monsieur de Favras, "is the wine Count Haga is now drinking."

"You are right, Monsieur de Favras; this wine is a hundred and twenty years old; to the wine, then, belongs the honor of proposing the health of the king."

"One moment, gentlemen," said Cagliostro, raising his eyes, beaming with intelligence and vivacity; "I claim the precedence."

"You claim precedence over the tokay!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus.

"Assuredly," returned Cagliostro, calmly; "since it was I who bottled it."

"You?"

"Yes, I; on the day of the victory won by Montecuculli over the Turks in 1664."

"A burst of laughter followed these words, which Cagliostro had pronounced with perfect gravity.

"By this calculation, you would be something like one hundred and thirty years old," said Madame Dubarry; "for you must have been at least ten years old when you bottled the wine."

"I was more than ten when I performed that operation, madame, as on the following day I had the honor of being deputed by his Majesty the Emperor of Austria to congratulate Montecuculli, who, by the victory of Saint-Gothard, had avenged the day at Especk, in Sclavonia, in which the infidels treated the imperialists so roughly, who were my friends and companions in arms in 1536."

"Oh," said Count Haga, as coolly as Cagliostro himself, "you must have been at least ten years old when you were at that memorable battle."

"A terrible defeat, count," returned Cagliostro.

"Less terrible than Crécy, however," said Condorcet smiling.

"True, monsieur, for at the battle of Crécy, it was not only an army, but all France, that was beaten; but then this defeat was scarcely a fair victory to the English; for King Edward had cannon, a circumstance of which Philippe de Valois was ignorant, or rather, which he would not believe, although I warned him that I had with my own eyes seen four pieces of artillery which Edward had bought from the Venetians."

"Ah!" said Madame Dubarry; "you knew Philippe de Valois?"

"Madame, I had the honor to be one of the five lords who escorted him off the field of battle; I came to France with the poor old King of Bohemia, who was blind, and who threw away his life when he heard that the battle was lost."

"Ah, monsieur," said Monsieur de la Pérouse, "how much I regret that, instead of the battle of Crécy, it was not that of Actium at which you assisted."

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Oh, because you might have given me some nautical details, which, in spite of Plutarch's fine narration, have ever been obscure to me."

"Which, monsieur? I should be happy to be of service to you."

"Oh, you were there, then, also?"

"No, monsieur; I was then in Egypt. I had been employed by Queen Cleopatra to restore the library at Alexandria, — an office for which I was better qualified than any one else, from having personally known the best authors of antiquity."

"And you have seen Queen Cleopatra?" said Madame Dubarry.

"As I now see you, madame."

"Was she as pretty as they say?"

"Madame, you know beauty is only comparative; a charming queen in Egypt, in Paris she would only have been a pretty grisette."

"Say no harm of grisettes, count."

"God forbid!"

"Then Cleopatra was" —

"Little, slender, lively, and intelligent; with large almond-shaped eyes, a Grecian nose, teeth like pearls, and a hand like your own, countess, — a fit hand to hold a scepter. See, here is a diamond which she gave me, and which she had had from her brother Ptolemy; she wore it on her thumb."

"On her thumb?" cried Madame Dubarry.

"Yes; it was an Egyptian fashion; and I, you see, can hardly put it on my little finger;" and, taking off the ring, he handed it to Madame Dubarry.

It was a magnificent diamond, of such fine water, and so beautifully cut, as to be worth thirty thousand or forty thousand francs.

The diamond was passed round the table, and returned to Cagliostro, who, putting it quietly on his finger again, said, "Ah, I see well you are all incredulous; this fatal incredulity I have had to contend against all my life. Philippe de Valois would not listen to me when I told him to leave open a retreat to Edward; Cleopatra would not believe me when I warned her that Antony would be beaten; the Trojans would not credit me when I said to them, with reference to the wooden horse, 'Cassandra is inspired; listen to Cassandra.'"

"Oh! it is charming," said Madame Dubarry, shaking with laughter; "I have never met a man at once so serious and so diverting."

"I assure you," replied Cagliostro, "that Jonathan was much more so. He was really a charming companion; until he was killed by Saul, he nearly drove me crazy with laughing."

"Do you know," said the Duke de Richelieu, "if you go on in this way you will drive poor Taverney crazy; he is so afraid of death, that he is staring at you with all his eyes, hoping you to be an immortal."

"Immortal I cannot say, but one thing I can affirm" —

"What?" cried Taverney, who was the most eager listener.

"That I have seen all the people and events of which I have been speaking to you."

"You have known Montecuculli?"

"As well as I know you, Monsieur de Favras; and, indeed, much better, for this is but the second or third time I have had the honor of seeing you, while I lived nearly a year under the same tent with him of whom you speak."

"You knew Philippe de Valois?"

"As I have already had the honor of telling you, Monsieur de Condorcet; but when he returned to Paris, I left France and returned to Bohemia."

"And Cleopatra."

"Yes, countess; Cleopatra, I can tell you, had eyes as black as yours, and shoulders almost as beautiful."

"But what do you know of my shoulders?"

"They are like what Cassandra's once were; and there is still a further resemblance, — she had like you, or rather you have like her, a little black spot on your left side just above the sixth rib."

"Oh, count, now you really are a sorcerer!"

"No, no," cried the marshal, laughing; "it was I who told him."

"And pray how do you know?"

The marshal bit his lips, and replied, "Oh, it is a family secret."

"Well, really, marshal," said the countess, "one should put on a double coat of rouge before visiting you;" and turning again to Cagliostro, "Then, monsieur, you have the art of renewing your youth? For although you say you are three or four thousand years old, you scarcely look forty."

"Yes, madame, I do possess that secret."

"Oh, then, monsieur, impart it to me."

"To you, madame? It is useless; your youth is already renewed; your age is only what it appears to be, and you do not look thirty."

"Ah! you flatter."

"No, madame, I speak only the truth, but it is easily explained: you have already tried my receipt."

"How so?"

"You have taken my elixir."

"I?"

"You, countess. Oh! you cannot have forgotten it. Do you not remember a certain house in the Rue Saint-Claude, and coming there on some business respecting Monsieur de Sartines? You remember rendering a service to one of my friends, called Joseph Balsamo, and that this Joseph Balsamo gave you a bottle of elixir, recommending you to take three drops every morning? Do you not remember having done this regularly until the last year, when the bottle became exhausted? If you do not remember all this, countess, it is more than forgetfulness — it is ingratitude."

"Oh! Monsieur de Cagliostro, you are telling me things" —

"Which were only known to yourself, I am aware; but what would be the use of being a sorcerer if one did not know one's neighbor's secrets?"

"Then Joseph Balsamo has, like you, the secret of this famous elixir?"

"No, madame, but he was one of my best friends, and I gave him three or four bottles."

"And has he any left?"

"Oh! I know nothing of that; for the last two or three years poor Balsamo has disappeared. The last time I saw him was in America, on the banks of the Ohio: he was setting off on an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and since then I have heard that he is dead."

"Come, come, count," cried the marshal; "let us have the secret, by all means."

"Are you speaking seriously, monsieur?" said Count Haga.

"Very seriously, sire, — I beg pardon, I mean count"; and Cagliostro bowed in such a way as to indicate that his error was a voluntary one.

"Then," said the marshal, "Madame Dubarry is not old enough to be made young again?"

"No, on my conscience."

"Well, then, I will give you another subject: here is my friend Taverney, — what do you say to him? Does he not look like a contemporary of Pontius Pilate? But perhaps he, on the contrary, is too old?"

Cagliostro looked at the baron. "No," said he.

"Ah! my dear count," exclaimed Richelieu; "if you will renew his youth, I will proclaim you a true pupil of Medea."

"You wish it?" asked Cagliostro of the host, and looking round at the same time on all assembled.

Every one called out, "Yes."

"And you also, Monsieur de Taverney?"

"I more than any one," said the baron.

"Well, it is easy," returned Cagliostro; and he drew from his pocket a small bottle, and poured into a glass some of the liquid it contained. Then, mixing these drops with half a glass of iced champagne, he passed it to the baron.

All eyes followed his movements eagerly.

The baron took the glass, but as he was about to drink he hesitated.

Every one began to laugh, but Cagliostro called out, "Drink, baron, or you will lose a liquor of which each drop is worth a hundred louis-d'or."

"The devil," cried Richelieu; "that is even better than tokay."

"I must then drink?" said the baron, almost trembling.

"Or pass the glass to another, sir, that some one at least may profit by it."

"Pass it here," said Richelieu, holding out his hand.

The baron raised the glass, and decided doubtless by the delicious smell and the beautiful rose color which those few drops had given to the champagne, he swallowed the magic liquor. In an instant a kind of shiver ran through him; he seemed to feel all his old and sluggish blood rushing quickly through his veins, from his heart to his feet, his wrinkled skin seemed to expand, his eyes, half covered by their lids, appeared to open without his will, and the pupils to grow and brighten, the trembling of his hands to cease, his voice to strengthen, and his limbs to recover their former youthful elasticity. In fact, it seemed as if the liquid in its descent had regenerated his whole body.

A cry of surprise, wonder, and admiration rang through the room.

Taverney, who had been slowly eating with his gums, began to feel famished; he seized a plate and helped himself largely to a ragout, and then demolished a partridge, bones and all, calling out that his teeth were coming back to him. He ate, laughed, and cried for joy for half an hour, while the others remained gazing at him in stupefied wonder; then little by little he failed again, like a lamp whose oil is burning out, and all the former signs of old age returned upon him.

"Oh!" groaned he, "once more adieu to my youth," and he gave utterance to a deep sigh, while two tears rolled over his cheeks.

Instinctively, at this mournful spectacle of the old man first made young again, and then seeming to become yet older than before from the contrast, the sigh was echoed all round the table.

"It is easy to explain, gentlemen," said Cagliostro; "I gave the baron but thirty-five drops of the elixir. He became young, therefore, for only thirty-five minutes."

"Oh more, more, count!" cried the old man eagerly.

"No, monsieur, for perhaps the second trial would kill you."

Of all the guests, Madame Dubarry, who had already tested the virtue of the elixir, seemed most deeply interested while old Taverney's youth seemed thus to renew itself; she had watched him with delight and triumph, and half fancied herself growing young again at the sight, while she could hardly refrain from endeavoring to snatch from Cagliostro the wonderful bottle; but now, seeing him resume his old age even quicker than he had lost it, "Alas!" she said sadly, "all is vanity and deception; the effects of this wonderful secret last for thirty-five minutes."

"That is to say," said Count Haga, "that, in order to resume your youth for two years, you would have to drink a perfect river."

Every one laughed.

"Oh!" said De Condorcet, "the calculation is simple, a mere nothing of 3,153,000 drops for one year's youth."

"An inundation," said La Pérouse.

"However, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "according to you I have not needed so much, as a small bottle about four times the size of that you hold given me by your friend Joseph Balsamo has been sufficient to arrest the march of time for ten years."

"Just so, madame. And you alone approach this mysterious truth. The man who has already grown old needs this large quantity to produce an immediate and powerful effect; but a woman of thirty, as you were, or a man of forty, as I was, when I began to drink this elixir, still full of life and youth, needs but ten drops at each period of decay; and with these ten drops may eternally continue his life and youth at the same point of attractiveness and power."

"What do you call the periods of decay?" asked Count Haga.

"The natural periods, count. In a state of nature man's strength increases until thirty-five years of age. It then remains stationary until forty; and from that time forward it begins to diminish, but almost imperceptibly until fifty; then the process becomes quicker and quicker to the day of his death. In our state of civilization, when the body is weakened by excess, cares, and maladies, increase of strength is arrested at thirty years, the failure begins at thirty-five. The time, then, to take nature is when she is stationary, so as to forestall the beginning of decay. He who, possessor as I am of the secret of this elixir, knows how to seize the happy moment will live as I live; always young, or at least always young enough for what he has to do in the world."

"Oh, Monsieur de Cagliostro," cried the countess, "why, if you could choose your own age, did you not stop at twenty instead of forty?"

"Because, madame," said Cagliostro, smiling, "it suits me better to be a man of forty, still healthy and vigorous, than a raw youth of twenty."

"Oh!" said the countess.

"Doubtless, madame," continued Cagliostro, "at twenty, one pleases women of thirty; at forty, we govern women of twenty and men of sixty."

"I yield, monsieur," said the countess, "for you are a living proof of the truth of your own words."

"Then I," said Taverney piteously, "am condemned; it is too late for me."

"Monsieur de Richelieu has been more skillful than you," said La Pérouse naïvely, with the frankness of a sailor, "and I have always heard that he had some secret."

"It is a report that the women have spread," laughed Count Haga.

"Is that a reason for disbelieving it, duke?" asked Madame Dubarry.

The old duke colored, a rare thing for him; but replied, "Do you wish, gentlemen, to have my receipt?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Well, then, it is simply to take care of yourself."

"Oh, oh!" cried all.

"I should question the efficacy of the receipt," replied the countess, "had I not already proved the virtue of that given me by Monsieur de Cagliostro. But, monsieur," continued Madame Dubarry, "I must ask more about the elixir."

"Well, madame?"

"You said you first used it at forty years of age" —

"Yes, madame."

"And that since that time, that is, since the siege of Troy" —

"A little before, madame."

"That you have always remained forty years old?"

"You see me now."

"But then, monsieur," said De Condorcet, "you prove more to us than your theory requires."

"How, so, Monsieur le Marquis? what do I prove to you?"

"You prove not only the perpetuation of youth, but the preservation of life; for if since the siege of Troy you have been always forty, you have never died."

"True, marquis, I have never died."

"But are you, then, invulnerable, like Achilles, or still more so, for Achilles was killed by a wound in the heel inflicted by the arrow of Paris?"

"No, I am not invulnerable, and there is my great regret," said Cagliostro.

"Then, monsieur, you may be killed."

"Alas! yes."

"How, then, have you escaped all accidents for three thousand five hundred years?"

"It is a chance, marquis, but will you follow my reasoning?"

"Yes, yes," cried all, with eagerness.

Cagliostro continued: "What is the first requisite to life?" he asked, spreading out his white and beautiful hands covered with rings, among which Cleopatra's shone conspicuously. "Is it not health?"

"Certainly."

"And the way to preserve health is?"

"Proper management," said Count Haga.

"Right, count. And why should not my elixir be the best possible method of treatment?"

"Who knows that?"

"You, count."

"Yes, doubtless, but"—

"But no one else," said Madame Dubarry.

"That, madame, is a question that we will discuss later. Well, I have always followed the regimen of my drops and as they are the fulfillment of the fondest dreams of men of all times, as they are the water of youth of the ancients, the elixir of life of our modern philosophers, I have continually preserved my youth, consequently my health and my life. That is plain.

"But all things exhaust themselves; the finest constitution, as well as the worst."

"The body of Paris, like that of Vulcan," said the countess. "Perhaps you knew Paris, by the by?"

"Perfectly, madame; he was a fine young man, but really did not deserve all that has been said of him. In the first place, he had red hair."

"Red hair! horrible!"

"Unluckily, madame, Helen was not of your opinion. But to return to our subject. You say, Monsieur de Taverney, that all things exhaust themselves; but you also know that everything recovers again, regenerates, or is replaced, whichever you please to call it. The famous knife of Saint-Hubert, which so often changed both blade and handle, is an example, for through every change it still remained the knife of Saint-Hubert. The wine which the monks of Heidelberg preserve so carefully in their cellars remains still the same wine, although each year they pour into it a fresh supply. Therefore this wine always remains clear, bright, and delicious; while the wine which Opimus and I hid in the earthen jars was, when I tried it a hundred years after, only a thick dirty substance, which might have been eaten, but certainly could not have been drunk. Well, I follow the example of the monks of Heidelberg, and preserve my body by introducing into it every year new elements, which regenerate the old. Every morning a new and fresh atom replaces in my blood, my flesh, and my bones some particle which has perished. I stay that ruin which most men allow insensibly to invade their whole being, and I force into action all those powers which God has given to every human being, but which most people allow to lie dormant. Consequently they have retained their first vigor, and have

COUNTESS DUBARRY AND LOUIS XV

From a Painting by Guy la Benczur

received constantly a new stimulant. As a result of this careful observation of the laws of life and health, my brain, my muscles, my heart, my nerves, and my soul have never failed in their various functions. This is the great study of my life, and, as in all things he who does one thing constantly does that thing better than others, I am becoming more skillful than others in avoiding the dangers of an existence of three thousand years. Thus, you would not get me to enter a tottering house; I have seen too many houses not to tell at a glance the safe from the unsafe. You would not see me go out hunting with a man who managed his gun badly. From Cephalus, who killed his wife Procris, down to the Regent, who shot the prince in the eye, I have seen too many unskillful people. You could not make me accept in battle the post which many a man would take without thinking, because I should calculate in a moment the chances of danger at each point. You will tell me that one cannot foresee a stray bullet; but the man who has escaped a million gun-shots will hardly fall a victim to one now. Ah! you look incredulous, but am I not a living proof? I do not tell you that I am immortal, only that I know better than others how to avoid danger; for instance, I would not remain here now alone with Monsieur de Launay, who is thinking that if he had me in the Bastile he would put my immortality to the test of starvation; neither would I remain with Monsieur de Condorcet, for he is thinking that he might just empty into my glass the contents of that ring which he wears on his left hand, and which is full of poison, — not with any evil intent, but just as a scientific experiment, to see if I should die."

The two people named looked at each other and colored.

"Confess, Monsieur de Launay, we are not in a court of justice; besides, thoughts are not punished. Did you not think what I said? And you, Monsieur de Condorcet, would you not have liked to let me taste the poison in your ring, in the name of your beloved mistress, science?"

"Indeed," said Monsieur de Launay, laughing. "I confess you are right; it was folly, but that folly did pass through my mind just before you accused me."

"And I," said Monsieur de Condorcet, "will not be less candid. I did think that if you tasted the contents of my ring, I would not give much for your life."

A cry of admiration burst from the rest of the party; these avowals confirming not the immortality, but the penetration, of Count Cagliostro.

"You see," said Cagliostro, quietly, "that I divined these dangers; well, it is the same with other things. The experience of a long life reveals to me at a glance much of the past and of the future of those whom I meet. My capabilities in this way extend even to animals and inanimate objects. If I get into a carriage, I can tell from the look of the horses if they are likely to run away, and from that of the coachman if he will overturn me. If I go on board ship, I can see if the captain is ignorant or obstinate, and consequently likely to endanger me. I should then leave the coachman or captain, escape from those horses or that ship. I do not deny chance, I only lessen it, and instead of incurring a hundred chances, like the rest of the world, I prevent ninety-nine of them, and endeavor to guard against the hundredth. This is the good of having lived three thousand years."

"Then," said La Pérouse, laughing, amidst the wonder and enthusiasm created by this speech of Cagliostro's, "you should come with me when I embark to make the tour of the world; you would render me a signal service."

Cagliostro did not reply.

"Monsieur de Richelieu," continued La Pérouse, "as the Count Cagliostro, which is very intelligible, does not wish to quit such good company, you must permit me to do so without him. Excuse me, Count Haga, and you, madame, but it is seven o'clock, and I have promised his Majesty to start at a quarter past. But since Count Cagliostro will not be tempted to come with me and see my ships, perhaps he can tell me what will happen to me between Versailles and Brest. From Brest to the Pole I ask nothing; that is my own business. But he ought to tell me what may happen on my way to Brest."

Cagliostro looked at La Pérouse with such a melancholy air, so full both of pity and kindness, that the others were struck by it. The sailor himself, however, did not remark it. He took leave of the company, put on his fur riding-coat, into one of the pockets of which Madame Dubarry pushed a bottle of delicious cordial, welcome to a traveler, but which he would not have provided for himself, to recall to him, she said, his absent friends during the long nights of a journey in such bitter cold.

La Pérouse, still full of gayety, bowed respectfully to Count Haga, and held out his hand to the old marshal.

"Adieu, dear La Pérouse," said the latter.

"No, duke, *au revoir*," replied La Pérouse; "one would think I was going away forever. Now I have but to circumnavigate the globe, — five or six years' absence; it is scarcely worth while to say 'Adieu' for that."

"Five or six years," said the marshal; "you might almost as well say five or six centuries; days are years at my age, therefore I say adieu."

"Bah! ask the sorcerer," returned La Pérouse, still laughing; "he will promise you twenty years' more life. Will you not, Count Cagliostro? Oh, count, why did I not hear sooner of those precious drops of yours? Whatever the price, I should have shipped a ton on the Astrolabe. Madame, another kiss of that beautiful hand; I shall certainly not see such another till I return. *Au revoir*," and he left the room.

Cagliostro still preserved the same mournful silence. They heard the steps of the captain as he left the house, his gay voice in the court-yard, and his farewells to the people assembled to see him depart. Then the horses shook their heads covered with bells, the door of the carriage shut with some noise, and the wheels were heard rolling along the street.

La Pérouse had started on that voyage from which he was destined never to return.

When they could no longer hear a sound, all looks, as if controlled by a superior power, were again turned to Cagliostro; there seemed a kind of inspired light in his eyes.

Count Haga first broke the silence, which had lasted for some minutes. "Why did you not reply to his question?" he inquired of Cagliostro.

Cagliostro started, as if the question had roused him from a reverie. "Because," said he, "I must either have told a falsehood or a sad truth."

"How so?"

"I must have said to him, 'Monsieur de la Pérouse, the duke is right in saying to you adieu, and not *au revoir*.'"

"Oh," said Richelieu, turning pale, "what do you mean?"

"Reassure yourself, marshal, this sad prediction does not concern you."

"What," cried Madame Dubarry, "this poor La Pérouse, who has just kissed my hand" —

"Not only, madame, will never kiss it again, but will never again see those he has just left," said Cagliostro, looking attentively at the glass of water he was holding up, which in that position exhibited a luminous surface of an opal tint, crossed by the shadows of surrounding objects.

A cry of astonishment burst from all. The interest of the conversation deepened every moment, and you might have thought, from the solemn and anxious air with which all regarded Cagliostro, that it was some ancient and infallible oracle they were consulting.

In the midst of this preoccupation, Monsieur de Favras, expressing the sentiments of them all, rose, made a gesture, and walked on tiptoe to the antechamber, that he might be sure there were no servants listening. But, as we have already said, this house was as carefully kept as that of Monsieur le Maréchal de Richelieu, and Monsieur de Favras found in the adjoining room only an old servitor, who, rigorous as a sentinel at an exposed post, guarded the approach to the dining-room while the solemn hour of dessert was passing.

He returned to his former seat, and made a sign to the others at the table, indicating that they were indeed quite alone.

"Pray then, count," said Madame Dubarry, motioning to De Favras that she understood his meaning, although he had not uttered a word, "tell us what will befall poor La Pérouse."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"Oh, yes, let us hear!" cried all the rest.

"Well, then, Monsieur de la Pérouse intends, as you know, to make the tour of the globe, and continue the researches of poor Captain Cook, who was killed in the Sandwich Islands."

"Yes, yes, we know."

"Everything should foretell a happy termination to this voyage; Monsieur de la Pérouse is a good seaman, and his route has been most skillfully traced by the king."

"Yes," interrupted Count Haga, "the King of France is a clever geographer; is he not Monsieur de Condorcet?"

"More skillful than is needful for a king," replied the marquis; "kings ought to know things only slightly, then they will let themselves be guided by those who know them thoroughly."

"Is this a lesson, marquis?" said Count Haga, smiling.

Condorcet blushed. "Oh, no," said he; "only a simple reflection, a general truth."

"Well, he is gone," said Madame Dubarry, anxious to bring the conversation back to La Pérouse.

"Yes, he is gone," replied Cagliostro, "but don't believe, in spite of his haste, that he will soon embark. I foresee much time lost at Brest."

"That would be a pity," said De Condorcet; "this is the time to set out; it is even now rather late, — February or March would have been better."

"Oh, do not grudge him these few months, Monsieur de Condorcet, for during them he will at least live and hope."

"He has got good officers, I suppose?" said Richelieu.

"Yes; he who commands the second ship is a distinguished officer. I see him, — young, adventurous, brave, unhappily."

"Why unhappily?"

"A year after I look for him, and see him no more," said Cagliostro, anxiously consulting his glass. "No one here is related to Monsieur de Langle?"

"No."

"No one knows him?"

"No."

"Well, death will commence with him; I see him no longer."

A murmur of affright escaped from all the guests.

"But he, La Pérouse?" cried several voices.

"He sails, he lands, he reëmbarks; I see one, two years of successful navigation; we hear news of him,[1] and then" —

"Then?"

"Years pass."

"But at last?"

"The sea is vast, the heavens are clouded, here and there appear unknown lands, and figures hideous as the monsters of the Grecian Archipelago. They watch the ship, which is being carried in a fog amongst the breakers, by a tempest less fearful than themselves, and then ominous flames. Oh! La Pérouse, La Pérouse, if you could hear me, I would cry to you. You set out, like Columbus, to discover a world; beware of unknown isles!"

He ceased, and an icy shiver ran through the assembly.

"But why did you not warn him?" asked Count Haga, who, in spite of himself, had succumbed to the influence of this extraordinary man.

"Yes," cried Madame Dubarry, "why not send after him and bring him back? The life of a man like La Pérouse is surely worth a courier, my dear marshal."

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[1] The officer who brought the last news of La Pérouse was Monsieur de Lesseps, the only one of the expedition who returned to France.

The marshal understood, and rose to ring the bell.

Cagliostro extended his arm to stop him. "Alas!" said he, "all advice would be useless. I can foretell destiny, but I cannot change it. Monsieur de la Pérouse would laugh if he heard my words, as the son of Priam laughed when Cassandra prophesied; and see, you begin to laugh yourself, Count Haga, and laughing is contagious: your companions are catching it. Do not restrain yourselves, gentlemen — I am accustomed to an incredulous audience."

"Oh, we believe," said Madame Dubarry and the Duke de Richelieu; "and I believe," murmured Taverney; "and I also," said Count Haga, politely.

"Yes," replied Cagliostro, "you believe because it concerns La Pérouse; but if I spoke of yourself, you would not believe."

"Oh!"

"I am sure of it."

"I confess that what would have made me believe, would have been if you had said to him, 'Beware of unknown isles.' Then he would at least have had the chance of avoiding them."

"I assure you no, count; and if he had believed me, it would only have been more horrible, for the unfortunate man would have seen himself approaching those isles destined to be fatal to him without the power to flee from them. Therefore he would have died, not one, but a thousand deaths, for he would have gone through it all by anticipation. Hope, of which I should have deprived him, is the last consolation of the unfortunate wretch beneath the knife. The blade touches him, he feels its sharp edge, his blood flows, and still he hopes; even to his last breath, until life itself is extinct, he clings to hope."

"That is true," said several of the guests, in a low voice.

"Yes," said De Condorcet; "the veil which hides from us our future is the only real good which God has vouchsafed to man."

"Nevertheless," said Count Haga, "did a man like you say to me, Shun a certain man, or a certain thing, I would beware, and I would thank you for the counsel."

Cagliostro shook his head with a sad smile.

"I mean it, Monsieur de Cagliostro," continued Count Haga; "warn me, and I will thank you."

"You wish me to tell you what I would not tell La Pérouse?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Cagliostro opened his mouth as if to begin, and then stopped, and said, "No, count, no!"

"I beg you."

Cagliostro turned away his head. "Never," he murmured.

"Take care," said the count, "you are making me incredulous."

"Incredulity is better than misery."

"Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the count, gravely, "you forget one thing, which is, that though there are men who had better remain ignorant of their destiny, there are others who should know it, as it concerns not themselves alone, but millions of others."

"Then," said Cagliostro, "command me; if your Majesty commands, I will obey."

"I command you to reveal to me my destiny, Monsieur de Cagliostro," said the king, with an air at once courteous and dignified.

At this moment, as Count Haga had dropped his incognito in speaking to Cagliostro, Monsieur de Richelieu advanced towards him, and said, "Thanks, sire, for the honor that the King of Sweden has done my house: will your Majesty assume the place of honor? My house is yours from this moment."

"Let us remain as we are, marshal; I wish to hear what Monsieur de Cagliostro is about to say."

"One does not speak the truth to kings, sire."

"Bah! I am not in my kingdom; take your place again, duke. Proceed, Monsieur de Cagliostro, I beg."

Cagliostro looked again through his glass, and one might have imagined the particles agitated by this look, as they danced in the light. "Sire," said he, "tell me what you wish to know?"

"Tell me by what death I shall die."

"By a gun-shot, sire."

The eyes of Gustavus grew bright. "Ah, in a battle!" said he; "the death of a soldier! Thanks, Monsieur de Cagliostro, a hundred times thanks. Oh, I foresee battles, and Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. have shown me how a King of Sweden should die."

Cagliostro drooped his head without replying.

"Oh!" cried Count Haga, "will not my wound then be given in battle?"

"No, sire."

"In a sedition?—yes, that is possible."

"No, not in a sedition, sire."

"But where, then?"

"At a ball, sire."

The king remained silent, and Cagliostro buried his head in his hands.

Every one looked pale and frightened except the prophet and him whom the prophecy chiefly concerned. Then Monsieur de Condorcet took the glass of water and examined it, as if there he could solve the problem of all that had been going on. In fact, the scholar was trying to gauge the depth of the water, its luminous refractions and microscopic play. He, who sought a reason for everything, pondered over the fact that a mere juggler could, by the magic of his charlatanism, disturb men of sense like those around the table; and he could not deny that Cagliostro possessed an extraordinary power; but finding nothing to satisfy him, he ceased his scrutiny and placed the water on the table, in the midst of the general stupefaction caused by Cagliostro's predictions. "Well, I also," said he, "will beg our illustrious prophet to consult for me his magic mirror: unfortunately, I am not a powerful lord; I cannot command, and my obscure life concerns no millions of people."

"Monsieur," said Count Haga, "you command in the name of science, and your life belongs not only to a nation, but to all mankind."

"Thanks," said De Condorcet; "but perhaps your opinion on this subject is not shared by Monsieur de Cagliostro."

Cagliostro raised his head. "Yes, marquis," said he, in a manner which began to be excited, "you are indeed a powerful lord in the kingdom of intelligence; look me, then, in the face, and tell me, seriously, if you also wish that I should prophesy to you."

"Seriously, count, upon my honor."

"Well, marquis," said Cagliostro, in a hoarse voice, "you will die of that poison which you carry in your ring; you will die—"

"Oh, but if I throw it away?"

"Throw it away!"

"You allow that that would be easy."

"Throw it away!"

"Oh, yes, marquis!" cried Madame Dubarry; "throw away that horrid poison! Throw it away, if it be only to falsify this prophet of evil, who threatens us all with so many misfortunes. For if you throw it away you cannot die by it, as Monsieur de Cagliostro predicts; so there, at least, he will have been wrong."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," said Count Haga.

"Bravo, countess!" said Richelieu. "Come, marquis, throw away that poison, for now I know you carry it, I shall tremble every time we drink together; the ring might open of itself, and"—

"The two glasses touched together come very close," said Taverney. "Throw it away, marquis, throw it away!"

"It is useless," said Cagliostro, quietly; "Monsieur de Condorcet will not throw it away."

"No," returned De Condorcet, "I shall not throw it away; not that I wish to aid my destiny, but because this is a unique poison, prepared by Cabanis, and which chance has completely hardened, and that chance might never occur again; therefore I will not throw it away. Triumph if you will, Monsieur de Cagliostro."

"Destiny," replied he, "ever finds some way to work out its own ends."

"Then I shall die by poison," said the marquis; "well, so be it. It is an admirable death, I think; a little poison on the tip of the tongue, and I am gone. It is scarcely dying; it is merely minus life, to use an algebraic term."

"It is not necessary for you to suffer, monsieur," said Cagliostro, coldly; and he made a gesture to indicate that he would say no more regarding Monsieur de Condorcet.

"Then, monsieur," said Monsieur de Favras, "we have a shipwreck, a gun-shot, and a poisoning, which makes my mouth water. Will you not do me the favor also to predict some little pleasure of the same kind for me?"

"Oh, marquis!" replied Cagliostro, beginning to grow warm under this irony, "do not envy these gentlemen; you will have still better."

"Better!" said Monsieur de Favras, laughing; "that is pledging yourself to a great deal. It is difficult to beat the sea, fire, and poison."

"There remains the cord, marquis," said Cagliostro, bowing.

"The cord! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will be hanged," replied Cagliostro, seeming no more the master of his prophetic rage.

"Hanged! the devil!" cried the guests.

"Monsieur forgets that I am a nobleman," said Monsieur de Favras, coldly; "or if he means to speak of a suicide, I warn him that I shall respect myself sufficiently, even in my last moments, not to use a cord while I have a sword."

"I do not speak of a suicide, monsieur."

"Then you speak of a punishment?"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner, monsieur, and therefore I pardon you."

"What?"

"Your ignorance, monsieur. In France we decapitate noblemen."

"You may arrange this if you can, with the executioner," replied Cagliostro, crushing him with this rough response.

Monsieur de Favras said no more. There was a general silence and shrinking for a few minutes.

"Do you know that I tremble at last," said Monsieur de Launay; "my predecessors have come off so badly, that I fear for myself if I now take my turn."

"Then you are more reasonable than they; you are right. Do not seek to know the future; good or bad, let it rest, — it is in the hands of God."

"Oh! Monsieur de Launay," said Madame Dubarry, "I hope you will not be less courageous than the others have been."

"I hope so, too, madame," said the governor. Then, turning to Cagliostro, "Monsieur," he said, "favor me, in my turn, with my horoscope, if you please."

"It is easy," replied Cagliostro; "a blow on the head with a hatchet, and all will be over."

A look of dismay was once more general. Richelieu and Taverney begged Cagliostro to say no more, but female curiosity carried the day.

"To hear you talk, count," said Madame Dubarry, "one would think the whole universe must die a violent death. Here we were, eight of us, and five are already condemned by you."

"Oh, you understand that it is all prearranged to frighten us, and we shall only laugh at it," said Monsieur de Favras, trying to do so.

"Certainly we will laugh," said Count Haga, "be it true or false."

"Oh, I will laugh too, then," said Madame Dubarry. "I will not dishonor the assembly by my cowardice; but, alas! I am only a woman, I cannot rank among you and be worthy of a tragical end. A woman dies in her bed. My death, a sorrowful old woman abandoned by every one, will be the worst of all. Will it not, Monsieur de Cagliostro?"

She stopped, and seemed to wait for the prophet to reassure her. Cagliostro did not speak; so, her curiosity obtaining the mastery over her fears, she went on: "Well, Monsieur de Cagliostro, will you not answer me?"

"How can I answer you unless you question me?"

"But" — said she.

"Come," said Cagliostro, "will you question me, yes or no?"

She hesitated; then, rallying her courage, "Yes," she cried, "I will run the risk. Tell me the fate of Jeanne de Vaubernier, Countess Dubarry."

"On the scaffold, madame," replied the prophet of evil.

"A jest, monsieur, is it not?" said she, looking at him with a supplicating air.

Cagliostro seemed not to see it. "Why do you think I jest?" said he.

"Oh, because to die on the scaffold one must have committed some crime, — stolen, or committed murder, or done something dreadful; and it is not likely I shall do that. It was a jest, was it not?"

"Oh, mon Dieu! yes," said Cagliostro; "all I have said is but a jest."

The countess laughed, but scarcely in a natural manner.

"Come, Monsieur de Favras," said she, "let us order our funerals."

"Oh, that will be needless for you, madame," said Cagliostro.

"Why so, monsieur?"

"Because you will go to the scaffold in a car."

"Oh, how horrible! This dreadful man, marshal! For Heaven's sake choose more cheerful guests next time, or I will never visit you again."

"Excuse me, madame," said Cagliostro, "but you, like all the rest, would have me speak."

"I like all the rest! At least, I hope you will grant me time to choose my confessor."

"It will be superfluous, countess."

"Why?"

"The last person who will mount the scaffold in France with a confessor will be the King of France." And Cagliostro pronounced these words in so thrilling a voice that every one was struck with horror.

All were silent.

Cagliostro raised to his lips the glass of water in which he had read these fearful prophecies, but scarcely had he touched it, when he set it down with a movement of disgust. He turned his eyes to Monsieur de Taverney.

"Oh," cried he, in terror, "do not tell me anything! I do not wish to know."

"Well, then, I will ask instead of him," said Richelieu.

"You, marshal, be happy; you are the only one of us all who will die in his bed."

"Coffee, gentlemen, coffee," cried the marshal, enchanted with the prediction. Every one rose.

But before passing into the drawing-room, Count Haga, approaching Cagliostro, said, "Monsieur, I am not trying to evade my destiny, but tell me what to beware of."

"Of a muff, monsieur," replied Cagliostro.

"And I?" said Condorcet.

"Of an omelet."

"Good; I renounce eggs," and he left the room.

"And I?" said Monsieur de Favras; "what must I fear?"

"A letter."

"And I?" said De Launay.

"The taking of the Bastile."

"Oh, you quite reassure me." And he went away laughing.

"Now for me, monsieur," said the countess, trembling.

"You, beautiful countess, shun the Place Louis XV."

"Alas!" said the countess, "one day already I lost myself there; that day I suffered much. I nearly lost my head."

"Ah, well, countess, this time you will lose it and never find it again."

Madame Dubarry uttered a cry and left the room, and Cagliostro was about to follow her, when Richelieu stopped him.

"One moment," said he; "there remains only Taverney and I, my dear sorcerer."

"Monsieur de Taverney begged me to say nothing, and you, marshal, have asked me nothing."

"Oh, I do not wish to hear," again cried Taverney.

"But come, to prove your power, tell us something that only Taverney and I know," said Richelieu.

"What?" asked Cagliostro, smiling.

"Tell us what makes Taverney come to Versailles, instead of living quietly in his beautiful house at Maison-Rouge, which the king bought for him three years ago."

"Nothing more simple, marshal," said Cagliostro. "Ten years ago, Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to the King Louis XV., but he did not succeed."

"Oh!" growled Taverney.

"Now monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the queen Marie Antoinette; ask him if I speak the truth."

"On my word," said Taverney, trembling, "this man is a sorcerer; devil take me if he is not."

"Do not speak so cavalierly of the devil, my old comrade," said the marshal.

"It is frightful," murmured Taverney, and he turned to implore Cagliostro to be discreet, but he was gone.

"Come, Taverney, to the drawing-room," said the marshal, "or they will drink their coffee without us."

But when they arrived there the room was empty: no one had courage to face again the author of these terrible predictions.

The wax lights burned in the candelabra, the fire burned on the hearth, but all for nothing.

"*Ma foi*, old friend, it seems we must take our coffee *tête-à-tête.* Why, where the devil has he gone?" Richelieu looked all around him, but Taverney had vanished like the rest. "Never mind," said the marshal, chuckling as Voltaire might have done, and rubbing his withered though still white hands; "I shall be the only one to die in my bed. Well, Count Cagliostro, at least I believe. In my bed! that was it; I shall die in my bed, and I trust not for a long time. Holla! my *valet de chambre* and my drops."

The valet entered with the bottle, and the marshal went with him into the bedroom.

D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS FRIENDS.[1]

(From "The Three Musketeers.")

THE day on which D'Artagnan presented himself, the assemblage was imposing, particularly for a provincial just arriving from his province. It is true that this provincial was a Gascon, and that, particularly at this period, the compatriots of D'Artagnan had the reputation of not being easily intimidated. When he had once passed the massive door, covered with long square-headed nails, he fell into the midst of a troop of military, who were passing each other in the court, calling out, quarreling, and playing tricks one with another. To make way through these turbulent and conflicting waves, it was necessary to be an officer, a great noble, or a pretty woman.

It was, then, into the midst of this tumult and disorder that our young man advanced with a beating heart. Holding his long rapier close to his lanky leg, and keeping one hand on the edge of his cap, he smiled with the embarrassment of a provincial who affects confidence. When he had passed one group he began to breathe more freely; but he could not help observing that they turned round to look at him, and, for the first time in his life, D'Artagnan, who had till that day entertained a very good opinion of himself, felt that he was the object of ridicule.

When he arrived at the staircase it was still worse; there were four musketeers on the bottom steps amusing themselves with the following exercise, while ten or twelve of their comrades on the landing-place awaited their turn in the game.

One of them, placed upon the top stair, naked sword in hand, prevented, or at least endeavored to prevent, the three others from going up.

These three others fenced against him with their agile swords, which D'Artagnan at first took for foils, and believed to be buttoned; but he soon perceived, by certain scratches, that every weapon was pointed and well sharpened, and that at each of these scratches, not only the spectators, but even the actors themselves, laughed like so many madmen.

He who at that moment occupied the upper step kept his adversaries in check admirably. A circle was formed around them; the conditions required that at every thrust the person hit should quit the game, losing his turn to the advantage of the person who had hit him. In five minutes three were slightly wounded, one on the wrist, another on the chin, and the third on the ear, by the defender of the stair, who himself remained intact: a piece of skill which was worth to him, according to the rules of the game, three additional turns.

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However difficult it might be, or rather as he pretended it was, to astonish our young traveler, this pastime really astonished him. He had seen in his province — that land in which heads become so easily heated — a few of the preliminaries of duels, but the gasconades of these four fencers appeared to him the greatest he had ever heard, even in Gascony. He believed himself transported into that famous country of giants into which Gulliver has since gone and was so frightened; and yet he had not gained the goal, for there were still the landing-place and the antechamber.

On the landing they were no longer fighting, but amused themselves with stories about women, and in the antechamber with stories about the court. On the landing, D'Artagnan blushed; in the antechamber, he trembled. His warm and fickle imagination, which in Gascony had rendered him formidable to young chambermaids, and even sometimes to their mistresses, had never dreamed, even in moments of delirium, of half the amorous wonders, or a quarter of the feats of gallantry, which were here set forth, accompanied by names the best known, and with details the least delicate. But if his morals were shocked on the landing, his respect for the cardinal was scandalized in the antechamber. There, to his great astonishment, D'Artagnan heard the policy which made all Europe tremble criticised aloud and openly, as well as the private life of the cardinal, for trying to pry into which so many great nobles had been punished. That great man, who was so revered by D'Artagnan the elder, served as an object of ridicule to M. de Tréville's musketeers, who cracked their jokes upon his bandy legs and his hump-back; some sang ballads upon Madame d'Aiguillon, his mistress, and Madame de Combalet, his niece, while others formed parties and plans to annoy the pages and guards of the cardinal duke — all of which appeared to D'Artagnan monstrous impossibilities.

Nevertheless, when the name of the king was now and then uttered unexpectedly amidst all these cardinal jokes, a sort of gag seemed to close for a moment all these jeering mouths; they looked hesitatingly around them, and seemed to fear lest the walls of M. de Tréville's office should have ears; but a fresh allusion soon brought back the conversation to his Eminence, and then the laughter burst out anew and all of his actions were dragged into full light.

"Certes, these fellows will all be either embastiled or hung," thought the terrified D'Artagnan, "and I, no doubt, with them; for from the moment I have either listened to or heard them, I shall be held to be an accomplice. What would my good father say, who so strongly pointed out to me the respect due to the cardinal, if he knew I was in the society of such pagans?"

We have no need, therefore, to say that D'Artagnan did not venture to join in the conversation; only he looked with all his eyes and listened with all his ears, stretching his five senses so as to lose nothing; and, in spite of his confidence in the paternal monitions, he felt himself carried by his tastes and led by his instincts to praise rather than to blame the unheard-of things which were passing before him.

D'Artagnan being, however, a perfect stranger in the crowd of M. de Tréville's courtiers, and this his first appearance in that place, he was at length noticed, and a person came to him and asked him his business there. At this demand, D'Artagnan gave his name very modestly, laid a stress upon the title of compatriot, and begged the servant who had put the question to him to request a moment's audience of M. de Tréville — a request which the other, with a patronizing air, promised to convey in time and season.

D'Artagnan, a little recovered from his first surprise, had now leisure to study costumes and countenances.

The center of the most animated group was a musketeer of great height, of a haughty countenance, and dressed in a costume so peculiar as to attract general attention. He did not wear the uniform cloak, — which, indeed, at that time of less liberty and greater independence, was not obligatory, — but a cerulean blue doublet, a little faded and worn, and over this a magnificent baldric worked in gold, which shone like water-ripples in the sun. A long cloak of crimson velvet fell in graceful folds from his shoulders, disclosing in front the splendid baldric, from which was suspended a gigantic rapier.

This musketeer had just come off guard, complained of having a cold, and coughed from time to time affectedly. It was for this reason, he said to those around him, he had put on his cloak, and while he spoke with a lofty air and twirled his mustache, all admired his embroidered baldric, and D'Artagnan more than any one.

"What can you expect?" said the musketeer; "the fashion is coming in. It is a folly, I admit, but still it is the fashion. Besides, one must lay out one's inheritance somehow."

"Ah, Porthos!" cried one of his companions; "don't think to palm upon us that you obtained that baldric by paternal generosity: it must have been given to you by that veiled lady with whom I met you the other Sunday, near the gate Saint-Honoré."

"No 'pon honor; by the faith of a gentleman, I bought it with my own money," answered he whom they had just designated by the name of Porthos.

"Yes," said another musketeer, "you bought it as I did this new purse, with the money my mistress put into the old one."

"What I said is true, though," said Porthos; "and the proof is that I paid twelve pistoles for it."

The wonder was increased, though the doubt continued to exist.

"Didn't I, Aramis?" said Porthos, turning towards another musketeer.

This other musketeer formed a perfect contrast to his interrogator, who had just designated him by the name of Aramis. He was a young man, of about two or three and twenty, with an open, ingenuous countenance, dark mild eyes, and cheeks rosy and downy as an autumn peach; his delicate mustache marked a perfectly straight line upon his upper lip; he appeared to dread to lower his hands lest their veins should swell, and he pinched the tips of his ears from time to time to preserve their delicate pink transparency. Habitually he spoke little and slowly, bowed frequently, laughed without noise, showing his teeth, which were fine, and of which, as of the rest of his person, he appeared to take the greatest care. He answered the appeal of his friend by an affirmative nod of the head.

This affirmation appeared to dispel all doubts with regard to the baldric; they continued to admire it, but said no more about it; and, by one of those rapid changes of thought, the conversation passed suddenly to another subject.

"What do you think of the story Chalais's esquire relates?" asked another musketeer, without addressing any one in particular.

"And what does he say?" asked Porthos, in a self-sufficient tone.

"He relates that he met at Brussels Rochefort, the cardinal's private tool, disguised as a Capuchin; and that this cursed Rochefort, thanks to his disguise, had tricked M. de Laigues, simpleton that he is."

"A simpleton, indeed!" said Porthos; "but is the matter certain?"

"I had it from Aramis," replied the musketeer.

"Indeed!"

"Why, you know very well, Porthos," said Aramis; "I told you of it yesterday — say nothing more about it."

"Say nothing more about it — that's *your* opinion!" replied Porthos. "Say nothing more about it! Zounds! you come to your conclusions quickly. What! the cardinal sets a spy upon a nobleman, has his letters stolen from him by means of a traitor, a brigand, a rascal, — has, with the help of this spy, and thanks to this correspondence, Chalais's throat cut, under the stupid pretext that he wanted to kill the king and marry Monsieur to the queen! Nobody knew a word of this enigma. You unraveled it yesterday, to the great satisfaction of all; and while we are still gaping with wonder at the news, you come and tell us to-day — 'Let us say no more about it.'"

"Well, then, let us speak about it, since you desire it," replied Aramis, patiently.

"This Rochefort," cried Porthos, "if I were poor Chalais's esquire, should pass a minute or two very uncomfortably with me."

"And you — you would pass rather a sad half-hour with the Red Duke," replied Aramis.

"Oh! oh! the Red Duke! bravo! bravo! the Red Duke!" cried Porthos, clapping his hands and nodding his head. "The Red Duke is capital. I'll circulate that saying, be assured, my dear fellow. Who says this Aramis is not a wit? What a misfortune it is you did not follow your first vocation — what a delightful abbé you would have made!"

"Oh, it's only a temporary postponement," replied Aramis. "I shall be one some day. You very well know, Porthos, that I continue to study theology for that purpose."

"He will be one, as he says," cried Porthos; "he will be one, sooner or later."

"Soon," said Aramis.

"He only waits for one thing to determine him to resume his cassock, which hangs behind his uniform," said another musketeer.

"What is he waiting for?" asked another.

"Only till the queen has given an heir to the crown of France."

"No jokes upon that subject, gentlemen," said Porthos; "thank God, the queen is still of an age to give one."

"They say that the Duke of Buckingham is in France," replied Aramis, with a significant smile, which gave to this sentence, apparently so simple, a tolerably scandalous meaning.

"Aramis, my good friend, this time you are wrong," interrupted Porthos; "your wit is always leading you astray; if M. de Tréville heard you, you would repent of speaking thus."

"Are you going to teach me better, Porthos?" cried Aramis, from whose usually mild eye a flash passed like lightning.

"My dear fellow, be a musketeer or an abbé. Be one or the other, but not both," replied Porthos. "You know what Athos told you the other day: you eat at everybody's mess. Ah! don't be angry, I beg of you — that would be useless; you know what is agreed upon between you, Athos, and me. You go to Madame d'Aiguillon's, and you pay your court to her; you go to Madame de Bois-Tracy's, the cousin of Madame de Chevreuse, and you pass for being far advanced in the good graces of that lady. Oh, good Lord! don't trouble yourself to reveal your good fortunes; no one asks for your secret — all the world knows your discretion. But since you possess that virtue, why the devil don't you make use of it with respect to her Majesty? Let whoever likes talk of the king and the cardinal, and as he likes; but the queen is sacred, and if any one speaks of her, let it be with respect."

"Porthos, you are as vain as Narcissus, I plainly tell you so," replied Aramis; "you know I hate moralizing, except when it is done by Athos. As to you, good sir, you wear too magnificent a baldric to be strong on that head. I will be an abbé if it suits me; in the meanwhile I am a musketeer. In that quality I say what I please, and at this moment it pleases me to say that you annoy me."

"Aramis!"

"Porthos!"

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" cried the surrounding group.

"Monsieur de Tréville awaits M. d'Artagnan," interrupted a servant, throwing open the door of the office.

At this announcement, during which the door remained open, every one became mute, and amidst the general silence the young man crossed the antechamber at one end, and entered the apartment of the captain of the musketeers, congratulating himself with all his heart at having so opportunely escaped the end of this strange quarrel.

The Audience.

M. de Tréville was at this moment in a very ill-humor; nevertheless, he politely saluted the young man, who bowed to the very ground, and he smiled on receiving his compliment, the Béarnese accent of which recalled to him at the same time his youth and his country, a double remembrance which makes a man smile at all ages. But stepping almost immediately towards the antechamber, and making a sign to D'Artagnan with his hand, as if to ask his permission to finish with others before he began with him, he called three times, with a louder voice at each time, so that he went through all the tones between the imperative accent and the angry accent.

"Athos! Porthos! Aramis!"

The two musketeers, with whom we have already made acquaintance, and who answered to the last two of these three names, immediately quitted the group of which they formed a part, and advanced towards the office, the door of which closed after them as soon as they had entered. Their bearing, though not entirely composed, was full of a dignified and submissive indifference which excited the admiration of D'Artagnan, who beheld in these two men demi-gods, and in their leader an Olympian Jupiter, armed with all his thunders.

When the two musketeers had entered, when the door was closed behind them, when the buzzing murmur of the antechamber, to which the summons which had just been made had doubtless furnished fresh aliment, had recommenced, when M. de Tréville had three or four times paced in silence, and with a frowning brow, the whole length of his office passing each time before Porthos and Aramis, who were as upright and silent as

ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS

(The Three Musketeers)

if on parade, he stopped all at once full in front of them, and looking at them angrily from head to foot —

"Do you know what the king said to me," cried he, "and that no longer ago than yesterday evening — do you know, gentlemen?"

"No," replied the two musketeers, after a moment's silence; "no, sir, we do not."

"But I hope that you will do us the honor to tell us," added Aramis, in his politest tone, and with the most graceful bow.

"He told me that he should henceforth recruit his musketeers from among the guards of the cardinal."

"The guards of the cardinal! and why so?" asked Porthos, warmly.

"Because he plainly perceives that his piquette stands in need of being enlivened by a mixture of good wine."

The two musketeers colored up to the eyes. D'Artagnan did not know where he was, and would have liked to be a hundred feet underground.

"Yes, yes," continued M. de Tréville, growing warmer as he spoke, "and his Majesty was right, for, upon my honor, it is true that the musketeers make but a miserable figure at court. The cardinal related yesterday, while playing with the king, with an air of condolence not very pleasing to me, that the day before yesterday those damned musketeers, those dare-devils, — he dwelt upon those words with an ironical tone still more displeasing to me, — those cleavers, added he, glancing at me with his tiger-cat's eye, had been out late in the Rue Ferou, in a tavern, and that a patrol of his guards (I thought he was going to laugh in my face) had been forced to arrest the rioters. Zounds! you must know something about it! Arrest musketeers! You were among them — you were! Don't deny it; you were recognized, and the cardinal named you. But it's all my fault! yes, it's all my fault, because it is I myself who select my men. You, now, Aramis, why the devil did you ask me for a uniform, when you were going to be so fine in a cassock? And you, Porthos, do you only wear such a fine golden baldric to suspend a sword of straw from it? And Athos — I don't see Athos! Where is he?"

"Sir," replied Aramis, in a sorrowful tone, "he is ill, very ill!"

"Ill — very ill, say you? And what is his malady?"

"It is feared that it is the smallpox, sir," replied Porthos, desirous of having a word in the conversation; "and what is sad is that it will certainly spoil his face."

"The smallpox! That's another fine story to tell me, Porthos! Sick of the smallpox at his age! No, no; but wounded, without doubt,—perhaps killed. Ah, if I knew! S'blood! Sir musketeers, I will not have this haunting of bad places, this quarreling in the streets, this sword-play at the cross-roads, and, above all, I will not have any opportunity given to the cardinal's guards, who are brave, quiet, skillful men, who never put themselves in a position to be arrested, and who, besides, would never allow themselves to be arrested, to laugh at you! I am sure of it—they would prefer dying on the spot to being arrested, or to retreating a step. To run, to clear out, to fly! a pretty thing to be said of the king's musketeers!"

Porthos and Aramis trembled with rage; they would willingly have strangled M. de Tréville, if, at the bottom of all this, they had not felt it was the great love he bore them which made him speak thus. They stamped upon the carpet with their feet, they bit their lips till the blood came, and grasped the hilts of their swords with all their might. All in the next room had heard, as we have said, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis called, and had guessed from M. de Tréville's tone of voice that he was very angry about something. Ten curious heads were leaning against the tapestry, and growing pale with rage. For their ears, glued to the door, did not lose a syllable of what was said, while their mouths repeated, as he went on, the insulting expressions of the captain to the whole population of the antechamber. In an instant, from the door of the office to the street-gate, the whole house was in a state of commotion.

"Ah! the king's musketeers are arrested by the guards of the cardinal, are they?" continued M. de Tréville, as furious within as his soldiers, but emphasizing his words, and plunging them, one by one, like so many blows of a stiletto, into the bosoms of his auditors. "What! six of his Eminence's guards arrest six of his Majesty's musketeers! Zounds! my mind is made up! I will go straight to the Louvre. I will give in my resignation as captain of the king's musketeers, to take a lieutenancy in the cardinal's guards; and if he refuses me, 'sdeath! I will turn abbé."

At these words, the murmur outside became an explosion; nothing was to be heard but oaths and blasphemies. Such expressions as zounds! 'sblood! the devil-take-us! clashed in the air. D'Artagnan looked round for some tapestry behind which he might hide himself, and felt an immense inclination to crawl under the table.

"Well, captain," said Porthos, quite beside himself, "the truth is, that we were six against six, but we were not captured by fair means, and before we had time to draw our swords two of our party were dead; and Athos, grievously wounded, was very little better. For you know Athos. Well, captain, he endeavored twice to get up, and fell again twice. And we did not surrender — no! they dragged us away by force. On the way we escaped. As for Athos, they believed him to be dead, and left him very quietly on the field of battle, not thinking it worth the while to carry him away. Now, that's the whole story. What the devil, captain, one cannot win all one's battles! The great Pompey lost that of Pharsalia, and Francis the First, who was, as I have heard say, as good as any one else, nevertheless lost the battle of Pavia."

"And I have the honor of assuring you that I killed one of them with his own sword," said Aramis, "for mine was broken at the first parry. Killed him, or poniarded him, sir, as is most agreeable to you."

"I did not know that," replied M. de Tréville, in a somewhat softened tone. "The cardinal exaggerated, as I perceive."

"But pray, sir," continued Aramis, who, seeing his captain relenting, took courage to make a petition, "pray, sir, do not say that Athos is wounded. He would be in despair if that should come to the ears of the king, and as the wound is very serious, seeing that after crossing the shoulder it penetrates into the chest, it is to be feared" —

At this instant the tapestry was raised, and a noble and handsome face, but frightfully pale, appeared under the fringe.

"Athos!" cried the two musketeers.

"Athos!" repeated M. de Tréville to himself.

"You have sent for me, sir," said Athos to M. de Tréville, in a feeble yet perfectly calm voice, "you have sent for me, as my comrades inform me, and I have hastened to receive your orders. I am here, sir; what do you want with me?"

And at these words the musketeer, in irreproachable costume, belted as usual, with a firm step entered the room. M. de Tréville, moved to the bottom of his heart by this proof of courage, sprang towards him.

"I was about to say to these gentlemen," added he, "that I forbid my musketeers to expose their lives needlessly; for brave men are very dear to the king, and the king knows that his musketeers are the bravest fellows on earth. Your hand, Athos!"

And without waiting until the new-comer should himself respond to this proof of affection, M. de Tréville seized his right hand, and pressed it with all his might, without perceiving that Athos, whatever might be his self-command, allowed a slight murmur of pain to escape him, and, if possible, grew paler than he was before.

The door had remained open, so strong was the excitement produced by the arrival of Athos, whose wound, though kept as secret as possible, was known to all. A loud murmur of satisfaction hailed the last words of the captain, and two or three persons, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, appeared through the openings of the tapestry. Doubtless M. de Tréville was about to reprehend severely this infringement on the rules of etiquette, when he suddenly felt the hand of Athos contract within his, and, upon turning his eyes towards him, perceived he was about to faint. At the same instant Athos, who had rallied all his energies to contend against pain, at length overcome by it, fell upon the floor as if he was dead.

"A surgeon!" cried M. de Tréville; "mine! the king's! the best that can be found! — a surgeon! or, 'sblood! my brave Athos will die!"

At the cries of M. de Tréville, the whole assemblage rushed into the room without his thinking of shutting the door against any one, and all crowded round the wounded man. But all this eager attention would have been useless if the doctor so loudly called for had not chanced to be in the hotel itself. He pushed through the crowd, approached Athos, still insensible, and, as all this noise and commotion inconvenienced him greatly, he required, as the first and most urgent thing, that the musketeer should be carried into another chamber. Immediately M. de Tréville opened the door, and pointed the way to Porthos and Aramis, who carried off their comrade in their arms. Behind this group walked the surgeon, and as the surgeon passed through the door closed upon him.

The office of M. de Tréville, generally held so sacred, became for a moment the annex of the antechamber. Every one spoke, harangued, and vociferated, swearing, cursing, and consigning the cardinal and his guards to all the devils.

An instant after, Porthos and Aramis returned, the surgeon and M. de Tréville alone remaining with the wounded man.

At length M. de Tréville himself came back. Athos had recovered his senses; the surgeon declared that the situation of the musketeer had nothing in it to render his friends uneasy, his weakness having been purely and simply caused by loss of blood.

Then M. de Tréville made a sign with his hand, and all retired except D'Artagnan, who did not forget that he had an audience, and, with the tenacity of a Gascon, remained in his place.

When all had gone out and the door was closed, M. de Tréville, on turning round, found himself alone with the young man. The stirring event which had just taken place had in some degree broken the thread of his ideas. He inquired what was the desire of his persevering visitor. D'Artagnan then repeated his name, and in an instant, recalling his memory of the past and the present, M. de Tréville was in possession of the situation.

"Pardon me," said he, smiling, "pardon me, my dear compatriot, but I had entirely forgotten you. But what help is there for it! a captain is nothing but a father of a family, charged with even a greater responsibility than the father of an ordinary family. Soldiers are big children; but as I maintain that the orders of the king, and more particularly the orders of the cardinal, should be executed" —

D'Artagnan could not restrain a smile. By this smile M. de Tréville judged that he had not to deal with a fool, and, changing the subject, came straight to the point.

"I loved your father very much," said he. "What can I do for the son? Tell me quickly — my time is not my own."

"Sir," said D'Artagnan, "on leaving Tarbes and coming hither, it was my intention to request of you, in remembrance of the friendship which you have not forgotten, the uniform of a musketeer. But after all that I have seen during the last two hours, I have become aware of the value of such a favor, and tremble lest I should not merit it."

"Well, young man," replied M. de Tréville, "it is, in fact, a favor, but it may not be so far beyond your hopes as you believe, or rather as you appear to believe. Yet his Majesty's decision is always necessary, and I inform you with regret that no one becomes a musketeer without the preliminary ordeal of several campaigns, certain brilliant actions, or a service of two years in some regiment less favored than ours."

D'Artagnan bowed without replying, feeling his desire to don the musketeer's uniform vastly increased by the difficulties which he had learned must precede the attainment of it.

"But," continued M. de Tréville, fixing upon his compatriot a look so piercing that it might be said he wished to read the thoughts of his heart, "but, on account of my old companion, your father, as I have said, I will do something for you, young man. Our cadets from Béarn are not generally very rich, and I have no reason to think matters have much changed in this respect since I left the province. I dare say you have not brought too large a stock of money with you?"

D'Artagnan drew himself up with an air that plainly said, "I ask charity of no man."

"Oh! that's all very well, young man," continued M. de Tréville, "that's all very well. I am well acquainted with all those lofty airs. I myself came to Paris with four crowns in my purse, and would have fought with any one who would have dared to tell me I was not in a condition to purchase the Louvre."

D'Artagnan drew himself up still more proudly; thanks to the sale of his horse, he commenced his career with four crowns more than M. de Tréville had possessed at the commencement of his.

"You need, I say, then, to husband the means you have, however large the sum may be, but you ought also to endeavor to perfect yourself in the exercises becoming a gentleman. I will write a letter to-day to the director of the Royal Academy, and to-morrow he will admit you without any expense to yourself. Do not refuse this little service. Our best-born and richest gentlemen sometimes solicit it without being able to obtain it. You will learn riding, swordsmanship in all its branches, and dancing. You will make some desirable acquaintances, and from time to time you can call upon me, just to tell me how you are getting on, and to say whether I can be of any serivce to you."

D'Artagnan, stranger as he was to all the manners of a court, could not but perceive a little coldness in this reception.

"Alas! sir," said he, "I can but perceive how sadly I miss the letter of introduction which my father gave me to present to you."

"I certainly am surprised," replied M. de Tréville, "that you should undertake so long a journey without that necessary viaticum, the only resource of us poor Béarnese."

"I had one, sir, and, thank God, such as I could wish," cried D'Artagnan, "but it was perfidiously stolen from me."

He then related the adventure at Meung, described the unknown gentleman with the greatest minuteness, and all with a warmth and truthfulness that delighted M. de Tréville.

"This is all very strange," said the latter, after meditating a minute; "you mentioned my name, then, aloud?"

"Yes, sir, I certainly committed that imprudence; but why should I have done otherwise? A name like yours was to serve me as a buckler on my way. You can fancy whether I often hid myself behind it or no!"

Flattery was at that period very much in fashion, and M. de Tréville loved incense as well as a king, or even a cardinal. He could not then refrain from a smile of evident satisfaction, but this smile soon disappeared; and returning to the adventure at Meung —

"Tell me," continued he, "had not this gentleman a slight scar on his cheek?"

"Yes, such a one as would be made by the grazing of a ball."

"Was he not a fine-looking man?"

"Yes."

"Of lofty stature?"

"Yes."

"Of pale complexion and brown hair?"

"Yes, yes, that is he; how is it, sir, that you are acquainted with this man? If ever I should meet him again, and I will find him, I swear — were it in hell" —

"He was waiting for a woman," continued Tréville.

"He, at least, departed immediately after having conversed for a minute with the one for whom he was waiting."

"You do not know what was the subject of their conversation?"

"He gave her a box, told her that box contained her instructions, and desired her not to open it before she arrived in London."

"Was this any English woman?"

"He called her Milady."

"It is he! it must be he!" murmured Tréville; "I thought he was still at Brussels!"

"Oh! sir; if you know who and what this man is," cried D'Artagnan, "tell me who he is, and whence he is. I will then release you from all your promises — even that of procuring my admission into the musketeers. For, before everything, I wish to avenge myself."

"Beware, young man!" cried de Tréville; "if you see him coming on one side of the street, pass by on the other! Do not cast yourself against such a rock, he would break you like glass."

"That thought will not prevent me," replied D'Artagnan, "if ever I should happen to meet with him" —

In the meantime, if you will take my advice, you will not seek him," said Tréville.

All at once the captain stopped, as if struck by a sudden suspicion. This great hatred which the young traveler manifested so loudly for this man, who — a rather improbable thing — had stolen his father's letter from him! — was there not some perfidy concealed under this hatred? — might not this young man be sent by his Eminence? — might he not have come for the purpose of laying a snare for him? — this pretended D'Artagnan! was he not an emissary of the cardinal's whom he sought to introduce into his house, to place near him, and win his confidence, and afterwards to bring about his ruin, as had been practiced in a thousand other instances? He fixed his eyes upon D'Artagnan even more earnestly than before. He was moderately reassured, however, by the aspect of that countenance, full of shrewd intelligence and affected humility.

I know indeed he is a Gascon, reflected he; but he may be one for the cardinal as well as for me. Let us try him. "My friend," said he, slowly, "I wish, as the son of an old friend — for I consider this story of the lost letter perfectly true — I wish, I say, in order to repair the coldness you have noticed in my reception of you, to make you acquainted with the secrets of our policy. The king and the cardinal are the best of friends; their apparent bickerings are only feints to deceive fools. I am not willing that a compatriot, a handsome cavalier, a brave youth, quite fit to make his way, should become the dupe of all these artifices, and fall stupidly into the snare, after the example of so many others who have been ruined by it. Be assured that I am devoted to both these all-powerful masters, and that my earnest endeavor shall never have any other aim than the service of the king and that of the cardinal, one of the most illustrious geniuses that France has ever produced.

"Now, young man, regulate your conduct accordingly, and if you entertain, whether from your family, your associations, or even from your instincts, any of those enmities against the cardinal which we see constantly breaking out among the nobles, bid me adieu, and let us separate. I will aid you in many ways, but without attaching you to my person. I hope that my frankness, at all events, will make you my friend, for you are the only young man to whom I have hitherto spoken as I am now doing."

Tréville said to himself:

"If the cardinal has set this young fox upon me, he will certainly not have failed — he, who knows how bitterly I execrate him — to tell his spy that the best means of paying court to me is to rail at him. Therefore, in spite of my protestations, if it be as I suspect, my cunning gossip here will launch out in abuse of his Eminence."

It proved, however, entirely different from what Tréville expected. D'Artagnan answered, with the greatest simplicity:

"I am come to Paris with exactly such intentions, sir. My father advised me to stoop to nobody but the king, the cardinal, and you — whom he considers the first three personages in France."

D'Artagnan added M. de Tréville to the two others, as may be perceived; but he thought this addition would do no harm.

"I therefore hold the cardinal in the greatest veneration," continued he; "and have the greatest respect for his actions. So much the better for me, sir, if you speak to me, as you say, with frankness, for then you will do me the honor to hold in esteem our similarity of taste; but if you have entertained any mistrust, as naturally you may, I feel that I am ruining myself by speaking the truth. But, come what may, you will not fail to esteem me, and that is what I care for more than anything in the world."

M. de Tréville was surprised to the last degree. So much penetration — so much frankness — created admiration, but did not entirely remove his suspicions. The more this young man was superior to others, the more he was to be dreaded, if he meant to deceive him. Nevertheless, he pressed D'Artagnan's hand, and said to him:

"You are an honest youth; but, at the present moment, I can only do for you that which I just now offered. My house will be always open to you. Hereafter, being able to ask for me at all hours, and consequently to take advantage of all opportunities, you will probably obtain what you desire."

"That is to say, sir," replied D'Artagnan, "that you will wait till I have made myself worthy of it. Well! be assured," added he, with the familiarity of a Gascon, "you will not wait long." And he bowed, on retiring, as if he considered the future was his own concern.

"But wait a minute," said M. de Tréville, stopping him. "I promised you a letter to the director of the Academy. Are you too proud to accept it, young gentleman?"

"No, sir," said D'Artagnan; "and I will answer for it that this one shall not fare like the other. I will guard it so carefully that I swear it shall arrive at its address, and woe be to him who shall attempt to take it from me!"

M. de Tréville smiled at this bragging; and, leaving his young compatriot in the embrasure of the window, where they had talked together, he seated himself at a table, in order to write the promised letter of recommendation. While he was doing this, D'Artagnan, having no better employment, amused himself with beating a march upon the window, and with looking at the musketeers, who went away, one after another, following them with his eyes till they disappeared at the bend of the street.

M. de Tréville, after having written the letter, sealed it, and rising, approached the young man, in order to give it to him. But, at the very moment that D'Artagnan stretched out his hand to receive it, M. de Tréville was highly astonished to see his *protégé* make a sudden spring, become crimson with passion, and rush from the room, crying — "Ah! 'Sblood! he shall not escape me this time!"

"Who? who?" asked M. de Tréville.

"He, my thief!" replied D'Artagnan. "Ah! the traitor!" and he disappeared.

"The devil take the madman!" murmured M. de Tréville, "unless," added he, "this is a cunning mode of escaping, seeing that he has failed in his purpose!"

THE SHOULDER OF ATHOS, THE BALDRIC OF PORTHOS, AND THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ARAMIS.

D'ARTAGNAN, in a state of rage, crossed the antechamber in three bounds, and was darting towards the stairs, which he reckoned upon descending four steps at a time, when, in his heedless course, he ran head foremost against a musketeer, who was coming out of one of M. de Tréville's private rooms, and, hitting his shoulder violently, made him utter a cry, or rather a howl.

"Excuse me," said D'Artagnan, endeavoring to resume his course, "excuse me, but I am in a hurry."

Scarcely had he descended the first stair, when a hand of iron seized him by the scarf and stopped him.

"You are in a hurry," said the musketeer, as pale as a sheet; "under that pretense you run against me. You say, 'Excuse me!' and you believe that that is sufficient? Not at all, my young man. Do you fancy that because you have heard M. de Tréville speak to us a little cavalierly to-day, that other people are to treat us as he speaks to us? Undeceive yourself, companion, you are not M. de Tréville."

"'Pon my word!" replied D'Artagnan, recognizing Athos, who, after having his wounds dressed by the doctor, was going to his own apartment, "on my word, I did not do it intentionally, and, not having done it intentionally, I said, 'Excuse me!' It appears to me that that is quite enough. I repeat to you, however, and this time it is too much perhaps, — on my word of honor I am in great haste, great haste. Loose your hold then, I beg of you, and let me go where my business calls me."

"Sir," said Athos, letting him go, "you are not polite; it is easy to perceive that you come from a distance."

D'Artagnan had already strode down three or four stairs, when Athos's last remark stopped him short.

"Zounds, sir!" said he, "however far I may have come, it is not you who can give me a lesson in good manners, I warn you."

"Perhaps!" said Athos.

"Ah! if I were not in such haste, and if I were not running after some one!" said D'Artagnan.

"Mister Man-in-a-hurry, you can find me without running after me; me! do you understand me?"

"And where, I pray you?"

"Near the Carmes-Deschaux."

"At what hour?"

"About noon."

"About noon; that will do, I will be there."

"Try not to make me wait, for at a quarter past twelve I will cut off your ears as you run."

"Good!" cried D'Artagnan, "I will be there ten minutes before twelve."

And he set off, running as if the devil possessed him, hoping that he might yet find the unknown, whose slow pace could not have carried him far.

But at the street gate Porthos was talking with the soldier on guard. Between the two talkers there was just room for a man to pass. D'Artagnan thought it would suffice for him, and he sprang forward like a dart between them. But D'Artagnan had reckoned without the wind. As he was about to pass, the wind blew out Porthos's long cloak, and D'Artagnan rushed straight into the middle of it. Without doubt, Porthos had reasons for not abandoning this essential part of his vestments, for, instead of letting go the flap, which he was holding, he pulled it towards him, so that D'Artagnan rolled himself up in the velvet, by a movement of rotation explained by the resistance of the obstinate Porthos.

D'Artagnan, hearing the musketeer swear, wished to escape from under the cloak which blinded him, and endeavored to make his way out of its folds. He was particularly anxious to avoid marring the freshness of the magnificent baldric we are acquainted with; but on timidly opening his eyes, he found himself with his nose fixed between the two shoulders of Porthos, that is to say, exactly upon the baldric.

Alas! like most of the things in this world which have nothing in their favor but appearance, the baldric was glittering with gold in the front, but was nothing but simple buff behind. Vainglorious as he was, Porthos could not afford to have an entirely gold-worked baldric, but had, at least, half a one. The pretext about the cold and the necessity for the cloak were thus exposed.

"Good Lord!" cried Porthos, making strong efforts to get rid of D'Artagnan, who was wriggling about his back, "the fellow must be mad to run against people in this manner."

"Excuse me!" said D'Artagnan, reappearing under the shoulder of the giant, "but I am in such haste — I was running after someone, and" —

"And do you always forget your eyes when you happen to be in a hurry?" asked Porthos.

"No," replied D'Artagnan, piqued, "no; and, thanks to my eyes, I can see what other people cannot see."

Whether Porthos understood him or did not understand him, the fact is that, giving way to his anger, —

"Sir," he said, "I warn you that you stand a chance of getting chastised if you run against musketeers in this fashion."

"Chastised, sir!" said D'Artagnan. "The expression is strong."

"It is one that becomes a man accustomed to look his enemies in the face."

"Ah! Zounds! I know full well that you do not turn your back to yours!"

"And the young man, delighted with his joke, went away laughing with all his might.

Porthos foamed with rage, and started to rush after D'Artagnan.

"Wait awhile, wait awhile," cried the latter, "when you haven't your cloak on."

"At one o'clock, then, behind the Luxembourg."

"Very well, at one o'clock then," replied D'Artagnan, turning the angle of the street.

But neither in the street through which he had passed, nor in the one which his glance now eagerly scanned, could he see anyone. However slowly the unknown had walked, he had gained ground, or, perhaps, had entered some house. D'Artagnan inquired of every one he met, went down to the ferry, came up again by the Rue de Seine and the Croix Rouge, but he could see nothing of him, absolutely nothing! This race was, however, advantageous to him in one sense, for in proportion as the perspiration broke from his forehead, his heart began to cool.

He began to reflect upon the events that had passed. They were numerous and inauspicious. It was scarcely eleven o'clock in the morning, and yet this morning had already brought him into disgrace with M. de Tréville, who could not fail to think the manner in which D'Artagnan had left him a little cavalier.

Besides this, he had drawn upon himself two good duels with two men, each capable of killing three D'Artagnans; with two musketeers, in short, with two of those beings whom he esteemed so highly that he placed them in his mind and heart above all other men.

Conjectures were not encouraging. Sure of being killed by Athos, it may easily be understood that the young man was not very uneasy about Porthos. As hope, however, is the last thing extinguished in the heart of man, he ended by hoping that he might survive, although terribly wounded in both these duels, and in case of surviving he made the following reflections upon his own conduct:

"What a hair-brained, stupid fellow I am! That brave and unfortunate Athos was wounded exactly on that shoulder against which I must run head-foremost, like a ram. The only thing that astonishes me is that he did not strike me dead at once; he had good cause to do so. The pain I gave him must have been horrible. As to Porthos — oh! as to Porthos, upon my word, that is stranger still!"

And, in spite of himself, the young man began to laugh aloud, looking round carefully, however, lest some one, hearing and not understanding his merriment, should be offended.

"As to Porthos, that is certainly strange, but I am not the less a giddy fool. Are people to be run against without warning? No! and have I any right to go and peep under their cloaks to see what is not there? He would have pardoned me, he would certainly have pardoned me, if I had not said anything to him about that cursed baldric, in ambiguous words, it is true, but rather neatly ambiguous! Ah! cursed Gascon that I am, I get from one hobble into another. Friend D'Artagnan," continued he, speaking to himself with all the amenity that he thought due to himself, "if you escape, of which there is not much chance, I would advise you to practice perfect politeness for the future. You must henceforth be admired and quoted as a model of it. To be obliging and polite does not necessarily make a man a coward. Look at Aramis now: Aramis is mildness and grace personified. Well! did ever anybody dream of saying that Aramis is a coward? No, certainly not, and from this moment I will endeavor to model myself after him. Ah! how strange, here he is!"

D'Artagnan, walking and soliloquizing, had arrived within a few steps of the Hôtel d'Aiguillon, and in front of that hotel perceived Aramis chatting gayly with three gentlemen of the king's guards. Aramis also perceived D'Artagnan; but as he had not forgotten that it was in the presence of this young man that M. de Tréville had been so angry in the morning, and that a witness of the rebuke the musketeers had received was not likely to be at all agreeable, he pretended not to see him. D'Artagnan, on the contrary, quite full of his plans of conciliation and courtesy, approached the young men with a profound bow, accompanied by a most gracious smile. Aramis bowed his head slightly, but did not smile. All four of them immediately ceased talking.

D'Artagnan was not so dull as not to perceive that he was not wanted, but he was not sufficiently acquainted with the ways of the world to know how to withdraw with ease from the awkward position of having forced himself upon persons he scarcely knew, and having joined in a conversation which did not concern him. He was seeking in his mind, then, for the least disagreeable means of retreat, when he remarked that Aramis had let his handkerchief fall, and by mistake, no doubt, had placed his foot upon it, and it appeared a favorable opportunity to atone for his intrusion. He stooped, and, with the most gracious air he could assume, drew the handkerchief from under the foot of the musketeer, in spite of the efforts the latter made to retain it, and holding it out to him, said:

"I believe, sir, that this is a handkerchief you would be sorry to lose?"

The handkerchief was, in fact, richly embroidered, and had a coronet and arms at one of its corners. Aramis blushed excessively, and snatched rather than took the handkerchief from D'Artagnan's hand.

"Ah! ah!" cried one of the guards, "will you persist in saying, most discreet Aramis, that you are not on good terms with Madame de Bois-Tracy, when that gracious lady has the kindness to lend you her handkerchief?"

Aramis darted at D'Artagnan one of those looks which inform a man that he has acquired a mortal enemy; then, resuming his mild air,—

"You are deceived, gentlemen," said he; "this handkerchief is not mine, and I cannot fancy why the gentleman has taken it into his head to offer it to me rather than to one of you, and as a proof of what I say, here is mine in my pocket."

So saying, he pulled out his own handkerchief, which was likewise a very elegant handkerchief, and of fine cambric, though cambric was then dear, but a handerchief with embroidery and without arms, only ornamented with a single cipher, that of its owner.

This time D'Artagnan kept silence — he perceived his mistake. But the friends of Aramis were not at all convinced by his assertion, and one of them, addressing the young musketeer with affected seriousness,—

"If it were as you pretend it is," said he, "I should be forced, my dear Aramis, to reclaim it myself; for, as you very well know, Bois-Tracy is an intimate friend of mine, and I cannot allow the property of his wife to be sported as a trophy."

"You make the demand in bad form," replied Aramis; "and while I acknowledge the justice of your claim, I refuse it on account of the manner of its presentation."

"The fact is," hazarded D'Artagnan timidly, "I did not see the handkerchief fall from the pocket of M. Aramis. He had his foot upon it, that is all, and I thought from his having his foot upon it the handkerchief was his."

"And you were deceived, my dear sir," replied Aramis, coldly, and little affected by the offer of atonement; then turning towards that one of the guards who had declared himself the friend of Bois-Tracy,—"besides," continued he, "I have reflected, my dear intimate friend of Bois-Tracy, that I am not less tenderly his friend than you probably are, so that decidedly this handkerchief is as likely to have fallen from your pocket as mine."

"No, on my honor!" cried his Majesty's guardsman.

"You are about to swear upon your honor and I upon my word, and then it will be pretty evident that one of us will have lied. Now here, Montaran, we will do better than that: let us each take a half."

"Of the handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"Perfectly just," cried the two other guards; "the judgment of King Solomon! Aramis, you certainly are cram-full of wisdom."

The young men burst into a loud laugh, and, as may be supposed, the affair had no other sequel. In a moment or two the conversation ceased, and the three guards and the musketeer, after having cordially shaken hands, separated, the guards going one way and Aramis another.

"Now is my time to make my peace with this gentleman," said D'Artagnan to himself, having kept at a little distance all the latter part of the conversation; and with this good feeling he drew near to Aramis, who was going away without paying any attention to him.

"Sir," said he, "you will excuse me, I hope."

"Ah!" interrupted Aramis, "allow me to call to your attention that you have not acted in this affair as a man of good breeding ought to have."

"What!" cried D'Artagnan; "you suppose" —

"I suppose, sir, that you are not a fool, and that you know very well, although coming from Gascony, that people do not tread upon pocket handkerchiefs without a reason. What the devil! Paris is not paved with cambric!"

"Sir, you do wrong in endeavoring to mortify me," said D'Artagnan, to whom his quarrelsome nature began to speak more loudly than his pacific resolutions. "I am from Gascony, it is true; and since you know it, there is no need of telling you that Gascons are not very patient, so that when they have asked pardon once, were it even for a folly, they are convinced that they have done already at least as much again as they ought to have done."

"Sir, what I say to you about the matter," said Aramis, "is not for the sake of seeking a quarrel. Thank God! I am not a bully, and, being a musketeer only for a time, I only fight when I am forced to do so, and always with great repugnance. But this time the affair is serious, for here is a lady compromised by you."

"By us, you mean," cried D'Artagnan.

"Why did you so awkwardly give me the handkerchief?"

"Why did you so awkwardly let it fall?"

"I have said, sir, that the handkerchief did not fall from my pocket."

"Well, and by saying so you have lied twice, sir, for I saw it fall."

"Oh, oh! you take it up in that way, do you, Master Gascon? Well, I will teach you how to behave yourself."

"And I will send you back to your mass-book, Master Abbé. Draw, if you please, and right away."

"Not at all, if you please, my good friend; not here, at least. Do you not perceive that we are opposite the Hôtel d'Aiguillon, which is full of the cardinal's creatures? How do I know that it is not his Eminence who has honored you with the commission to bring him my head? Now I really entertain a ridiculous partiality for my head, because it seems to suit my shoulders so admirably. I have no objection to killing you, depend upon that, but quietly, in a snug remote place, where you will not be able to boast of your death to anybody."

"I agree, sir; but do not be too confident. Take away your handkerchief; whether it belongs to you or another, you may, perhaps, stand in need of it."

"The gentleman is a Gascon?" asked Aramis.

"Yes. The gentleman does not postpone a meeting through prudence."

"Prudence, sir, is a virtue quite useless to musketeers, I know, but indispensable to churchmen; and as I am only a musketeer provisionally, I deem it best to be prudent. At two o'clock I shall have the honor of expecting you at the hôtel of M. de Tréville. There I will point out to you the best place and time."

The two young men bowed and separated, Aramis ascending the street which led to the Luxembourg, while D'Artagnan, perceiving that the appointed hour was approaching, took the road to the Carmes-Deschaux, saying to himself, "Decidedly I can't draw back; but at least, if I am killed, I shall be killed by a musketeer!"

THE KING'S MUSKETEERS AND THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS.

D'ARTAGNAN was not acquainted with anybody in Paris. He went, therefore, to his appointment with Athos without a second, determined to be satisfied with those his adversary should choose. Besides, his mind was fixed on making the brave musketeer all suitable apologies, but without meanness or weakness, fearing that the result of this duel would be the usual unfortunate result of an affair of this kind, when a young and vigorous man fights with an adversary who is wounded and enfeebled: if conquered, he doubles the triumph of his antagonist; if a conqueror, he is accused of foul play and cheap courage.

Now, we must have badly sketched the character of our adventurer, or our readers must have already perceived that D'Artagnan was not a common man. Therefore while repeating to himself that his death was inevitable, he did not make up his mind to die as easily as another, less courageous and less

KING'S MUSKETEERS AND CARDINAL'S GUARDS

moderate than he, might have done in his place. He reflected upon the different characters of the men he had to fight with, and began to see into his own situation more clearly. He hoped, by means of loyal excuses, to make a friend of Athos, whose lordly air and austere bearing were very pleasing to him. He flattered himself he should be able to frighten Porthos with the adventure of the baldric, which he could, if not killed upon the spot, relate to everybody — a story that, well managed, would cover Porthos with ridicule. As to the astute Aramis, he did not entertain much dread of him, and supposing that he should get so far, he determined to dispatch him in good style, or, at least, by hitting him in the face, as Cæsar recommended his soldiers to do to those of Pompey, damage forever that beauty of which he was so proud.

And, finally, D'Artagnan possessed that invincible stock of resolution which the counsels of his father had deposited in his heart, and which were summed up in: "Endure nothing from any one but the king, the cardinal, and M. de Tréville." He flew, then, rather than walked, towards the monastery of the Carmes Déchaussés, or rather Deschaux, as they said at that time, a sort of building without a window, surrounded by barren fields, an annex to the Pré-aux-Clercs, and which was generally employed as the place for the meetings of men who had no time to lose.

When D'Artagnan arrived in sight of the bare spot of ground which stretched out at the base of the monastery, Athos had been waiting about five minutes, and twelve o'clock was striking. He was, then, as punctual as the Samaritan woman, and the most rigorous casuist on duels could have nothing to say.

Athos, who still suffered grievously from his wound, though it had been freshly dressed by M. de Tréville's surgeon, was seated on a stone, awaiting his adversary with that placid countenance and that noble air which never forsook him. At sight of D'Artagnan, he arose and politely came a few steps to meet him. The latter, on his part, saluted his adversary with hat in hand, and his feather even touching the ground.

"Sir," said Athos, "I have engaged two of my friends as seconds, but these two friends have not yet come. I am astonished at their delay, as it is not at all their custom to be behindhand."

"I have no seconds on my part, sir," said D'Artagnan; "for, having reached Paris only yesterday, I, as yet, know no one but M. de Tréville, to whom I was recommended by my father, who has the honor to be, in some degree, one of his friends."

Athos reflected for an instant.

"You know no one but M. de Tréville?" he asked.

"No, sir; I know only him."

"Well, well," continued Athos, speaking partly to himself, "well, well, if I kill you, I shall have the air of a child-eater."

"Not too much so," replied D'Artagnan, with a bow that was not deficient in dignity; "not too much so, since you do me the honor to draw sword against me while suffering from a wound which must bother you very much."

"Very much, upon my word, and you hurt me devilishly, I can tell you; but I will use the left hand — I usually do so under such circumstances. Do not fancy, though, that I favor you — I use both hands equally; and it will be even a disadvantage to you — a left-handed man is very troublesome to people who are not prepared for it. I regret I did not inform you sooner of this circumstance."

"You are truly, sir," said D'Artagnan, bowing again, "very courteous, for which, I assure you, I am extremely grateful."

"You confuse me," replied Athos, with his gentlemanly air; "I beg of you, let us talk of something else, unless it is displeasing to you. Ah! 'Sblood! how you did hurt me! My shoulder really burns!"

"If you would permit me" — said D'Artagnan timidly.

"What, sir?"

"I have a miraculous balsam for wounds — a balsam given to me by my mother, and of which I have made a trial upon myself."

"Well?"

"Well, I am sure that in less than three days this balsam would cure you; and at the end of three days, when you would be cured, — well, sir, it would still do me a great honor to be your man."

D'Artagnan spoke these words with a simplicity that did honor to his courtesy, without casting the least doubt upon his courage.

"By God, sir!" said Athos, "that's a proposition which pleases me; not that I accept it, but it smacks of the gentleman a league away. So spoke the gallant knights of the time of Charlemagne, in whom every knight ought to seek his model.

Unfortunately, we do not live in the time of the great emperor. We live in the times of the cardinal, and three days hence, however well the secret might be guarded, it would be known, I say, that we were to fight, and our combat would be forestalled. Will these idlers never come?"

"If you are in a hurry, sir," said D'Artagnan, with the same simplicity with which a moment before he had proposed to put off the duel for three days, "if you are in a hurry, and if it be your will to dispatch me at once, do not inconvenience yourself, I beg of you."

"Well, that is again well said," cried Athos, nodding graciously to D'Artagnan; "that did not come from a man without brains, and certainly not from a man without a heart. Sir, I love men of your kidney, and I foresee plainly that, if we don't kill each other, I shall hereafter take real pleasure in your conversation. We will wait for these gentlemen, if you please; I have plenty of time, and it will be more correct. Ah! here is one of them, I think."

In fact, at the end of the Rue Vaugirard the gigantic form of Porthos began to loom.

"What!" cried D'Artagnan, "is your first second M. Porthos?"

"Yes. Does that displease you?"

"Oh, not at all."

"And here comes the other."

D'Artagnan turned in the direction pointed to by Athos, and perceived Aramis.

"What!" cried he, with an accent of greater astonishment than before, "is your second witness M. Aramis?"

"Doubtless he is. Are you not aware that we are never seen one without the others, and that we are called in the musketeers and the guards, at court and in the city, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or the Three Inseparables? And yet, as you come from Dax or Pau" —

"From Tarbes," said D'Artagnan.

"It is probable you are ignorant of this circumstance," said Athos.

"'Pon my word!" replied D'Artagnan, "you are well named, gentlemen, and my adventure, if it should make any noise, will prove at least that your union is not founded upon contrasts."

In the meantime Porthos had come up, waved his hand to

Athos, and then turning towards D'Artagnan stopped astonished.

Permit us to say, in passing, that he had changed his baldric and laid aside his cloak.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "what does this mean?"

"This is the gentleman I am going to fight with," said Athos, pointing to D'Artagnan with his hand, and saluting him with the same gesture.

"Why, it is with him I am also going to fight," said Porthos.

"But not before one o'clock," replied D'Artagnan.

"Well, and I also am going to fight with that gentleman," said Aramis, coming up in his turn.

"But not till two o'clock," said D'Artagnan with the same calmness.

"But what are you going to fight about, Athos?" asked Aramis.

"'Pon my word, I don't very well know; he hurt my shoulder. And you, Porthos?"

"'Pon my word, I am going to fight because I am going to fight," answered Porthos, coloring deeply.

Athos, whose keen eye lost nothing, perceived a sly smile pass over the lips of the young Gascon, as he replied:

"We had a short discussion upon dress."

"And you, Aramis?" asked Athos.

"Oh, ours is a theological quarrel," replied Aramis, making a sign to D'Artagnan to keep secret the cause of their dispute.

Athos saw a second smile on the lips of D'Artagnan.

"Indeed?" said Athos.

"Yes; a passage of St. Augustine, upon which we could not agree," said the Gascon.

"By Jove! this is a clever fellow," murmured Athos.

"And now you are all assembled, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "permit me to offer you my excuses."

At this word *excuses* a cloud passed over the brow of Athos, a haughty smile curled the lip of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, throwing up his head, on which was playing at that moment a ray of sunlight, gilding its clear and bold outlines. "I ask to be excused in case I should not be able to discharge my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which must much diminish the face-value of your bill, M. Porthos, and render yours almost worthless, M. Aramis. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, excuse me, but on that account only, and — on guard!"

At these words, with the most gallant air possible, D'Artagnan drew his sword.

The blood had mounted to the head of D'Artagnan, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom as willingly as he now did against Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

It was a quarter past twelve. The sun was in its zenith, and the spot chosen for the theater of the duel was exposed to its full power.

"It is very hot," said Athos, drawing his sword in his turn, "and yet I cannot take off my doublet; for only just now I felt my wound begin to bleed again, and I should not like to annoy the gentleman with the sight of blood which he has not drawn from me himself."

"That is true, sir," replied D'Artagnan, "and, whether drawn by myself or another, I assure you I shall always view with regret the blood of so brave a man; I will therefore fight in my doublet, as you do."

"Come, come, enough of such compliments," cried Porthos; "please remember we are waiting our turn."

"Speak for yourself, when you are inclined to utter such incongruities," interrupted Aramis. "For my part, I think what they say is very well said, and quite worthy of two gentlemen."

"When you please, sir," said Athos, putting himself on guard.

"I was awaiting your order," said D'Artagnan, crossing swords.

But scarcely had the two rapiers clashed on meeting, when a company of the guards of his Eminence, commanded by M. de Jussac, turned the angle of the convent.

"The cardinal's guards! the cardinal's guards!" cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. "Sheathe swords, gentlemen! sheathe swords!"

But it was too late. The two combatants had been seen in a position which left no doubt of their intentions.

"Halloo!" cried Jussac, advancing towards them, and making a sign to his men to do the same; "halloo, musketeers! fighting here, then, are you? And the edicts, what has become of them?"

"You are very generous, gentlemen of the guards," said Athos, with acrimony, for Jussac was one of the aggressors of the preceding day. "If we were to see you fighting, I can assure you that we would make no effort to prevent you. Leave us alone, then, and you will enjoy a little amusement without cost to yourselves."

"Gentlemen," said Jussac, "I greatly regret to declare the thing impossible. Duty before everything. Sheathe, then, if you please, and follow us."

"Sir," said Aramis, parodying Jussac, "it would afford us great pleasure to obey your polite invitation, if it depended upon ourselves; but unfortunately the thing is impossible; M. de Tréville has forbidden it. Pass on your way, then; it is the best thing you can do."

This raillery exasperated Jussac.

"We will charge upon you, then," said he, "if you disobey."

"There are five of them," said Athos, half aloud, "and we are but three. We shall be beaten again, and must die on the spot, for, I swear it, I will never appear before the captain again as a conquered man."

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis instantly closed in, and Jussac drew up his soldiers.

This short interval was sufficient to determine D'Artagnan. It was one of those events which decide the life of a man. It was a choice between the king and the cardinal. The choice made, it must be persisted in. To fight was to disobey the law, to risk his head, to make at once an enemy of a minister more powerful than the king himself; all this the young man perceived, and yet, to his praise be it said, he did not hesitate a second. Turning towards Athos and his friends, —

"Gentlemen," said he, "allow me to correct your words, if you please. You said you were but three, but it appears to me we are four."

"But you are not one of us," said Porthos.

"That's true," replied D'Artagnan; "I do not wear the uniform, but I am with you in spirit. My heart is that of a musketeer. I feel it, sir, and that urges me on."

"Withdraw, young man," cried Jussac, who, doubtless, by his gestures and the expression of his countenance, had guessed

D'Artagnan's design. "You may retire, we allow you to do so. Save your skin; begone quickly."

D'Artagnan did not move.

"Well, you are a real good fellow," said Athos, pressing the young man's hand.

"Come, come, decide one way or the other," replied Jussac.

"Well," said Porthos to Aramis, "we must do something."

"You are very generous," said Athos.

But all three were thinking of the youthfulness of D'Artagnan, and dreaded his inexperience.

"We would be only three, one of whom is wounded, with the addition of a boy," resumed Athos, "and yet they will say none the less that we were four men."

"Yes, but to yield!" said Porthos.

"That's rather difficult," replied Athos.

D'Artagnan understood their hesitancy.

"Try me, gentlemen," said he, "and I swear to you by my honor that I will not go hence if we are conquered."

"What is your name, my brave fellow?" said Athos.

"D'Artagnan, sir."

"Well, then! Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, forward!" cried Athos.

"Come, gentlemen, have you made your minds up?" cried Jussac, for the third time.

"It is done, gentlemen," said Athos.

"And what do you mean to do?" asked Jussac.

"We are about to have the honor of charging you," replied Aramis, lifting his hat with one hand and drawing his sword with the other.

"Oh! you resist, do you," cried Jussac.

"'Sblood! does that astonish you?"

And the nine combatants rushed at one another with a madness which, however, did not exclude a certain amount of method.

Athos fixed upon Cahusac, a favorite of the cardinal's, Porthos had Bicaret, and Aramis found himself opposed to two adversaries. As to D'Artagnan, he sprang towards Jussac himself.

The heart of the young Gascon beat as though it would burst its fetters, not from fear, God be thanked, — he had not the shade of it, — but with emulation. He fought like a mad tiger, turning ten times round his adversary, and changing his ground and his guard twenty times. Jussac was, as they said then, fond of the sword, and had had much practice; nevertheless, it required all his skill to defend himself against an adversary who, active and energetic, departed every instant from received rules, attacking him on all sides at once, and yet parrying like a man who had the greatest respect for his own epidermis.

This contest at length exhausted Jussac's patience. Furious at being held in check by one whom he considered a boy, he grew angry and began to make mistakes. D'Artagnan, who, though wanting in practice, had a profound theory, redoubled his agility. Jussac, anxious to put an end to this, springing forward, aimed a terrible thrust at his adversary, but the latter parried it; and, while Jussac was recovering himself, glided like a serpent beneath his blade, and passed his sword through his body. Jussac fell in a heap.

D'Artagnan then cast an anxious and rapid glance over the field of battle.

Aramis had already killed one of his adversaries, but the other was pressing him warmly. Nevertheless, Aramis was in a good situation, and still able to defend himself.

Bicarat and Porthos had just made counter hits. Porthos had received a thrust through his arm, and Bicarât one through his thigh. But neither of the wounds was serious, and they only fought the more earnestly for them.

Athos, wounded again by Cahusac, was steadily growing paler, but did not give way a foot; he had only changed his sword-hand, and was fighting with his left.

According to the laws of duelling at that period, D'Artagnan was at liberty to assist the one he pleased. While he was trying to find out which of his companions needed his aid, he caught a glance from Athos. This glance was of sublime eloquence. Athos would have died rather than appeal for help; but he could look, and with that look ask assistance. D'Artagnan interpreted it; with a terrible bound, he sprang to the side of Cahusac, crying:

"To me, sir Guard! or I will slay you!"

Cahusac turned. It was time, for Athos, whose great courage alone supported him, sank upon his knee.

"'Sblood!" cried he to D'Artagnan, "do not kill him, young man, I beg of you. I have an old affair to settle with him, when I am healed and sound again. Disarm him only —

make sure of his sword. That's it! that's it! well done! very well done!"

This exclamation was drawn from Athos by seeing the sword of Cahusac fly twenty paces from him. D'Artagnan and Cahusac sprang forward at the same instant, the one to recover, the other to obtain, the sword; but D'Artagnan being the more active reached it first, and placed his foot upon it.

Cahusac immediately ran to the guardsman whom Aramis had killed, seized his rapier, and returned towards D'Artagnan, but on his way he met Athos, who, during the momentary relief which D'Artagnan had procured for him, had recovered his breath, and who, for fear that D'Artagnan should kill his own personal enemy, wished to resume the fight.

D'Artagnan perceived that it would be disobliging Athos not to leave him alone; and in a few minutes Cahusac fell, with a sword-thrust through his throat.

At the same instant Aramis placed his sword-point on the breast of his fallen enemy and compelled him to ask for mercy.

Only Porthos and Bicarat remained. Porthos was boasting merrily, asking Bicarat what o'clock it could be, and offering him his compliments upon his brother having just obtained a company in the regiment of Navarre; but, joke as he might, he gained no advantage — Bicarat was one of those iron men who never fall dead.

Nevertheless, it was necessary to put an end to the affair. The watch might come up, and take all the combatants, wounded or not, royalists or cardinalists. Athos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan surrounded Bicarat, and summoned him to surrender. Though alone against all, and with a wound in his thigh, Bicarat wished to hold out; but Jussac, who had risen upon his elbow, cried out to him to yield. Bicarat was a Gascon, as D'Artagnan was; he turned a deaf ear, and contented himself with laughing; and, between two parries, finding time to point to a spot of earth with his sword, —

"Here," cried he, parodying a verse of the Bible, "here will Bicarat die, the only one of those who are with him!"

"But there are four against you; leave off, I command you."

"Ah! if you command me, that's another thing," said Bicarat; "you being my sergeant, it is my duty to obey."

And, springing backward, he broke his sword across his knee, to avoid the necessity of surrendering it, threw the pieces over the convent wall, and crossed his arms, whistling a cardinalist air.

Bravery is always respected, even in an enemy. The musketeers saluted Bicarat with their swords, and returned them to their sheaths. D'Artagnan did the same; then assisted by Bicarat, the only one left standing, he bore Jussac, Cahusac, and that one of Aramis's adversaries who was only wounded, under the porch of the convent. The fourth, as we have said, was dead. They then rang the bell, and, carrying away four swords out of five, they took their road, intoxicated with joy, towards the hôtel of M. de Tréville.

They walked arm in arm, occupying the whole width of the street, and accosting every musketeer they met, so that in the end it became a triumphal march. The heart of D'Artagnan throbbed with wild delight; he walked between Athos and Porthos, pressing them tenderly.

"If I am not yet a musketeer," said he to his new friends, as he passed through the gateway of M. de Tréville's hôtel, "at least I have entered upon my apprenticeship, haven't I?"

THE FELUCCA "THUNDERBOLT."

(From "Twenty Years After."[1])

D'ARTAGNAN had guessed aright. Mordaunt had no time to lose, and he lost none; he knew how quick to decide and act his enemies were, and determined to act accordingly. This time the Musketeers had found an adversary quite worthy of them.

After having carefully closed the door behind him, Mordaunt, sheathing his useless sword, glided through the subterranean passage; but as he approached the neighboring house, he stopped to examine himself and to recover his breath.

"Good!" said he; "it is nothing — almost nothing — mere scratches; one on the breast and two on the arm. The wounds I give are rather better. Let them ask the executioner of Béthune, my uncle De Winter, and King Charles. Now, there is not one moment to lose, for if that be lost perhaps they will be saved; and they must die, all four together, by one single blow, destroyed by the thunder of man, for want of that of God. They must disappear — shattered, annihilated, dispersed

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in atoms. Let me run, then, till my limbs no longer can carry me, till my heart bursts in my bosom: but I must arrive before them!"

And Mordaunt started at a rapid, but more equal, pace toward the first cavalry barracks, about a quarter of a league off; this quarter of a league he accomplished in four or five minutes.

Having reached the barracks, he made himself known, took the best horse in the stables, leaped upon it, and started down the road. In a quarter of an hour he reached Greenwich.

"There is the port," he murmured; "that dark spot down there is the Isle of Dogs. Good! I am half an hour before them — perhaps an hour. Fool that I was! I almost burst myself by my silly haste. Now," said he, standing up in his stirrups, that he might see as far as possible amongst the numerous masts, — "'The Thunderbolt'? — where is 'The Thunderbolt'?"

As he mentally pronounced this word, and as if to respond to his thought, a man lying on a coil of ropes rose up and came toward him.

Mordaunt drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and allowed it to float a moment in the air. The man seemed to notice it, but remained stationary, without moving back or forward.

Mordaunt tied a knot at each of the corners of his handkerchief; the man came up to him. It will be remembered, this was the signal agreed upon. The sailor was enveloped in a large rough hooded-cloak that concealed his figure and face.

"Sir," said the mariner, "perhaps you are come from London to take a trip to sea?"

"Expressly for that purpose," replied Mordaunt, "and to sail from the Isle of Dogs."

"That is it! Doubtless you have some preference, sir? You would like one vessel better than another? You would wish for a good sailing vessel — one that was swift?" —

"Like a Thunderbolt," replied Mordaunt.

"Very well. Then mine is the very vessel you are looking for. I am its master."

"I begin to think so," said Mordaunt, "especially if you have not forgotten a certain signal."

"Here it is, sir," replied the sailor, drawing from the pocket of his boat-cloak a handkerchief knotted at the four corners.

"Good, good!" exclaimed Mordaunt, leaping from his horse.

"Now, then, there is no time to lose. Send my horse to the nearest inn and take me to your vessel."

"But your companions?" said the sailor. "I thought there were four of you, without reckoning the lacqueys."

"Listen," said Mordaunt, going close to the sailor: "I am not the person you are waiting for, as you are not the person they hope to find. You have taken Captain Roger's place, have you not? You are here by the order of General Cromwell; and I also came from him."

"In fact," said the master, "I know you. You are Captain Mordaunt."

Mordaunt started.

"Oh! do not be frightened," said the sailor, pushing aside his hood and showing his face; "I am a friend."

"Captain Groslow!" exclaimed Mordaunt.

"The same. The General remembered that I used to be a naval officer and gave me charge of this expedition. Is there anything changed?"

"Nothing; on the contrary, everything remains as it was before."

"Because, for a moment, I thought that the King's death might" —

"The King's death has only made them hasten their flight. In a quarter of an hour, nay, in ten minutes, they will probably be here."

"Then what are you come for?"

"To embark with you."

"Ah! does the General doubt my zeal?"

"No; but I wish myself to be present at my revenge. Can you find no one to relieve me of my horse?"

Groslow whistled, and a sailor made his appearance.

"Patrick," said Groslow, "lead this horse to the nearest inn. Should you be asked to whom it belongs, say to an Irish gentleman."

The sailor went off without saying a word.

"Now," said Mordaunt, "are you not afraid that they may recognize you?"

"There is no danger in this dress, covered by this cloak, and in this dark night. You yourself did not know me: they are, therefore, much less likely to do so."

"True," said Mordaunt. "Besides, they will never think of you. Everything is ready, is it not?"

MONTESQUIOU D'ARTAGNAN

From a rare Print of 1725

"Yes."

"The cargo is on board?"

"Yes."

"Five barrels, full?"

"And fifty empty."

"That is right."

"We are carrying port wine to Anvers."

"Excellent. Now take me on board and return to your post, for they will soon be here."

"I am ready."

"It is of the utmost importance that none of your men should see me enter the vessel."

"I have only one man on board, and I am as sure of him as of myself. Besides, this man does not know you; and, like his companions, he is ready to obey our orders; but he is ignorant of everything."

"That is well. Come along."

They then went down to the Thames. A little boat was moored to the bank by an iron chain attached to a stake. Groslow pulled the boat toward him, steadied it while Mordaunt got in, then jumped in himself, and seizing the oars he began to row in a style that proved the truth of what he had said; namely, that he had not forgotten his old business of a sailor.

In about five minutes they had got clear of that crowd of ships which even then encumbered the approach to London; and Mordaunt could perceive, like a dark spot, the little vessel riding at anchor about four or five cables' length from the Isle of Dogs.

On approaching "The Thunderbolt" Groslow whistled in a peculiar manner, and they saw a man's head appearing above the rail.

"Is it you, captain?" inquired the man.

"Yes; lower the ladder."

And Groslow, passing light and swift as a swallow under the bowsprit, ranged himself alongside of the vessel.

"Get aboard," said he to his companion.

Mordaunt, without answering, seized the rope and climbed up the side of the vessel with an activity and firmness not common to landsmen. But his desire of vengeance made up for his want of practice, and rendered him fit for anything.

As Groslow had foreseen, the sailor on board did not appear even to remark that his captain returned with a companion.

Mordaunt and Groslow went to the captain's cabin. It was a temporary one erected on the deck. The state cabin had been given up to his passengers by Captain Rogers.

"And they," demanded Mordaunt, "where will they be?"

"At the other end of the ship," replied Groslow.

"And have they nothing to do with this part?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Excellent! I will keep myself concealed in your cabin. Do you return to Greenwich and bring them back. You have a boat?"

"That in which we came here."

"It appeared to me to be light and well built."

"A regular canoe."

"Make her fast to the stern, put some oars into her, and let her follow in our wake, that we may have nothing to do but to cut the rope. Provide a supply of rum and biscuits; for should the sea chance to be rough, your men will not be sorry to have something at hand to refresh them."

"It shall be done as you wish. Would you like to visit the powder magazine?"

"Not till you return. I wish to place the fuse myself, that I may be sure that it will not burn long. Above all, conceal your face, that they may not detect you."

"Do not disturb yourself about that."

"Go, now; it is striking ten at Greenwich."

In fact, the sound of a clock striking came solemnly through the air, which was charged with heavy clouds rolling along the sky like silent billows.

Groslow closed the door, which Mordaunt fastened inside; and after having charged the sailor to keep a good lookout, he went down into his boat, and the men swiftly pulled away, tossing up the foam with two pairs of oars.

When Groslow reached Greenwich, the wind was cold and the jetty was deserted; several vessels had just sailed with the full tide. At the very moment that Groslow set foot on land, he heard something like the gallop of horses on the road paved with cobble-stones!

"Oho!" said he; "Mordaunt was right in hurrying me. There was no time to lose. Here they are!"

It was our friends, or rather their vanguard, composed of D'Artagnan and Athos. Having come opposite the spot where Groslow was standing, they stopped, as if they guessed that he whom they expected was there. Athos dismounted and quietly unrolled a handkerchief knotted at the four corners, permitting it to float in the air; while D'Artagnan, always cautious, remained leaning down on his horse, with his hand buried in his holster.

Groslow, still in doubt whether the horsemen were really those he expected, had squatted down behind one of those cannons, set up on the shore, to which vessels are frequently moored; but when he saw the signal, he arose and went toward the gentlemen. He was so completely muffled up in his cloak that it was quite impossible to see his face. Besides, the night was so dark that even this precaution was superfluous.

Yet Athos's piercing eye discovered, in spite of the darkness, that it was not Rogers who was before him.

"What do you want with me?" said he to Groslow, stepping back.

"I wish to tell you, my Lord," replied Groslow, putting on an Irish accent, "that if you are looking for Captain Rogers, you will look for him in vain."

"How so?" said Athos.

"Because this morning he fell from the topmast and broke his leg. But I am his cousin; he told me the whole affair, and ordered me to look out for him, and to take his place in carrying wherever they wished the gentlemen who should bring me a handkerchief knotted at the four corners, like that which you hold in your hand and that which I have in my pocket."

And so saying, Groslow drew from his pocket the handkerchief that he had already shown Mordaunt.

"Is that all?" demanded Athos.

"No, my Lord, for there are also seventy-five pounds promised if I land you safe and sound at Boulogne, or on any other part of the coast of France that you may prefer."

"What do you say to this, D'Artagnan?" asked Athos, in French.

"First tell me what he says," replied D'Artagnan.

"Ah, that's true," said Athos; "I forgot that you do not understand English."

And he repeated to D'Artagnan the conversation he had just had with the captain.

"This appears to me to be probable enough," said the Gascon.

"And to me also," said Athos.

"Besides," said D'Artagnan, "should this man deceive us, we can at any time blow out his brains."

"Then who will pilot the vessel?"

"You, Athos; you know so many things that I have no doubt you can navigate a ship."

"Faith, my friend," said Athos, with a smile, "even while jesting you have nearly hit upon the truth. My father originally destined me for the sea, and I have some vague notions of navigation."

"There now, do you see!" exclaimed D'Artagnan.

"Go and get our friends, then, D'Artagnan. It is eleven o'clock, and there is no time to lose."

D'Artagnan rode toward two horsemen, who, pistol in hand, were on the lookout in the road, near the first houses of the town; while at a short distance from them three more horsemen were on guard and seemed to be waiting also.

The two sentinels in the middle of the road were Porthos and Aramis, and the other three were Mousqueton, Blaisois, and Grimaud. The last, however, when looked at more closely, was double; for behind him on the crupper he carried Parry, who was to return to London with all the horses, which had been sold to the landlord to pay the expenses at his house. By means of this the four friends had brought away with them a sum which, if not considerable, was at least sufficient to provide against delays or emergencies.

D'Artagnan requested his friends to follow, and directed their lacqueys to dismount and unstrap their portmanteaus.

Parry left his friends with regret; they had wished him to accompany them to France, but this he had obstinately refused to do.

"It is obvious," said Mousqueton, "that he is thinking of Groslow."

It will be remembered that Groslow had cut open his head.

The little troop rejoined Athos. But D'Artagnan had already resumed his natural distrust; he thought the quay too much deserted, the night too dark, the captain too civil.

He had recounted to Aramis the incident we have just mentioned, and Aramis, not less doubtful than himself, had considerably added to his suspicions.

A slight clicking of the tongue against his teeth revealed the Gascon's anxiety to Athos.

"We have no time to be distrustful," said Athos; "the boat awaits us; let us embark."

"Besides," said Aramis, "what is there to prevent our embarking and being vigilant at the same time? We can watch the captain."

"And if he does not go right I will knock him down, that's all!"

"Well said, Porthos," replied D'Artagnan. "Get in, then. Lead the way, Mousqueton."

And D'Artagnan stopped his friends, making the lacqueys precede them, that they might test the plank that led from the jetty to the boat.

The three valets passed along it without accident.

Athos followed them, then Porthos, then Aramis; D'Artagnan brought up the rear, all the time shaking his head.

"What the devil is the matter with you, my friend?" said Porthos. "'Pon my soul, you would make even a Cæsar afraid."

"The matter is," replied D'Artagnan, "that I see at this port neither inspector, sentinel, nor custom-house officer."

"And do you complain of that, D'Artagnan?" said Porthos; "all goes as pleasant as flowers strewn on a bank."

"All goes on too well, Porthos. But never mind — we must trust in God!"

The moment the plank was withdrawn the captain seated himself at the rudder, and made a sign to one of the sailors, who, with a boat-hook, began to pilot them through the labyrinth of vessels by which they were surrounded.

The other sailor was already on the larboard side, with his oar in his hand. As soon as they could use their oars, his companion having joined him, the boat glided swiftly through the water.

"At last we are off," said Porthos.

"Alas!" ejaculated the Comte de la Fère, "we depart alone!"

"Yes, but we are all four together, and without a scratch; that is some consolation."

"We are not yet on board," said D'Artagnan; "beware of meetings!"

"Ah, my dear," said Porthos, "you are like the crows — you always sing of misfortune. Who could meet us on such a dark night as this, when one cannot see twenty yards away?"

"Yes, but to-morrow morning!" said D'Artagnan.

"To-morrow morning we shall be at Boulogne."

"I hope so, with all my heart," replied the Gascon, "and I confess my weakness. Listen, Athos: you will laugh, but as long as we were within gunshot of the jetty, or the vessels alongside of it, I expected some frightful volley that would annihilate us all."

"But," said Porthos, with his rough good sense, "the thing is impossible, for the captain and his sailors would have been killed at the same time."

"Bah! That would have been a mighty affair for Mordaunt! Do you suppose that he calculates to such a nicety as that?"

"At any rate," said Porthos, "I am very glad that D'Artagnan confesses that he is afraid."

"Not only do I confess it, but I boast of it. I am not such a rhinoceros as you are. Oho! what is that?"

"'The Thunderbolt,'" said the captain.

"Are we there, then?" said Athos, in English.

"Almost," replied the captain.

A few more strokes of the oars brought them alongside of the little vessel. The sailor had seen the boat, and was in waiting with the ladder. Athos mounted first, with the perfect skill of a sailor; Aramis, with the habit he had long acquired of mounting rope ladders, and of passing into forbidden places by means more or less ingenious; D'Artagnan, like a chamois hunter; and Porthos, by that development of physical strength which made up with him for other defects.

With the lacqueys the operation was more difficult; not for Grimaud, however, who, a kind of cat in the gutter, lean and lank, always found means to hoist himself up anywhere; but for Mousqueton and Blaisois, whom the sailors were obliged to lift in their arms within reach of Porthos, who, seizing them by their shirt collar, placed them standing upright on the deck of the vessel.

The captain led his passengers to their cabin; it was one room, and they were to use it in common. He then prepared to leave them, under the pretense of having some orders to give.

"One minute," said D'Artagnan. "How many men have you on board, master?"

"I do not understand," he replied, in English.

"Ask him in his own language, Athos."

Athos put the question, as D'Artagnan had desired.

"Three men," replied Groslow, "not counting myself, of course."

D'Artagnan understood this; for, while answering, the captain had raised three fingers.

"Oh!" said D'Artagnan, "three; I begin to regain my confidence. Never mind; while you settle yourselves I will take a survey of the vessel."

"And I," said Porthos, "will go and see what there is for supper."

"That is a noble and generous project, Porthos; put it into execution. Yes, Athos, lend me Grimaud, who, by keeping company with his friend Parry, has learnt to jabber some sort of English; he will serve as my interpreter."

"Go, Grimaud," said Athos.

There was a lantern on deck. D'Artagnan lifted it with one hand, took a pistol in the other, and said to the captain: "Come!"

This and *Goddam* was all that he could remember of English!

D'Artagnan reached the hatchway, and went down to the middle deck; it was divided into three compartments: that into which D'Artagnan had descended, which might extend from the third mast to the extremity of the poop, and was, consequently, covered by the planks of the cabin in which Athos, Aramis, and Porthos were making their preparations for the night; the second, which occupied the center of the vessel, and which was intended for the occupation of the lacqueys; the third, which extended under the prow; that is to say, under the temporary cabin of the captain, where Mordaunt was concealed.

"Oho!" said D'Artagnan, descending the hatchway and holding the lantern out before him; "what a number of barrels! One might fancy one's self in the cavern of Ali Baba."

"The Thousand and One Nights" had just been translated for the first time, and was very popular at that period.

"What did you say?" asked the captain in English.

D'Artagnan understood him by the intonation of his voice.

"I wish to know what there is in these barrels," asked D'Artagnan, setting the lantern on one of the casks.

The captain made a motion as if he would remount the ladder, but constrained himself.

"Oporto," he replied.

"Oh! port wine?" said D'Artagnan. "That is a comfort; we shall not die of thirst."

Then, turning to Groslow, who was wiping big drops of perspiration from his brow:

"Are they full?" he asked.

Grimaud translated the question.

"Some are full and some empty," replied Groslow, in a voice which, in spite of all his efforts, betrayed his trepidation.

D'Artagnan struck against the barrels with his knuckles, and found five full and the rest empty. He then introduced his lantern into the spaces between the barrels, to the great terror of the Englishman, and discovered that these spaces were unoccupied.

"Come, let us go on," he said. And he went to the door that led to the second compartment.

"Wait," said the Englishman, who had remained behind, still laboring under the agitation that we have described, — "wait; I have the key of that door."

And passing quickly before D'Artagnan and Grimaud, he introduced the key into the lock with a trembling hand, and they found themselves in the second compartment, where Mousqueton and Blaisois were preparing supper. There was evidently nothing here to examine or find fault with; all the nooks and corners were distinctly perceptible, being illumined by the lamp that lighted these worthy companions.

They passed on quickly and visited the third compartment.

This was the sailors' cabin.

Three or four hammocks hung from the ceiling, a table fastened by a double rope fixed to its two ends, and two worm-eaten and rickety benches composed all the furniture. D'Artagnan raised two or three bits of old sails hung against the walls, and seeing nothing suspicious he regained the deck by the hatchway.

"And this cabin?" he demanded.

Grimaud translated the Musketeer's words into English.

"This cabin is mine," replied the captain; "would you like to go into it?"

"Open the door," said D'Artagnan.

The Englishman obeyed. D'Artagnan thrust out his arm with the lantern, poked his head into the half opened door, and seeing that this cabin was a regular hole:

"Good," said he; "if there is an army on board, it is not concealed here. Let us see whether Porthos has found anything for supper."

And thanking the captain with a nod, he rejoined his friends in the state cabin.

Porthos had found nothing; or, at all events, if he had been successful fatigue had conquered hunger; for, wrapped in his cloak, he was sleeping soundly when D'Artagnan returned.

Athos and Aramis, rocked by the gentle motion of the first waves of the sea, were also just beginning to close their eyes, but they opened them at the noise made by the entrance of their companion.

"Well?" inquired Aramis.

"All is right," answered D'Artagnan, "and we may sleep in tranquillity."

On this assurance Aramis let his head fall again, Athos made an affectionate sign, and D'Artagnan, who, like Porthos, had more need of sleep than of food, dismissed Grimaud, and lay down in his cloak, with his sword drawn, and in such a posture that he barred the passage, so that it was impossible to enter the cabin without in some way disturbing him.

The Port Wine.

In about ten minutes the gentlemen were asleep; but not so the hungry and yet more thirsty valets.

Blaisois and Mousqueton set about preparing their bed, which consisted of a plank and a valise; while on a table, suspended like that in the adjoining cabin, swung to and fro, with the motion of the sea, a loaf of bread, a pot of beer, and three glasses.

"Cursed motion!" said Blaisois. "I see that it is going to treat me just as it did when I came over."

"And then to have nothing to fight the seasickness with!" responded Mousqueton, "but barley bread and *hop* wine! Pouah!"

"But your wicker bottle, Monsieur Mouston," suggested Blaisois, who had just finished his preparations for the night, and now came staggering up to the table, at which Mousqueton had already taken his place, and where he at length managed to sit down, — "but your wicker bottle; have you lost it?"

"No," replied Mousqueton, "but Parry kept it. Those devilish Scotsmen are always thirsty. And you, Grimaud," asked Mousqueton of his companion, who just then came in, after having accompanied D'Artagnan in his survey, "are you thirsty?"

"As a Scotsman," laconically replied Grimaud.

And he sat down near Blaisois and Mousqueton, drew an account book from his pocket, and began to settle the accounts of the fraternity, of which he was the steward.

"Oh! la! la!" exclaimed Blaisois, "how bad my stomach begins to feel!"

"If that is the case," said Mousqueton, in a doctoral tone, "take a little nourishment."

"You call that nourishment?" said Blaisois, accompanying a most piteous look with a disdainful motion of his finger, as he pointed to the barley bread and the jug of beer.

"Blaisois," replied Mousqueton, "do you not remember that bread is the genuine nourishment of the Frenchman, yet the Frenchman not always has it? Ask Grimaud."

"Yes — but the beer," replied Blaisois, with a promptitude that did honor to the quickness of his spirit of repartee, — "but the beer; is it his true drink?"

"As for that," said Mousqueton, caught in a dilemma and somewhat puzzled how to answer the question, "I must confess that it is not, and that they have as great an antipathy to beer as the English have to wine."

"What! Monsieur Mouston," said Blaisois, who this time doubted Mousqueton's profound knowledge, although, in the ordinary affairs of life he greatly admired it, — "what! Monsieur Mouston, do not the English like wine?"

"They detest it."

"But yet I have seen them drink it."

"As a penance; and the proof is," continued Mousqueton, bridling up, "that an English prince died one day because they put him into a tub of Malmsey. I have heard the Abbé d'Herblay tell the story."

"The imbecile!" cried Blaisois. "I wish I were in his place."

"You can be," said Grimaud, all the time casting up his figures.

"How so?" demanded Blaisois; "I can be?"

"Yes," replied Grimaud, carrying four and adding it to the next column.

"I can be? Explain yourself, M. Grimaud."

Mousqueton kept silence during Blaisois's questions; but it was easy to see, by the expression of his countenance, that it was not through indifference.

Grimaud continued his calculation and summed up his total.

"Porto!" he then said, stretching out his hand in the direction of the first compartment visited by D'Artagnan and himself in company with the captain.

"What! Those barrels which I saw through the half-opened door?"

"Porto!" repeated Grimaud, who had commenced a fresh arithmetical calculation.

"I have heard it said," replied Blaisois, addressing himself to Mousqueton, "that Porto is an excellent Spanish wine."

"Excellent," said Mousqueton, lapping his lips. "There is some in the Baron de Bracieux's cellar."

"Suppose we were to ask those Englishmen to sell us a bottle?" demanded the simple-hearted Blaisois.

"Sell!" exclaimed Mousqueton, recalled to his ancient marauding tendencies. "It is plain enough young man, that you have yet but little experience in the affairs of life. Why should you buy when you can take?"

"Take!" said Blaisois; "covet your neighbor's goods! It seems to me that the thing is forbidden."

"Where?" demanded Mousqueton.

"In the commandments of God, or of the Church, I do not remember which, but what I do know is that it is said, 'Thou shalt not covet the goods of another — nor his spouse.'"

"Now, that is a childish reason, M. Blaisois," says Mousqueton, in his most patronizing tone. "Yes, I repeat it — childish. Where have you ever seen in the Scriptures, I should like to ask, that the English are our neighbors?"

"Nowhere, that is true," replied Blaisois; "at least I cannot remember it."

"A childish reason, I again repeat," continued Mousqueton. "If you had been at war ten years, like Grimaud and me, my dear Blaisois, you would know how to make a distinction between the goods of your neighbor and those of an enemy. Now, an Englishman is an enemy, I think; and this Port wine belongs to the English, therefore it belongs to us, since we are Frenchmen. Do you know the proverb, 'So much taken from an enemy'?" —

This eloquence, supported by all the authority that Mousqueton drew from his long experience, astounded Blaisois. He hung his head as if to collect his faculties, and then, suddenly raising his brow like a man armed with an irresistible argument:

"But our masters," said he, "will they be of your opinion, Monsieur Mouston?"

Mousqueton smiled with disdain.

"A mighty fine thing, indeed," said he, "would it be for me to go and disturb the rest of these illustrious noblemen, to say to them, 'Gentlemen, your servant Mouston is thirsty; would you allow him to drink?' What does it signify to M. de Bracieux, I ask you, whether I am thirsty or not?"

"It is a very expensive kind of wine," said Blaisois, shaking his head.

"If it were potable gold, Monsieur Blaisois," replied Mousqueton, "our masters would not debar themselves from it. Take note that the Baron de Bracieux alone is rich enough to drink a tun of Port, if he were obliged to pay a pistole a drop for it. Now, I do not see," continued Mousqueton, becoming more and more magniloquent in his pride, "since the masters do not refrain from it, why the valets should refrain either."

And Mousqueton, rising up, took the jug of beer, every drop of which he emptied into the scupper-hole, and then stalked majestically to the door that led to the other compartment.

"Ah! fastened," said he; "these devilish English — how suspicious they are!"

"Fastened!" said Blaisois, in a tone of disappointment not less keen than Mousqueton's. "Ah! plague take it! It is unlucky, especially as my stomach feels more and more upset."

Mousqueton turned to Blaisois with such a piteous countenance that it was evident he shared in a high degree the worthy fellow's disappointment.

"Fastened!" he repeated.

"But," hazarded Blaisois, "I have heard you relate, M. Mouston, that once in your youth, at Chantilly, I think, you supported your master and yourself by taking partridges in a net, carp by a line, and bottles with a lasso."

"Certainly I did," responded Mousqueton; "it is the exact truth, and Grimaud can bear witness to it. But then there was an airhole to the cellar, and the wine was in bottles. I cannot throw the lasso through this partition, or draw to me with a pack-thread a cask of wine that may perhaps weigh two hundred weight."

"No; but you may raise two or three planks of the partition wall," said Blaisois, "and make a hole in one of the barrels with a gimlet."

Mousqueton opened his eyes immeasurably wide, and looking at Blaisois like a man astonished at finding in another man qualities for which he had not given him credit:

"It is true," said he, "that might be done; but a chisel is wanted to start the boards, and a gimlet to pierce the barrel."

"The tool-case!" cried Grimaud, who had just finished balancing his accounts.

"Ah, yes! the tool-case!" said Mousqueton; "that I should not have thought of it!"

Grimaud, in fact, was not only the steward of the troop, but also its armorer; and besides an account-book, he had a tool-case. Now, as Grimaud was an extremely cautious and provident man, this tool-case, carefully rolled up in his valise, was furnished with every instrument of ordinary necessity.

It therefore contained a gimlet of a reasonable size.

Mousqueton seized it.

Nor had he far to seek for a chisel. The poniard he carried at his girdle would be an excellent substitute for it. Mousqueton now sought for a corner where the boards were a little separated, and this he had not much difficulty in finding; so he set to work forthwith.

Blaisois watched his proceedings with admiration mingled with impatience, venturing an occasional observation, replete with intelligence and lucidity, on the mode of drawing a nail or getting a leverage.

In a very short time Mousqueton had pried off three planks.

"There!" said Blaisois.

Mousqueton was the exact antipode of the frog in the fable, which thought itself larger than it really was. Unfortunately, although he had managed to diminish his name by one-third, it was not the same with his paunch. He tried to pass through the opening that he had made, but perceived with grief that he must remove two or three more boards at least, to make the hole for his size.

He heaved a sigh and drew back to renew his labors.

But Grimaud, who had finished his accounts, had got up, and, being profoundly interested in the operation that was going on, had approached his two companions, and seen the fruitless efforts made by Mousqueton to reach the land of promise.

"I!" said Grimaud.

This single word from him was worth a whole sonnet, which alone, as is well known, is worth a whole poem.

Mousqueton turned round.

"What, you?" demanded he.

"I will pass through."

"It is true," said Mousqueton, looking at his friend's long, lank figure, "you will pass, and very easily too."

"That is all right," said Blaisois; "he knows the full barrels, for he has been already in the cellar with the Chevalier d'Artagnan. Let M. Grimaud pass through, Monsieur Mouston."

"I could have got through as well as Grimaud," said Mousqueton, a little piqued.

"Yes; but it would have taken longer, and I am very thirsty. My stomach feels worse and worse."

"Go through, then, Grimaud," said Mousqueton, giving to him who was about to enter upon the expedition in his place the beer-jug and the gimlet.

"Rinse the glasses," said Grimaud. And giving Mousqueton a friendly nod intended as a request that he would pardon his finishing an expedition so brilliantly commenced by another, like a serpent he glided through the opening and disappeared.

Blaisois seemed ravished with delight, full of ecstasy. Of all the exploits performed since their arrival in England by the extraordinary men to whom they had the fortune of being attached, this positively seemed to him the most miraculous.

"You will now see," said Mousqueton, looking at Blaisois with an air of superiority which Blaisois did not attempt to resent,—"you will now see, Blaisois, how we old soldiers drink when we are thirsty."

"The cloak," said Grimaud, from the bottom of the hold.

"That is right," said Mousqueton.

"What does he want?" inquired Blaisois.

"That we should cover the opening with a cloak."

"What for?" demanded Blaisois.

"Simpleton!" said Mousqueton; "what if any one should come in?"

"Ah! that's true!" exclaimed Blaisois, with still more perceptible admiration. "But he will not be able to see clearly."

"Grimaud always sees clearly," replied Mousqueton, "by night as well as by day."

"He is very fortunate," said Blaisois. "When I have no candle I cannot take two steps without knocking myself against something."

"That's because you have not seen service," said Mousqueton; "if you had you would have learnt to pick up a needle in a dark closet. But silence! Some one is coming, I think."

Mousqueton gave a low whistle, a signal of alarm familiar to the lacqueys in the days of their youth, resumed his place at the table, and made a sign to Blaisois to do the same.

Blaisois obeyed.

The door opened, and two men made their appearance, enveloped in their cloaks.

"What!" said one of them; "not yet in bed at a quarter past eleven? It is contrary to rules. In a quarter of an hour let every light be out and every one snoring."

The two men went to the door of the compartment into which Grimaud had crept, opened the door, entered, and shut it after them.

"Ah!" said Blaisois, shuddering, "he is lost."

"Grimaud is a sharp old fox," muttered Mousqueton.

And they waited with watchful ears and bated breath.

Ten minutes glided away, during which they heard no sound that could make them suspect that Grimaud was detected.

When this period had elapsed, Mousqueton and Blaisois saw the door reopen. The two men in cloaks came out, shut the door with the same precaution they had used on entering, and departed, renewing their injunctions to retire to bed and put out the lights.

"Shall we obey?" demanded Blaisois. "All this seems to me crooked."

"They said in a quarter of an hour — we have still five minutes," replied Mousqueton.

"Supposing we inform our masters of this?"

"Let us wait for Grimaud," said Mousqueton.

"But if they have killed him?"

"Grimaud would have cried out."

"You know that he is almost dumb."

"We should have heard the blow."

"But if he does not return?"

"Here he is!"

In fact, at this very moment Grimaud pushed aside the cloak that concealed the opening, and thrust through that opening a face as pale as death; his eyes, starting with fright, offered to the sight a small pupil in the center of a large white circle. He held in his hand the beer-jug full of some sort of substance, brought it into the range of the light by the smoky lamp, and murmured the simple monosyllable "*Oh!*" with an expression of such profound terror that Mousqueton recoiled in consternation and Blaisois thought to faint away.

Both of them, however, cast a look of curiosity into the jug. It was full of gunpowder!

Once convinced that the vessel was loaded with gunpowder instead of wine, Grimaud rushed to the hatchway, and with one bound reached the cabin, where the four friends were sleeping. Having reached the cabin, he gently pushed open the door, which in opening immediately awoke D'Artagnan, who was lying down behind it.

Scarcely had he seen Grimaud's agitated face, before he understood that something extraordinary had happened, and was just going to utter an exclamation. But Grimaud, with a motion more rapid than speech itself, put his finger on his lips, and, with a puff that no one would have suspected from such a lean body, blew out the little night-lamp at three paces' distance.

D'Artagnan raised himself on his elbow. Grimaud knelt down, and then, with outstretched neck and all his senses unnaturally excited, he poured into his ear a recital which, to say the truth, was of itself sufficiently dramatic to need no aid from action or the play of the features.

During this recital Athos, Aramis, and Porthos were sleeping like men who have had no rest for a week. In the middle deck Mousqueton was knotting his points by way of precaution; while Blaisois, overwhelmed with consternation, his hair bristling on his head, tried to do the same thing.

This is what had occurred:

Scarcely had Grimaud disappeared through the opening, and found himself in the first compartment, before he began his search, and soon discovered a barrel. He rapped upon it: it was empty. He then went to another: that was also empty. But the third on which he tried the experiment gave forth such a dull sound that there was no possibility of mistake. Grimaud was sure that it was full.

So he therefore stopped at this, felt about for a place where he might pierce it with his gimlet, and, whilst feeling, laid his hand upon a spigot.

"Good!" said Grimaud; "this will save me trouble."

And he held down the jug, turned the spigot, and felt that the contents were gently flowing from one receptacle to the other.

Grimaud, having first taken the precaution to close the spigot, was just going to raise the jug to his lips, being too conscientious to carry any liquor to his companions for the quality of which he could not answer, when he heard the signal of alarm given by Mousqueton. Suspecting some night round, he slipped in between two barrels and hid behind a cask.

A minute after the door opened and shut again, after having afforded entrance to the two men in cloaks.

One of them bore a glass lantern, carefully closed, and so high that the flame could not reach the top. Moreover, the glass itself was covered with a sheet of white paper, which softened, or rather absorbed, both the light and the heat.

This man was Groslow.

The other held in his hand something that was long, flexible, and rolled up, like a whitish rope. His face was covered by a very broad-brimmed hat. Grimaud, thinking that the same desire as his own had brought them to the hold, and that, like himself, they came to pay a visit to the Port wine, squatted closer and closer behind his cask, saying to himself that, after all, should he be discovered, the crime was not very great.

When the two men reached the barrel behind which Grimaud was concealed, they stopped.

"Have you got the fuse?" said the one that carried the lantern.

"Here it is," replied the other.

When the last one spoke Grimaud started, and felt a shudder strike even to the marrow of his bones. He cautiously rose so that his head might surmount the top of the cask, and under the large hat he discovered Mordaunt's pale face.

"How long will this match last?" demanded he.

"About five minutes, more or less," said the captain.

This voice also was known to Grimaud. His eyes went from one to the other, and after Mordaunt he recognized Groslow.

"Then," said Mordaunt, "you must go and warn your men to be ready, without telling them why. Is the boat following the vessel?"

"As a dog follows its master, at the end of a hempen leash."

"Then, when the clock points to a quarter-past twelve call together your men, and get into the boat without noise."

"After having lighted the slow match?"

"That is my business. I wish to be certain of my vengeance. Are the oars in the boat?"

"Everything is ready."

"Good."

"Then all is settled."

Mordaunt knelt down and fastened one end of his match to the spigot, that he might have nothing more to do than to ignite the other end. Then, having finished this operation, he drew out his watch.

"You understand, at a quarter-past twelve," he said, rising up; "that is to say," — he looked at his watch, — "in twenty minutes."

"Perfectly, sir," replied Groslow; "only I would observe, for the last time, that there is considerable danger in the office you reserve for yourself, and that it would be much better for you to set one of the men to fire the train."

"My dear Groslow," said Mordaunt, "you know the French proverb: '*One is never well served except by one's-self.*' I will put this into practice."

Grimaud had heard, if he had not understood, everything; but the scene he witnessed supplied any defect there might be in his comprehension of the language. He had seen and recognized the two mortal enemies of the Musketeers; he had seen Mordaunt arrange the fuse; he had heard the proverb, which, for his greater facility, Mordaunt had repeated in French. Then, lastly, he had felt and felt again the contents of the pitcher he held in his hand; and, instead of the liquid that Mousqueton and Blaisois expected, the grains of a thick powder crackled and crumbled under his fingers.

Mordaunt and the captain departed. At the door they stopped and listened.

"Do you hear how they sleep?" said Mordaunt.

In fact, Porthos's snoring was heard through the boarding.

"God delivers them into our hands!" said Groslow.

"And, this time, the devil himself could not save them!" said Mordaunt.

And they both left the place.

Grimaud waited till he heard the bolt grate in the lock; and when he was quite sure that he was alone, he groped along the partition.

"Ah!" said he, wiping the large drops of perspiration from his forehead, "how fortunate it was that Blaisois was thirsty!"

He made haste to pass through his opening, thinking still that he was dreaming; but the sight of the powder in the jug proved to him that this dream was a deadly nightmare.

D'Artagnan, as may be imagined, heard all these details with increasing interest; and without waiting till Grimaud had finished, he arose without any noise, and applying his mouth to Aramis's ear, who slept on his left, and touching his shoulder at the same time, to prevent any hasty movement:

"Chevalier," said he, "get up without the slightest noise."

Aramis awoke. D'Artagnan repeated the injunction, at the same time pressing his hand. Aramis obeyed.

"You have Athos at your left," said he; "caution him, as I have cautioned you."

Aramis easily awoke Athos, whose sleep was light, as is generally the case in delicate and nervous temperaments; but they had more difficulty in rousing Porthos. He was going to ask for the causes and reasons for this interruption of his sleep, which appeared to him to be very unpleasant, when D'Artagnan, in lieu of all explanation, laid his hand on his mouth.

Then our Gascon, stretching out his arms and drawing them all to him, encircled the three heads in such a manner that they touched one another.

"Friends," said he, "we must instantaneously leave this vessel, or we are all dead men."

"Bah!" said Athos; "what now?"

"Do you know who is the captain of this vessel?"

"No."

"Captain Groslow!"

A shudder of the three Musketeers informed D'Artagnan that his speech began to make some impression on his friends.

"Groslow!" said Aramis; "the devil!"

"Who is this Groslow?" demanded Porthos. "I cannot remember him."

"He who broke Parry's head, and who is at this moment preparing to break ours."

"Oho!"

"And his mate — do you know who he is?"

"His mate? He has none," said Athos. "There is no mate in a felucca carrying four men."

"Ay, but M. Groslow is not an ordinary captain. He has a mate, and that mate is M. Mordaunt."

This time it was more than a shudder among the Musketeers — it was almost a cry. These invincible men were subjected to the mysterious and fatal influence that this name exercised over them, and felt a sort of terror merely to hear it spoken.

"What can we do?" said Athos.

"Take possession of the felucca," said Aramis.

"And kill him," said Porthos.

"The felucca is mined," said D'Artagnan. "Those barrels that I took for casks full of Port wine are barrels of gunpowder. When Mordaunt finds himself detected, he will blow up everything — friends and foes; and, faith! he is a gentleman of too bad a character for me to wish to make my appearance in his society, either in heaven or in hell."

"You have, then, a plan?" demanded Athos.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Have you confidence in me?"

"Command," said the Musketeers at the same moment.

"Well, then, come!" And D'Artagnan went to a window so low as to be like a porthole, but large enough for a man to crawl through, He turned and opened it cautiously.

"That is the way," said he.

"The devil!" said Aramis; "it is cold, my dear friend."

"Remain if you like; but I forewarn you that you will soon be hot enough."

"But we cannot reach land by swimming."

"The boat is following in our wake; we will reach it and cut the rope — that's all. Come along, gentlemen."

"One moment," said Athos; "our lacqueys?"

"Here we are," said Mousqueton and Blaisois, whom Grimaud had brought, so as to concentrate all their forces in the cabin, and who, without being seen, had entered by the hatchway, which was next the cabin.

Yet the three friends remained motionless before the terrible sight that D'Artagnan had disclosed to them by raising the window, and which they could see through this narrow opening.

In fact, whoever has once seen it, well knows that nothing is more profoundly impressive than a swelling sea, rolling its dark billows along, with their hoarse murmurs, under the wan light of a winter's moon.

"Cordieu! We hesitate, it seems," said D'Artagnan. "If we waver, what will our lacqueys do?"

"I do not hesitate," said Grimaud.

"Sir," said Blaisois, "I warn you, I only know how to swim in rivers."

"And I do not know how to swim at all," said Mousqueton.

In the meantime D'Artagnan had slipped through the opening.

"So your mind is made up, is it?" asked Athos.

"Yes," replied the Gascon. "Come, Athos, you, who are the perfection of a man, command intellect to govern matter. You, Aramis, give the word to the lacqueys; and you, Porthos, kill any one that may oppose us."

And D'Artagnan, after having pressed Athos's hand, choosing the moment when by the pitching of the felucca the stern dipped, had only to let himself slip into the water, which already reached up to his waist.

Athos followed him, even before the vessel had pitched forward; and as she rose, the rope that fastened the boat to her stern was seen whipping from the water.

D'Artagnan swam to this rope and reached it.

There he held on to it by one hand, with his head just above the surface of the water. An instant afterwards he was joined by Athos.

Two more heads were now seen: they were those of Aramis and Grimaud.

"Blaisois disturbs me," said Athos, "Did you not hear him say, D'Artagnan, that he only knew how to swim in rivers?"

"When one can swim at all, he can swim anywhere," said D'Artagnan. "To the boat! to the boat!"

"But Porthos? I cannot see him."

"Porthos is coming; do not trouble yourself about him; he swims like Leviathan himself."

In fact, Porthos had not yet made his appearance, in consequence of a scene, half ludicrous, half dramatic, that was going on with him, Blaisois, and Mousqueton as actors.

These last, frightened by the noise of the waves and the whistling of the wind, terrified by the sight of that dark abyss of waters boiling up from the deep, drew back instead of advancing.

"Come, come!" said Porthos; "into the water with you!"

"But," said Mousqueton, "I cannot swim; leave me here."

"And me too," said Blaisois.

"I assure you that I should only be in the way in that little boat," continued Mousqueton.

"And I am sure that I should be drowned before I reached it," added Blaisois.

"Well, then, I will choke you both, if you do not get out!" said Porthos, seizing them by the throat. "Out with you, Blaisois!"

A groan, stifled by Porthos's iron hand, was the sole response of Blaisois; for the giant, holding him by the neck and heels, made him glide like a plank through the window, and sent him head-foremost into the sea.

"Now, Mouston," said Porthos, "I hope you do not mean to abandon your master?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Mousqueton, with tears in his eyes, "why did you resume service? We were so well off at the Château de Pierrefonds!" And without any other reproach he became passive and obedient; and, whether from real devotion or from the example given in the case of Blaisois, Mousqueton pitched head-foremost into the sea — a sublime action in either case, for Mousqueton thought himself a dead man.

But Porthos was not the person thus to abandon his faithful companion. The master followed the valet so close that the plunge of each body made but one and the same sound; and when Mousqueton returned to the surface, quite blinded, he found himself supported by Porthos's large hand, and gliding toward the boat with the majesty of a marine god, and without any movement whatever.

At the same moment Porthos saw something whirling round within reach of his hand, and, seizing this something by the hair, found it was Blaisois, to whose aid Athos was just then coming.

"Return, Count; I have no need of you," said Porthos, And by one vigorous kick he rose like the giant Adamastor above the waves, and in three strokes rejoined his companions.

D'Artagnan, Aramis, and Grimaud assisted Mousqueton and Blaisois into the boat. Then came Porthos, who, in clambering over the side, nearly upset the little craft.

"And Athos?" inquired D'Artagnan.

"Here I am," replied Athos, who, like a general covering the retreat, wished to be the last to enter the boat, and was holding on by its gunwale. "Are you all safe?"

"All," said D'Artagnan. "Have you got your poniard, Athos?"

"Yes."

"Then cut the rope and come in."

Athos drew his poniard from his girdle and cut the rope: the felucca left them astern and the boat remained stationary, without any other motion than that given by the waves.

"Come in, Athos," said D'Artagnan.

And he gave his hand to the Comte de la Fère, who also took his place in the boat.

"It was time," said the Gascon, "and you will soon see something curious."

FATALITY.

Scarcely had D'Artagnan finished these words, before a whistle was heard on board the felucca, which began to be lost in the mist and darkness.

"That, as you can well understand," said the Gascon, "means something."

At the same moment a lantern was seen on the deck, delineating some shadows behind it.

Then suddenly a terrible cry of despair was heard across the deep; and as if this cry had chased away the clouds, the veil that hid the moon was rent asunder, and the gray sails and dark rigging of the felucca were seen, traced against the sky, silvered by its wan light. Dark shadows were running up and down the deck in dismay, and piteous cries accompanied their insensate course.

In the midst of these cries Mordaunt was seen on the top of the poop, with a torch in his hand.

Those shadows running up and down on the deck were Groslow and his men, whom he had collected at the time set by

Mordaunt. Mordaunt himself, after he had listened at the cabin door and assured himself that the Musketeers were still asleep, had gone down into the hold.

In fact, who could possibly have suspected what had just occurred?

So Mordaunt had opened the door — hurried to the slow-match; eagerly thirsting for revenge and confident that he should now obtain it, he had set fire to the fuse.

In the meantime, Groslow and his men had assembled at the stern.

"Haul in the painter," said Groslow, "and pull the boat alongside."

One of the men climbed into the chains, seized the rope and drew it toward him. It came without any resistance whatever.

"The rope is cut," cried the sailor, "and the boat is gone!"

"What! the boat gone?" cried Groslow, rushing toward the chains; "it is impossible!"

"It is so, however," said the sailor; "look yourself: there is nothing in our wake; besides, here is the end of the rope."

It was then that Groslow uttered that cry which the Musketeers had heard.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mordaunt, who, emerging from the hatchway, also rushed to the stern, with his torch in his hand.

"Our enemies are escaping us; they have cut the rope, and are off in the boat."

Mordaunt made but one leap to the cabin, which he burst open with a kick.

"Empty!" he cried. "Oh, the demons!"

"We must pursue them," said Groslow; "they cannot be far off, and we will run them down and sink them."

"Yes — but the train!" replied Mordaunt; "I have set fire to it!"

"To what?"

"To the match."

"A thousand thunders!" yelled Groslow, rushing toward the hatchway. "Perhaps there is still time."

Mordaunt — his features convulsed by hatred even more than by terror, and looking up to heaven with his haggard eyes as if to launch forth one last blasphemy — only responded by a fearful laugh. Then, casting his torch before him, he flung himself headlong into the sea.

At the same moment, and just as Groslow was setting his foot on the first step of the hatchway, the vessel yawned like the crater of a volcano, and a stream of fire rushed heavenward, with an explosion equal to that of a hundred pieces of cannon thundering forth at the same time. The air appeared to be on fire, furrowed as it was by the broken masses of burning wreck. Then this awful light disappeared, the shattered pieces of wreck fell one after the other into the mighty waters, hissing in the abyss, where they were extinguished; and in the next moment, with the exception of the vibration of the air, it might have been supposed that nothing had happened.

The felucca had disappeared from the surface of the deep, and Groslow and his three men were annihilated.

The four friends had witnessed all this; not one of the details of this fearful drama had escaped them. One moment, when revealed by the dazzling light that had illumined the sea for a league around, they might have been seen, each in a different attitude, and expressive of that terror which, in spite of their hearts of bronze, they could not wholly repress. Then the fiery rain fell all around them; the volcano was extinguished; and, as we have said, everything returned to darkness — the floating boat and the roaring ocean.

They remained for a moment silent and dejected. Porthos and D'Artagnan, who had each taken an oar, held them suspended motionless above the water, leaning their whole weight upon them, and grasping them with convulsed hands.

"Faith!" said Aramis, who was the first to break this deathlike silence, "this time, I imagine, all is finished."

"Here, my Lords! help! help!" cried some one, in a lamentable voice, the accents of which came across the waters like those of some spirit of the deep.

All looked at one another. Even Athos was startled.

"It is he — 'tis his voice!" said he.

All of them remained silent; for all had, like Athos, recognized his voice. But their eyes, with dilated pupils, turned in the direction where the vessel had disappeared, making incredible efforts to pierce through the darkness.

In a moment they could distinguish a man, who approached them, swimming strongly.

Athos slowly stretched out his arm, pointing him out to his companions.

"Yes, yes," said D'Artagnan, "I can see him well enough."

"What? He here again!" said Porthos, puffing like a blacksmith's forge. "Well, he certainly is made of iron!"

"Oh, my God!" murmured Athos.

Aramis and D'Artagnan whispered to each other.

Mordaunt made a few more strokes, and then, raising one hand above the water, as a signal of distress:

"Pity, gentlemen! pity, in the name of Heaven! My strength is failing me and I shall die!"

The voice thus imploring assistance was so pathetic that it excited compassion in Athos's heart.

"Unhappy wretch!" said he.

"Truly," said D'Artagnan, "nothing more was wanted than that you should pity him. I verily believe that he is swimming toward us. Does he fancy, then, that we shall take him in? Row, Porthos, row." And setting the example, D'Artagnan plunged his oar into the sea, and with two pulls sent the boat twenty strokes from him.

"Oh! you will not abandon me! You will not leave me to perish! You will not be wholly devoid of pity!" cried Mordaunt.

"Aha!" said Porthos; "I fancy that we have got you at last, my fine fellow, and that you have now no other port of refuge than hell."

"Oh, Porthos!" murmured the Comte de la Fère.

"Let me alone, Athos. Verily, you become perfectly ridiculous, with your everlasting generosities! I positively declare that if he comes within ten feet of the boat, I will split his head with the oar."

"Oh! for mercy's sake, do not leave me, gentlemen! Mercy! — have pity on me!" cried the young man, his panting respiration sometimes making the icy water bubble up when his head almost disappeared under the billows.

D'Artagnan had never taken his eye from Mordaunt, and having now finished his conference with Aramis he got up.

"Sir," said he, addressing the swimmer, "be off with you, I beg of you. Your repentance is too recent for us to have much confidence in it. Remember that the vessel in which you wished to grill us all is still smoking some feet under water, and that the situation in which you are at present is a bed of roses compared with that in which you wished to place us, and in which you have placed M. Groslow and his companions."

"Gentlemen," said Mordaunt, in accents of utter despair, "I swear to you that my repentance is sincere. Gentlemen, I am so young — I am scarcely twenty-three years old! Gentlemen, I have been dragged along by a natural resentment; I wished to avenge my mother; and you yourselves would all have done as I have."

"Pooh!" said D'Artagnan, seeing that Athos was becoming more and more affected; "that depends."

Mordaunt had not more than three or four strokes to make to reach the boat, for the approach of death seemed to give him supernatural strength.

"Alas!" he replied, "I must die, then. You will kill the son as you killed the mother! And yet I was not to blame. According to all rules, human and divine, a son ought to avenge his mother. And besides," added he, clasping his hands, "if it be a crime, as I repent, and as I demand pardon for it, I ought to be forgiven."

And as if his strength failed him, he appeared to be no longer able to keep himself above water, and a wave passed over his head, stifling his voice.

"Oh! this lacerates my heart!" said Athos.

Mordaunt reappeared.

"And as for me," said D'Artagnan, "I say that it is necessary to put an end to all this. You, sir, — the assassin of your uncle — the executioner of King Charles — the incendiary, — I promise to let you sink to the bottom, or, if you come within reach of the boat, to split your head with the oar."

Mordaunt, as if in the agonies of despair, made a stroke. D'Artagnan grasped his oar with both his hands. Athos rose up.

"D'Artagnan! D'Artagnan!" he exclaimed: "D'Artagnan, my son! I beseech you! The unhappy wretch is dying; and it is frightful to let a man die without stretching out a hand to him, when it is only necessary to do so to save him. Oh, my heart forbids such an action! I cannot resist its impulses; he must live!"

"Mordieu!" replied D'Artagnan, "why not at once give yourself up, bound hand and feet, to this wretch? That will soon be done. Ah! Comte de la Fère, you wish to perish through him. Well, then, I — your son, as you call me — I do not wish it."

This was the first time that D'Artagnan had ever resisted an appeal which Athos made to him as his son.

Aramis coolly drew his sword, which he had brought between his teeth as he swam.

"If he lays a finger on the edge of the boat I will cut his hand off, regicide that he is," said he.

"And I," said Porthos, — "wait" —

"What are you going to do?" asked Aramis.

"Throw myself into the water and strangle him."

"Oh, gentlemen!" exclaimed Athos, with irresistible pathos, "let us be men — let us be Christians!"

D'Artagnan emitted a sigh like a groan, Aramis lowered his sword, Porthos sat down again.

"Look at him," said Athos, — "look! Death is painted on his face, his powers are exhausted; one minute more, and he sinks to the bottom of the abyss. Ah! do not entail upon me this horrible remorse — do not force me to die of shame, my friends! Grant me the life of this unhappy man — I will bless you — I will" —

"I am dying!" murmured Mordaunt; "help! help!"

"Let us gain one minute," said Aramis, leaning down to D'Artagnan's ear; "one stroke of the oar," he added, whispering to Porthos.

D'Artagnan made no answer, either by word or gesture; he began to feel himself moved, partly by Athos's entreaties, partly by the spectacle before his eyes. Porthos alone gave a stroke with his oar; and as this stroke had no counterpoise, the boat only turned half round, and this motion brought Athos nearer the dying man.

"Monsieur le Comte de la Fère!" exclaimed Mordaunt — "Monsieur le Comte de la Fère! I address you! I supplicate you! Have pity on me! Where are you, Monsieur Comte de la Fère? I can no longer see — I am dying — help! help!"

"Here I am, sir," said Athos, leaning down and stretching out his arm to Mordaunt with that dignified generosity habitual to him. "Here I am. Take my hand and get into our boat."

"I prefer not to look," said D'Artagnan; "this weakness is repugnant to me."

And he turned to his two friends, who crowded down in the bottom of the boat, as if they feared even to touch him to whom Athos did not fear to reach his hand.

Mordaunt made one final effort, raised himself, seized the hand that was held out to him, and clutched it with the violence of a last hope.

"Very well!" said Athos; "put your other hand here."

And he offered him his shoulder as a second support, so that his head almost touched Mordaunt's, and these two deadly enemies seemed to embrace each other like two brothers.

Mordaunt clutched Athos's collar with his convulsed fingers.

"Good, sir," said the Count; "now you are saved; be calm."

"Ah, my mother!" exclaimed Mordaunt, with a look of fire and an accent of indescribable hatred; "I can only offer you one victim; but it shall at least be the one whom you yourself would have chosen!"

And while D'Artagnan was uttering a cry, Porthos raising his oar, and Aramis seeking for an opportunity of striking Mordaunt, a fearful jerk was given to the boat, and Athos was drawn into the water; while Mordaunt, with a triumphant cry, clasped the neck of his victim, and, to paralyze his efforts, encircled his legs with his own — just as a serpent might have infolded its prey.

For a moment, without uttering a cry, without calling for help, Athos endeavored to keep himself on the surface of the water; but the weight drawing him down, he gradually disappeared, and nothing was to be seen but his long hair floating on the waters. Then everything disappeared, and a large bubbling whirlpool — itself soon lost — alone indicated the spot where the two had been ingulfed.

Mute with horror, motionless, choked by indignation and terror, the three friends remained with mouths open, eyes dilated, and arms extended. They were like statues, and yet their hearts could be heard beating. Porthos was the first to recover himself, and, tearing his hair:

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a sob that must have been excruciating, — "oh, Athos, Athos, noble heart! Woe! woe! that we should have allowed you thus to die!"

"Oh! yes," repeated D'Artagnan, "woe to us!"

"Woe!" murmured Aramis.

At this very moment, in the midst of the vast circle illumined by the rays of the moon, and about four or five fathoms from the boat, the same sort of whirlpool that had announced that something had been swallowed up was renewed, and they saw appear, first some hair, then a pale face with wide-open but lifeless eyes, then a body, which, after rising even to its bust above the sea, slowly turned over on its back, at the caprice of the billows.

A poniard, the golden hilt glittering in the moonlight, was buried up to the hilt in the corpse's breast.

"Mordaunt! Mordaunt! Mordaunt!" exclaimed the three friends; "'tis Mordaunt!"

"But Athos?" said D'Artagnan.

Suddenly the boat tipped to one side under the influence of an unexpected weight, and Grimaud sent forth a shout of joy. All turned round, and Athos, pale as a corpse, with dull eyes and trembling hand, was perceived, leaning on the edge of the boat. Eight brawny arms quickly lifted him up, and in an instant he found himself warmed, reanimated, and recovering, under the caresses and embraces of his friends, who were intoxicated with joy.

"But are you not wounded?" asked D'Artagnan.

"No," replied Athos. "And he?"

"Oh, he! This time, thank God! he is dead enough. Look!"

And D'Artagnan, forcing Athos to look in the direction indicated, pointed out to him Mordaunt's body floating on the waves; though it was sometimes submerged, sometimes lifted up, it appeared as if it still pursued the four friends with a look of insult and mortal hatred.

At last it sank. Athos had followed it with an eye still expressive of sorrow and pity.

"Bravo, Athos!" said Aramis, with an effusiveness very rare with him.

"What a splendid blow!" exclaimed Porthos.

"I have a son," said Athos, "and I wished to live."

"After all, see how God has spoken!" said D'Artagnan.

"I did not kill him," murmured Athos, "but Fate!"

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

(*The Younger*)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Alexandre Dumas, a distinguished French dramatist and romancist, son of the preceding, was born at Paris, July 27, 1824; died there, Nov. 28, 1895. His first work was a volume of verse published in his eighteenth year. He accompanied his father to Spain and Africa, and on his return published "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet," which showed no great talent. "La Dame aux Camélias" (1848) found an immense number of readers. It was afterwards dramatized by its author, and was also reproduced in Verdi's opera of "La Traviata." Among his other novels are: "Le Docteur Servan" and "Antonine" (1849); "Trois Hommes Forts" (1850); "Diane de Lys" (1852); "La Dame aux Perles" and "La Vie à Vingt Ans." Dumas was more successful as a dramatist than as a novelist, his success being founded upon his power to deal satirically with the follies, vices, and crimes of society. He dramatized his own work, "Diane de Lys," and his father's "Joseph Balsamo." He also wrote: "Le Demi-Monde" (1855); "Le Fils Naturel" (1858); "La Question d'Argent," "Le Père Prodigue" (1859); "L'Ami des Femmes" (1864); "Les Idées de Mme. Aubray" (1867); "La Princesse Georges" (1871); "La Femme de Claude" (1872); "Monsieur Alphonse" (1873); "L'Étrangère" (1876); "La Princesse de Bagdad" (1881); "Denise" (1885); and "Francillon" (1887). "La Femme de Claude" was a dramatic version of his novel, "L'Affaire Clemenceau."

Dumas *fils* was described as "large, brawny, curly-headed, and dark; full of that peculiar personality for which the mixture of French and negro blood is responsible."

Camille's Confession.

(From "Camille.")

Armand, wearied by his long story, often interrupted by tears, put both hands on his brow, and closed his eyes, as if to think, or seek to do so, after having given me a few pages in Camille's hand. A few moments after, more rapid respiration proved to me that he was asleep, but so lightly that the least sound might awaken him. I read as follows, and copied it without adding or erasing a letter:

"To-day is the 15th of December. I am ill, and have been so three or four days. To-day I took to bed. The weather is bad, and I am melancholy. No one is with me. I am thinking of you, and where you are when I write these lines. They tell me you are far from Paris, and may almost have forgotten Camille. May you, to whom I owe the happiest hours of my life, be happy.

"I could not resist the idea of explaining to you my conduct, and I wrote to you a letter; but, coming from one like me, it may be regarded as a falsehood, unless death sanctify its authority and convert the letter into a confession.

"To-day I am sick; I may die of this disease, having always had a presentiment that I would die young. My mother was consumptive, and I have lived so as to contract this disease or aggravate my only inheritance. I am, however, unwilling to die without your knowing what to rely on, when you think of me, a poor girl you once loved more or less.

"The following are the contents of the letter which I wish I could rewrite to give you another proof of my truth:

"You remember, Armand, just before your father came and found us at Bourgeval, the involuntary terror his coming caused; of the scene between you, of which you told me. On the next day, when you were at Paris, a man brought me the following letter from M. Duval. The letter, which I attach to this, besought me in the most earnest terms to get rid of you on the next day, on any pretext, and to see your father, who wished me to tell you nothing of his communication with me. You remember the urgency of my persuasion to you to go to Paris again. You had been gone about an hour when your father came. I cannot tell of the impression his serious face caused; your father believed that all women were heartless, irrational, and a kind of man-trap, ready to crush and lacerate without discrimination any hand extended to them. He had written me such a letter that I consented to see him, and he came. In his first words there was enough hauteur, menace, etc., to cause me to make him understand that I was in my own house and had no account to give him of my love for his son.

"M. Duval grew somewhat calm, but said that he could no longer suffer his son to ruin himself because I was beautiful, and that I should not use my charms to blast the prospects of a young man by leading him into such excesses as you indulged.

"To this there was but one reply: to show that since I had been your mistress no sacrifice had been required of you to keep me faithful to you; and that I asked for no more money than you could give, I showed my receipt from the pawnbroker, and of the people who had the various things I had parted with. I told your father of my determination to sell all my furniture to pay my debts, and live with you, without subjecting you to any heavy burden. I told him of our happiness, of your having revealed to me a calmer and gentler life, and he yielded to evidence, and gave me his hand, asking pardon for his first impressions. Then he said:

"'Madame, not by menaces, but by prayers, will I undertake to obtain a greater sacrifice than you have made to my son.'

"I trembled at this preamble. Your father drew near to me, took my hand, and continued, in an affectionate tone:

"'Do not be offended at what I say, but see that life has cruel necessities to which the heart must submit itself. You are kind, and your soul has generous impulses which many women, who despise you, perhaps, do not appreciate. Remember that there is a family as well as a mistress, duty as well as love, that the time will come when Armand, to be respected, will need a better position. The time will come when, it matters not how you love Armand Duval, people will see in him but a man who, for a kept woman, lost all he had. The day of reproaches and insults will then come, and be sure that, as with others, you will each bear the chain you might break. What will you then do? Your youth will be gone, my son's prospects will be ruined, and I, his father, must look to one of my children for the reward I expected from both. You are young, you are beautiful, and life will console you. You are noble-hearted, and the memory of a good action will atone for much that is passed. For six months that he has known you, Armand forgets I wrote four times to him without his once thinking of replying to me. I might have died without his knowing it. Whatever be your wish to live otherwise, Armand, who loves you, will not consent, and will see that no obscure position suits your beauty. Who knows, then, what he will do? He has gambled, I know, and also that it was without your knowledge;

but in a moment he might have lost what it has taken me years to amass, as the dower of my daughter and to sustain my old age. That might, and yet may be.

"'Are you, too, sure that the life you leave for him will not some day attract you again? Are you sure that you love him so that you can never love another? Will not your *liaison* oppose difficulties in your lover's way, for which your love will be unable to console him? Reflect on all this, madame. You love Armand. Prove it by the only means which are in your power. No misfortune has yet befallen you, but will, perhaps, greater and sooner than I foresee. Armand may become jealous of one who may have loved you; he may be killed, and what then would you suffer in the presence of that man who would ask of you the life of his son?

"'Know what brought me to Paris. I have a daughter, young, pure, chaste as an angel. She loves, and that love has been the dream of her life. I wrote all this to Armand; but, engrossed by you, he did not reply. The man she loves is a member of an honorable family, and asks that all in mine shall be equally so. The family of the man who is to be my son-in-law have learned that Armand is at Paris, and have declared that the marriage will be broken off if he continues this life. The prospects of one who has not injured you are in your hands. Can you crush them? In the name of your love and your repentance, Camille, grant me the happiness of my child!'

"I wept in silence, my friend, at all these reflections, which often occurred to me, but which, from a father, acquired new power. To myself I said what your father dared not, though the words were twenty times on his lips. I said that, after all, I was but a woman of pleasure, and that, in spite of any reasons I might ever give for our *liaison*, it would always seem a calculation, for my past life forbids me to dream of the future and accept obligations for the discharge of which I could offer no pledges. I loved you, Armand, and the manner used by your father, the chaste sentiments he awoke in me, the esteem of the kind old man which I was about to win, and yours, which sooner or later I knew would be mine, awoke in my breast noble sentiments which exalted me in my own eyes. When I remembered that one day, the old man who implored me to preserve the reputation of his son would mingle mine as a mysterious name in his prayers, I was transformed, and proud in spite of myself.

"The excitement of the moment, perhaps, exaggerated these impressions; but such they were; and the new feelings aroused in me crushed all memory of happy days passed with you.

"'Very well,' said I. 'Think you I love your son?'

"'Yes,' said M. Duval.

"'Disinterestedly?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you know his love was the dream and hope of my life?'

"'Firmly.'

"'Well, sir, embrace me once, as if I were your daughter, and I swear to you that the only chaste kiss I ever received will make me firm against my love, and that, before a week has passed, your son will be at your house, perhaps unhappy, but cured forever.'

"'You are a noble girl,' said your father, placing his lips on my brow, 'and you undertake a thing that God will aid you in. I fear that you will obtain nothing from my son.'

"'Be easy; he shall hate me. He must think there is an impassable barrier between us.'

"I wrote to Prudence that I accepted De N——'s propositions, and that she must go to say that she and I would sup with him. I sealed this letter, and begged your father, on his arrival in Paris, to send it to the address. He asked me its contents, and I told him it related to the happiness of his son. Your father bid me adieu, and, as he moved his lips from my brow, I saw two tears of gratitude, which seemed like the baptism of my faults; and when I had just consented to deliver myself to another man, I was proud of this new offense. M. Duval left me. I was but a woman, and when I saw you I could not but weep. Was I right? I ask you this question to-day, when I am sick and perhaps will never leave my bed. You know how I suffered as our inevitable separation drew near.

"Your father was not there to sustain me, and there was a moment when I was about to own all, so terrified was I at the idea that you would despise me. One thing, Armand, it may be that you will not believe — that I asked God to grant me strength, and that He heard my prayer is proven by the fact that He granted me power. At that supper I yet needed support, for I did not wish to know what I was about, so fearful was I that my strength would fail. Who would have thought that I, Camille Gautier, would have been so terrified at the thought of a new lover? To forget myself I drank, and when I awoke I was in the count's bed.

"This is the whole truth, my friend. Judge me and pardon me, as I forgive you the wrong you did me."

. . . .

"What followed this fatal night you know as well as I do, but you can neither know nor suspect what I suffered during our separation.

"I learned that your father had taken you away, and I did not doubt that you would be long absent, so that I was amazed and surprised on the day I met you in the Champs Elysées. Then came a series of days, during each of which I was insulted by you, and received them almost with joy, for they proved that you yet loved, and never lost sight of me. Do not be surprised at this happy, joyous martyrdom, but I was not at first strong enough to bear it. I will not remind you, Armand, how you rewarded the last proof of love I gave you, and how you drove from Paris a dying woman who could not resist your voice when you asked her to pass the night with you, and who madly believed that by yielding she would obtain absolution for past and present sins. You had the right to act as you did, Armand, for you paid for my nights more dearly than any other. All is gone, then, for Olympe has replaced me with M. de N——, and has undertaken to tell him the reason of my departure. The Count de G—— was in London, and is one of those men who attach to the love of a woman like me but its just importance, and who remain the friends of women they have had without either hatred or jealousy; he is, in fact, one of those nobles who do not admit us to their hearts, but who open both ends of their purses. I thought of him at once, and saw him. He received me kindly, but was the lover of a lady of rank, and feared to compromise himself. He introduced me to his friends, and gave a supper, after which one of them took possession of me. What was I to do? Kill myself? It would have overshadowed your life with a useless remorse. I was very near death; I was without a soul, so to say, leading the life of an automaton. My disease hourly increasing, I grew pale and thin, and men who buy their love look at it in advance. There were many far better-looking women, and I was forgotten. This was the state of things until yesterday; now I am ill, and have written to the duke for money, for I have none, and my creditors have come back, bringing me their bills with the most merciless perseverance. Will the duke reply? Why are you not in Paris? Your visits would console me."

"*December* 20.

"The weather is horrible, and it snows. For three days I had such a fever that I could not write a word. Nothing new. Every day I look more anxiously for a letter from you. It does not and will not come. Men alone never pardon. The duke did not reply. Prudence has resumed her voyages to the pawnbroker. I spit blood, and it would pain you to see me. You are happy in being beneath a warm sky, and not having a winter of ice and snow, as we have. To-day I sat up for a time behind the curtains of the window, and watched the crowds, with which I have done forever, pass. No one looks up at my windows, yet a few young people left their names. Once when I was sick, when you did not know me, and would have received nothing from me but rudeness, you asked for me every day. I am sick again. We have lived six months together. I have loved you as well as women can, and I have received not a word of consolation. This, though, is but chance, for if you were in Paris you would come."

"*December* 23.

"My physician will not let me write every day. Memory, in fact, does but increase my fever. Yesterday, however, I received a letter which did me much good by the sentiments which it contained. It was from your father:

"'Madame, — I have just learned that you are ill. Were I in Paris I would myself call on you, and if my son were here I would tell him to visit you. Armand is, however, six or seven hundred leagues distant, and I, therefore, write to tell you how much I am pained by your illness, and to express my sincere hopes for your recovery. One of my friends, M. H——, will call on you. Be pleased to see him, as he has a commission to discharge at my request. Receive, madame, the assurances of my most sincere interest.'

"Such was the letter I received. Your father is a kind man, and few live who are so worthy of your love. This morning M. H —— came and seemed much annoyed by the delicacy of the business confided to him. I sought to refuse him, but he said to do so would mortify M. Duval, who had ordered him to pay me a certain sum, and more, if I needed it. I accepted this, which, coming from your father, cannot be looked upon as alms. If, when you return, I am dead, show your father this letter, and tell him the poor woman to whom he deigned this consolation shed tears of gratitude as she prayed for him."

"*January* 4.

"I have passed a bad night. I did not know the body could suffer so. Oh! my past life! I pay twice for it to-day. I can scarcely breathe — delirium and cough will make the rest of my life miserable.

"My dining-room is full of bonbons and presents of all kinds, brought me by my friends. Some among the men hope that at some future day I will be their mistress. Could they see me!

"Prudence made her presents from my stock. It is thawing, and the doctor tells me if the warm weather continues, I may go out.

"I rode out to-day to the Champs Elysées, which was crowded. One might have fancied it was the first smile of spring. All looked a May day. I never fancied that a sun-ray contained so much life and joy as I felt to-day. I met almost all the people I knew, gay and busy with pleasure. How many are happy without being aware of the fact! Olympe passed in an elegant carriage given her by Count de N——. She sought to insult me, but she does not know how far I am removed from this sort of thing. A kind lad I have known for some time asked me to sup with him, one of his friends being, he said, most anxious to know me. I smiled sadly, and gave him my burning hand, and never did I see such amazement. I went home at four o'clock, and dined with some appetite. The exercise did me good. What if I get well?

"How the aspect of life and the happiness of others make those wish to live who in the solitude of their chambers pray for death."

"*January* 10.

"The hope of health was but a dream. I am again in bed, covered with blisters.

"We must have either done much that is wrong before our birth, or are to be most happy after death, or God would not permit this life to be so full of trials and tests."

"*January* 12.

"I still suffer. The Count de N—— sent me money yesterday, but I did not take it. That man is the cause of your not being with me. The old days at Bourgeval, where are you? If I ever leave this house alive, it will be to make a pilgrimage to our old home. I will never leave it alive, though. Who knows if I shall write to-morrow?"

"*January* 25.

"For eleven nights I have not slept, and feared I was about to die. The doctor forbid me to touch a pen, but Sophie Duprat, who is with me, suffers me to write a few lines. Will you not come back before I die? Is all over forever between us? If you came, I would get well. Why should I?"

"*January* 27.

"This morning I was aroused by a loud noise. Sophie, who slept in the anteroom, rushed into the dining-room, and I heard her voice contending with those of men. They came to seize; and I told her to let them do what they called justice. When I think what may happen if I do not die — if you return, and I see the spring — if you love me and we resume our old life!

"Fool! I can scarcely hold the pen with which I write this wild dream. Whatever betide you, Armand, I love you, and would have been dead long ago if I had not been sustained by the memory of this love and a vague hope that I will see you again."

"*February* 3.

"The Count de G—— has come; his mistress deceived him, and he is very sad, for he loved her. He told me all. The poor fellow is very much pressed, or he would pay off the law-officers for me. I told him of you, and he promised to tell you of me. As I forgot I had ever been his mistress, he also did so. He has a kind heart.

"The duke sent to ask for me. I do not know what keeps the old man alive. He remained several hours with me, and did not say twenty words. He, with all his years, is yet about, while I am crushed with pain. The weather is bad, and no one comes to see me. Sophie sits with me whenever she can. Prudence, to whom I cannot give as I used to, makes a pretext of business to stay away.

"Now that I am dying, in spite of what the doctors say, for I have several, I regret that I troubled your father. Had I been able to take but a year of your life, I could not have avoided passing it with you, for, at least, I would die clasping a friend's hand. Had we lived together, I would not be so near death.

"God's will be done."

"*February* 4.

"Come, Armand, I suffer horribly — I am dying! I was sad yesterday, and wished to pass elsewhere than at home an evening that promised to be long. The duke came in, and the sight of this old man, forgotten by death, seems to make me die faster.

"In spite of the burning fever, I had myself dressed and taken to the Vaudeville. Sophie rouged me, or I would have looked like a corpse. I went to the box where we first met, and all the time I had my eyes fixed on the seat you occupied. They took me home half dead, and I spat blood all night. To-day I cannot speak, and can scarcely move. My God, I shall die! I expected to die, but not to suffer so."

"*February* 18.

"M. Armand, since yesterday Camille has been worse. She has lost her voice completely, and also the use of her limbs. It is impossible to describe what our poor friend suffers. I am not used to emotions of this kind, and I am constantly terrified.

"How delighted I would be if you were near us! Camille is constantly delirious, but whether in that condition or sane, she always pronounces your name when she can speak. The doctor told me that she would not last long. Since she has been so sick the old duke has not been back. He told the doctor the sight did him too much injury.

"Madame Duverney acts badly. This woman, who expected to get more money out of Camille, on whom she has chiefly subsisted, has contracted obligations she could not help, and seeing that her neighbor can no longer aid her, does not even come to see her. All abandon her. Count de G——, pursued by his creditors, has been forced to return to London. Before he went he sent us some money, and did all he could. They have, however, made a seizure, and the creditors only await the hand of death to sell.

"I wished to use all my resources to prevent all these seizures; but the law people told me it was useless, and that there were other judgments; as she must die, too, it is better to abandon all than to save for her family who have never been kind. You cannot imagine her miserable state of yesterday; we had no money at all; covers, jewels, plates, are all in pledge. The rest is either made over or sold. Camille is yet aware of all that is going on around her, and she suffers in every respect. Large tears roll down her cheeks, which have grown so pale that you would not be able to recognize them. She made me promise to write to you when she could no longer do so, and I write before her. Her eyes are directed toward me, but she does not see me, her eyes being already veiled by death. She smiles, and I am sure all her thoughts are yours.

"Every time the door is opened her eyes brighten, as if she thought you were about to enter; but when she sees that she is disappointed, a painful expression animates her eyes, and her cheeks become purple."

"*February* 19.

"How sad to-day is! This morning Camille was almost stifled, and the physician bled her so that she regained her voice. The doctor advised her to see a priest, and, as she consented, he sent to St. Roche's for a priest.

"During this time Camille called me to her bedside, asked me to open a clothes-press, and pointed out a bonnet and laced chemise. She then said, in a feeble voice:

"'After confession, I shall die, and you must bury me in these. It is a last coquetry!'

"She then kissed me, with tears in her eyes, and said:

"'I can speak, but am stifled when I do.'

"I shed tears, and opened the window. The priest came in soon after; I went to meet him.

"When he heard at whose house he was, he seemed to fear a bad reception.

"'Go in, father,' said I.

"He remained a short while in the room, and when he left me, he said:

"'She lived as a sinner, but she is dying like a Christian.'

"A few moments after he returned, accompanied by a chorister and sacristan, who preceded him, ringing a bell to announce the presence of God. They entered the bedroom, which had hitherto resounded with such strange sounds, and which now became a holy tabernacle.

"I fell on my knees. I do not know how long the impression produced by the spectacle continued. I do not think that, until I shall be reduced to the same condition, I shall be equally impressed. The priest placed the holy oil on the feet, hands, and brow of the dying woman, recited a brief prayer, and Camille was ready to soar to heaven, where surely she will go, if God regards the trials of her life and holiness of her death.

"During this time she said nothing, and made no motion. Twenty minutes after, I should have thought her dead, had I not heard the difficulty of her respiration."

"*February* 20, 5 P.M.

"All is over. Camille died last night about two, and no martyr ever suffered as she did, if we may judge from her cries. Twice or thrice she sat erect in her bed, but sunk back from exhaustion; silent tears fell from her eyes, and she died.

"Then I approached her, and called to her. She did not reply, and I closed her eyes and kissed her.

"Poor Camille! I wish I were a holy woman, that this kiss might commend you to God!

"I dressed her as she had requested me, and then went for the priest to St. Roche's, and had tapers burned for her, and for two hours I prayed in the church. I gave the poor the money she had. I am not well informed in matters of religion, but I think God will know my tears to have been true, my prayers fervent, my alms sincere, and that He will have mercy on her who died young and beautiful, yet had no other to close her eyes."

"*February* 23.

"To-day the funeral took place. Many of Camille's friends came to the church, and wept sincerely. When the procession left for Montmartre, two men alone followed it — the duke, who was supported by two footmen, and the Count de G——, who came for the purpose from London.

"I write these details from her house, amid my tears, and by the light of a lamp burning over a dinner I do not touch. Nanine had it prepared, for I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours.

"I can bear these sad impressions no longer, for I am no more myself than Camille was, and, therefore, I describe these events from their very scene, lest, if I suffered time to pass, I might not be able to give them all their sad exactitude."

. . . .

"Did you read it?" said Armand, when I laid down the manuscript.

"I see what you must have suffered, if all I read be true."

"My father has confirmed it."

We talked some time of her sad fate, and then I went home to rest.

Armand was yet sad, but somewhat consoled by the recital of the incidents, and soon revived. We then went to see Sophie Duprat and Prudence.

Prudence had failed, and she told us that Camille was the cause of it, as, during her illness, she had borrowed much money, for which she had given notes that she could not pay. Camille had died without paying her, or giving any receipts which would enable her to call herself a creditor.

By means of this fable, which Mme. Duverney told everywhere to excuse herself, she drew a bill of a thousand francs on Armand, who did not believe her, but paid it out of respect to Camille's memory.

We then went to the grave of Camille, which, beneath an April sun, was putting forth its first flowers. Armand had one duty to fulfill — to see his father — and he asked me to accompany him.

We reached C——, where I found M. Duval just what, from the description, I had imagined him. He received Armand with tears of joy, and he clasped my hand affectionately. I soon saw the paternal sentiment predominated in the receiver's heart. His daughter, named Blanche, had that transparent countenance, that calmness of expression, proving that the soul receives but holy impressions, and that the lips uttered but holy words. She smiled at the return of her brother, the chaste young girl being ignorant that for her a courtesan had sacrificed happiness at the very sound of her name.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier, novelist and artist, was born in Paris, March 6, 1834; died in London, Oct. 8, 1896. He attended school in Paris until he was seventeen years of age. Then his father sent for him and placed him at the Birkbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College. But he gave little time to the study of chemistry and a good deal to sketching and drawing caricatures. His father dying in 1856 he returned to Paris, and, as he had decided to make art a profession, he entered Gleyre's studio, in the Quartier Latin. He spent one year in the Quartier Latin. He then went to Antwerp and worked in the Antwerp Academy under De Keyser and Van Lerins. It was while working in the studio of Van Lerins that occurred what he called the great tragedy of his life, the sudden and permanent loss of the sight of his left eye. In 1860 he went to London and soon after began contributing sketches to *Once a Week* and to *Punch*. His first sketch appeared in *Punch*, June, 1860. From that time he became famous as an illustrator of that paper by his well-known caricatures of society life. His first book, "Peter Ibbetson," was published in 1892; "Trilby" in 1894. His last book, "The Martians," was appearing as a serial in *Harper's* at the time of his death. All were illustrated by himself. In 1880 a collection of his *Punch* wood-cuts was published in a volume entitled "English Society at Home." He was an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors.

Trilby's First Appearance.[1]

(From "Trilby.")

Suddenly there came a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door, and a portentous voice of great volume, and that might almost have belonged to any sex (even an angel's), uttered the British milkman's yodel, "Milk below!" and before any one could say "Entrez," a strange figure appeared, framed by the gloom of the little antechamber.

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[1] Copyrighted, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

It was the figure of a very tall and fully developed young female, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps, and slim, straight, rosy heels, clean cut and smooth as the back of a razor; her toes lost themselves in a huge pair of male list slippers, which made her drag her feet as she walked.

She bore herself with easy, unembarrassed grace, like a person whose nerves and muscles are well in tune, whose spirits are high, who has lived much in the atmosphere of French studios, and feels at home in it.

This strange medley of garments was surmounted by a small bare head with short, thick, wavy brown hair, and a very healthy young face, which could scarcely be called quite beautiful at first sight, since the eyes were too wide apart, the mouth too large, the chin too massive, the complexion a mass of freckles. Besides, you can never tell how beautiful (or how ugly) a face may be till you have tried to draw it.

But a small portion of her neck, down by the collarbone, which just showed itself between the unbuttoned lapels of her military coat collar, was of a delicate privetlike whiteness that is never to be found on any French neck, and very few English ones. Also, she had a very fine brow, broad and low, with thick level eyebrows much darker than her hair, a broad, bony, high bridge to her short nose, and her full, broad cheeks were beautifully modeled. She would have made a singularly handsome boy.

As the creature looked round at the assembled company and flashed her big white teeth at them in an all-embracing smile of uncommon width and quite irresistible sweetness, simplicity, and friendly trust, one saw at a glance that she was out of the common clever, simple, humorous, honest, brave, and kind, and accustomed to be genially welcomed wherever she went. Then suddenly closing the door behind her, dropping her smile, and looking wistful and sweet, with her head on one side and her arms akimbo, "Ye're all English, now, aren't ye?" she exclaimed. "I heard the music, and thought I'd just come in for a bit, and pass the time of day: you don't mind? Trilby, that's my name — Trilby O'Ferrall."

She said this in English, with an accent half Scotch and certain French intonations, and in a voice so rich and deep and full as almost to suggest an incipient tenore robusto; and one felt instinctively that it was a real pity she wasn't a boy, she would have made such a jolly one.

"We're delighted, on the contrary," said Little Billee, and advanced a chair for her.

But she said, "Oh, don't mind me; go on with the music," and sat herself down cross-legged on the model-throne near the piano.

As they still looked at her, curious and half embarrassed, she pulled a paper parcel containing food out of one of the coat pockets, and exclaimed:

"I'll just take a bite, if you don't object; I'm a model, you know, and it's just rung twelve — 'the rest.' I'm posing for Durien the sculptor, on the next floor, I pose to him for the altogether."

"The altogether?" asked Little Billee.

"Yes — *l'ensemble* you know — head, hands, and feet — everything — especially feet. That's my foot," she said, kicking off her big slipper and stretching out the limb. "It's the handsomest foot in all Paris. There's only one in all Paris to match it, and here it is," and she laughed heartily (like a merry peal of bells), and stuck out the other.

And in truth they were astonishingly beautiful feet, such as one only sees in pictures and statues — a true inspiration of shape and color, all made up of delicate lengths and subtly modulated curves and noble straightnesses and happy little dimpled arrangements in innocent young pink and white.

So that Little Billee, who had the quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye, and knew by the grace of Heaven what the shapes and sizes and colors of almost every bit of man, woman, or child should be (and so seldom are), was quite bewildered to find that a real, bare, live human foot could be such a charming object to look at, and felt that such a base or pedestal lent quite an antique and Olympian dignity to a figure that seemed just then rather grotesque in its mixed attire of military overcoat and female petticoat, and nothing else!

Poor Trilby!

The shape of those lovely slender feet (that were neither large nor small), fac-similed in dusty, pale plaster of Paris, survives on the shelves and walls of many a studio throughout the world, and many a sculptor yet unborn has yet to marvel at their strange perfection, in studious despair.

For when Dame Nature takes it into her head to do her very best, and bestow her minutest attention on a mere detail, as happens now and then — once in a blue moon, perhaps — she makes it uphill work for poor human art to keep pace with her.

It is a wondrous thing, the human foot — like the human hand; even more so, perhaps; but, unlike the hand, with which we are so familiar, it is seldom a thing of beauty in civilized adults who go about in leather boots or shoes.

So that it is hidden away in disgrace, a thing to be thrust out of sight and forgotten. It can sometimes be very ugly indeed — the ugliest thing there is, even in the fairest and highest and most gifted of her sex; and then it is of an ugliness to chill and kill romance, and scatter young love's dream, and almost break the heart.

And all for the sake of a high heel and a ridiculously pointed toe — mean things, at the best!

Conversely, when Mother Nature has taken extra pains in the building of it, and proper care or happy chance has kept it free of lamentable deformations, indurations, and discolorations — all those grewsome boot-begotten abominations which have made it so generally unpopular — the sudden sight of it, uncovered, comes as a very rare and singularly pleasing surprise to the eye that has learned how to see!

Nothing else that Mother Nature has to show, not even the human face divine, has more subtle power to suggest high physical distinction, happy evolution, and supreme development; the lordship of man over beast, the lordship of man over man, the lordship of woman over all!

En voilà, de l'éloquence — à propos de bottes!

Trilby had respected Mother Nature's special gift to herself — had never worn a leather boot or shoe, had always taken as much care of her feet as many a fine lady takes of her hands. It was her one coquetry, the only real vanity she had.

Gecko, his fiddle in one hand and his bow in the other, stared at her in open-mouthed admiration and delight, as she ate her sandwich of soldier's bread and *fromage à la crême* quite unconcerned.

When she had finished she licked the tips of her fingers clean of cheese, and produced a small tobacco-pouch from another military pocket, and made herself a cigarette, and lit it and smoked it, inhaling the smoke in large whiffs, filling her lungs with it, and sending it back through her nostrils, with a look of great beatitude.

Svengali played Schubert's "Rosemonde," and flashed a pair of languishing black eyes at her with intent to kill.

But she didn't even look his way. She looked at Little Billee, at big Taffy, at the Laird, at the casts and studies, at the sky, the chimney-pots over the way, the towers of Notre Dame, just visible from where she sat.

Only when he finished she exclaimed: "Maïe, aïe! c'est rudement bien tapé, c'te musique-là! Seulement, c'est pas gai, vous savez! Comment q'ça s'appelle?"

"It is called the 'Rosemonde' of Schubert, matemoiselle," replied Svengali. (I will translate.)

"And what's that — Rosemonde?" said she.

"Rosemonde was a princess of Cyprus, matemoiselle, and Cyprus is an island."

"Ah, and Schubert, then — where's that?"

"Schubert is not an island, matemoiselle. Schubert was a compatriot of mine, and made music, and played the piano, just like me."

"Ah, Schubert was a *monsieur*, then. Don't know him; never heard his name."

"That is a pity, matemoiselle. He had some talent. You like this better, perhaps," and he strummed,

"Messieurs les étudiants
S'en vont à la chaumière
Pour y danser le cancan,"

striking wrong notes, and banging out a bass in a different key — a hideous grotesque performance.

"Yes, I like that better. It's gayer, you know. Is that also composed by a compatriot of yours?" asked the lady.

"Heaven forbid, matemoiselle."

And the laugh was against Svengali.

But the real fun of it all (if there was any) lay in the fact that she was perfectly sincere.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Little Billee.

"Oh, ain't I, just!" she replied. "My father sang like a bird. He was a gentleman and a scholar, my father was. His name was Patrick Michael O'Ferrall, fellow of Trinity, Cambridge. He used to sing 'Ben Bolt.' Do you know 'Ben Bolt?'"

"Oh yes, I know it well," said Little Billee. "It's a very pretty song."

"I can sing it," said Miss O'Ferrall. "Shall I?"

"Oh, certainly, if you will be so kind."

Miss O'Ferrall threw away the end of her cigarette, put her hands on her knees as she sat cross-legged on the model-throne, and sticking her elbows well out, she looked up to the ceiling with a tender, sentimental smile, and sang the touching song,

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?" etc., etc.

As some things are too sad and too deep for tears, so some things are too grotesque and too funny for laughter. Of such a kind was Miss O'Ferrall's performance of "Ben Bolt."

From that capacious mouth and through that high-bridged bony nose there rolled a volume of breathy sound, not loud, but so immense that it seemed to come from all round, to be reverberated from every surface in the studio. She followed more or less the shape of the tune, going up when it rose and down when it fell, but with such immense intervals between the notes as were never dreamed of in any mortal melody. It was as though she could never once have deviated into tune, never once have hit upon a true note, even by a fluke — in fact, as though she were absolutely tone-deaf and without ear, although she stuck to the time correctly enough.

She finished her song amid an embarrassing silence. The audience didn't quite know whether it were meant for fun or seriously. One wondered if she were not paying out Svengali for his impertinent performance of "Messieurs les étudiants." If so, it was a capital piece of impromptu tit-for-tat admirably acted, and a very ugly gleam yellowed the tawny black of Svengali's big eyes. He was so fond of making fun of others that he particularly resented being made fun of himself — couldn't endure that any one should ever have the laugh of *him*.

At length Little Billee said: "Thank you so much. It is a capital song."

SARAH JEANETTE DUNCAN.

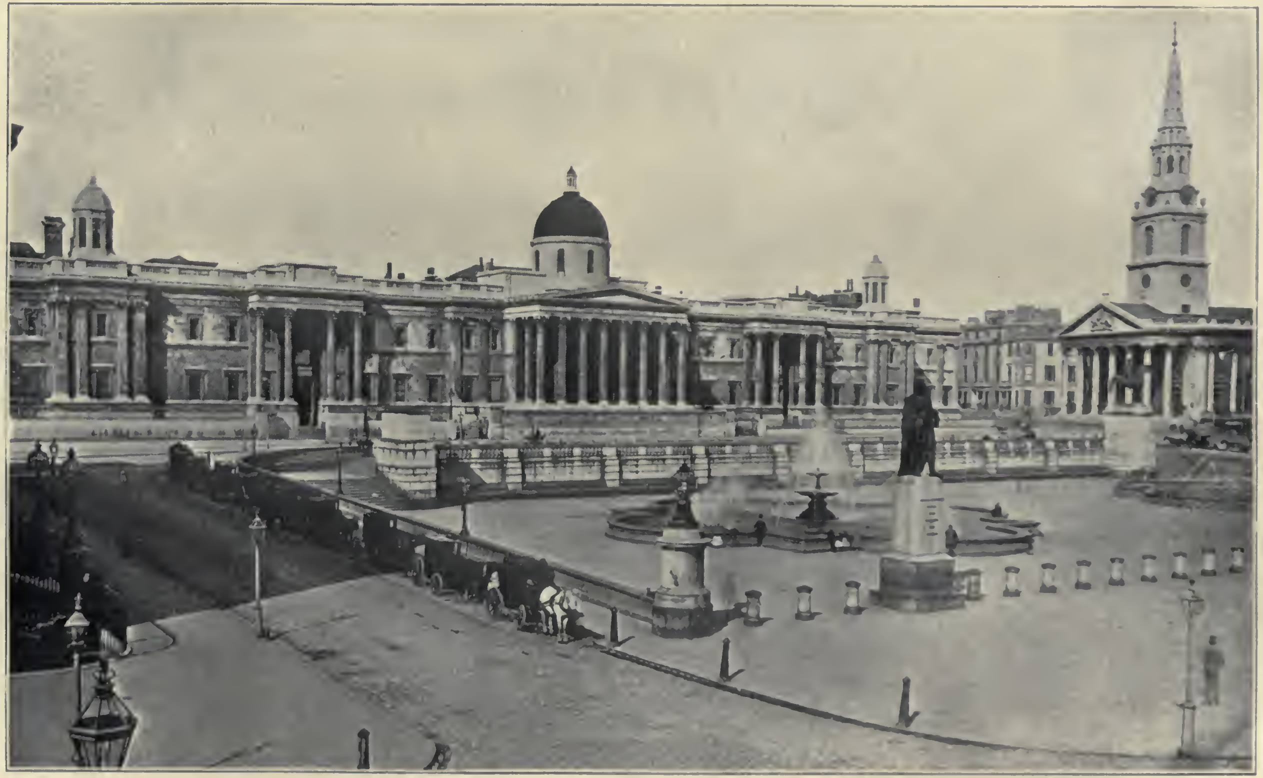
Sarah Jeanette Duncan, American novelist, born in Brantford, Canada, 1861: daughter of a merchant, she married Everard Cotes, a Calcutta journalist, in 1890. She began her literary work as a correspondent and later joined the staff of the Washington (D. C.) *Post;* afterwards became attached to the Toronto *Globe* and *Week*, and, later, to the Montreal *Star* as writer of special articles. Here she wrote the letters from Japan and the East that were worked over as material for her "Social Departure." Her principal publications include: "An American Girl in London;" "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib;" "Vernon's Aunt;" "The Story of Sonny Sahib;" "A Daughter of To-day;" "His Honor and a Lady." She now lives in Calcutta.

An American Girl in London.

(From "An American Girl in London" by Sarah Jeanette Duncan; copyrighted, 1891, by D. Appleton and Company, and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

I am an American girl. Therefore, perhaps, you will not be surprised at anything further I may have to say for myself. I have observed, since I came to England, that this statement, made by a third person in connection with any question of my own conduct, is always broadly explanatory. And as my own conduct will naturally enter more or less into this volume, I may as well make it in the beginning, to save complications.

It may be necessary at this point to explain further. I know that in England an unmarried person, of my age, is not expected to talk much, especially about herself. This was a little difficult for me to understand at first, as I have always talked a great deal, and, one might say, been encouraged to do it; but I have at length been brought to understand it, and lately I have spoken with becoming infrequency, and chiefly about the Zoo. I find the Zoo to be a subject which is almost certain to be received with approval; and in animal nature there is, fortunately, a good deal of variety. I do not intend, however, in this book, to talk about the Zoo, or anything



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connected with it, but about the general impressions and experiences I have received in your country; and one of my reasons for departing from approved models of discussion for young ladies and striking out, as it were, into subject-matter on my own account, is that I think you may find it more or less interesting. I have noticed that you are pleased, over here, to bestow rather more attention upon the American Girl than upon any other kind of American that we produce. You have taken the trouble to form opinions about her — I have heard quantities of them. Her behavior and her bringing-up, her idioms and her "accent" — above all her "accent" — have made themes for you, and you have been good enough to discuss them — Mr. James, in your midst, correcting and modifying your impressions — with a good deal of animation, for you. I observe that she is almost the only frivolous subject that ever gets into your newspapers. I have become accustomed to meeting her there, usually at the breakfast-table, dressed in green satin and diamonds. The encounter had quite a shock of novelty for me at first, but that wore off in time; the green satin and diamonds were so invariable.

Being an American girl myself, I do not, naturally, quite see the reason of this, and it is a matter I feel delicacy about inquiring into, on personal grounds. Privately, I should think that the number of us that come over here every summer to see the Tower of London and the National Gallery, and visit Stratford-upon-Avon, to say nothing of those who marry and stay in England, would have made you familiar with the kind of young women we are long ago; and to me it is very curious that you should go on talking about us. I can't say that we object very much, because, while you criticise us considerably as a class, you are very polite to us individually, and nobody minds being criticised as a noun of multitude. But it has occurred to me that, since so much is to be said about the American Girl, it might be permissible for her to say some of it herself.

I have learned that in England you like to know a great deal about people who are introduced to you — who their fathers and mothers are, their grandfathers and grandmothers, and even further back than that. So I will gratify you at once on this point, so far as I am able. My father is Mr. Joshua P. Wick, of Chicago, Ill. — You may have seen his name in connection with the baking-powder interest in that city. That is how he made his fortune — in baking-powder; as he has often said, it is to baking-powder that we owe everything. He began by putting it up in small quantities, but it is an article that is so much used in the United States, and ours was such a very good kind, that the demand for it increased like anything; and though we have not become so rich as a great many people in America, it is years since poppa gave his personal superintendence to the business. You will excuse my spelling it "poppa;" I have called him that all my life, and "papa" doesn't seem to mean anything to me. Lately he has devoted himself to politics; he is in Congress now, and at the next election momma particularly wishes him to run for senator. There is a great deal of compliance about poppa, and I think he will run.

Momma was a Miss Wastgaggle, of Boston, and she was teaching school in Chicago when poppa met her. Her grandfather, who educated her, was a manufacturer of glass eyes. There are Wastgaggles in Boston now, but they spell the name with one "g," and lately they have been wanting momma to write hers "Mrs. Wastgagle-Wick;" but momma says that since she never liked the name well enough to give it to any of her children, she is certainly not going to take it again herself. These Wastgagles speak of our great-grandfather as a well-known oculist, and I suppose, in a sense, he was one.

My father's father lived in England, and was also a manufacturer, poppa says, always adding, "in a plain way;" so I suppose whatever he made he made himself. It may have been boots, or umbrellas, or pastry — poppa never states; though I should be disposed to think, from his taking up the baking-powder idea, that it was pastry.

I am sorry that I am not able to give you fuller satisfaction about my antecedents. I know that I must have had more than I have mentioned, but my efforts to discover them — and I have made efforts since I decided to introduce myself to you — have been entirely futile. I am inclined to think that they were not people who achieved any great distinction in life; but I have never held anything against them on that account, for I have no reason to believe that they would not have been distinguished if they could. I cannot think that it has ever been in the nature of the Wicks, or the Wastgaggles either, to let the opportunity for distinction pass through any criminal negligence on their part. I am perfectly willing to excuse them on this ground, therefore; and if I, who am most intimately concerned in the matter, can afford to do this, perhaps it is not unreasonable to expect it of you.

In connections we do better, A grand-aunt of some early Wastgaggles was burned as a witch in Salem, Mass. — a thing very few families can point back to, even in England, I should think; and a second cousin of momma's was the first wife of one of our Presidents. He was a Democratic President, though, and as poppa always votes the Republican ticket, we don't think much of that. Besides, as we are careful to point out whenever we mention the subject, she was in the cemetery years before he was in the White House. And there is Mrs. Portheris, of Half-Moon Street, Hyde Park, who is poppa's aunt by her first marriage.

We were all coming at first, poppa, and momma, and I — the others are still in school — and it had appeared among the "City Personals" of the *Chicago Tribune* that "Colonel and Mrs. Joshua P. Wick, accompanied by Miss Mamie Wick" — I forgot to say that poppa was in the Civil War — "would have a look at monarchical institutions this summer." Our newspapers do get hold of things so. But just a week before we were to sail something arose — I think it was a political complication — to prevent poppa's going, and momma is far too much of an invalid to undertake such a journey without him. I must say that both my parents are devoted to me, and when I said I thought I'd prefer going alone to giving up the trip, neither of them opposed it. Momma said she thought I ought to have the experience, because, though I'd been a good deal in society in Chicago, she didn't consider that that in itself was enough. Poppa said that the journey was really nothing nowadays, and he could easily get me a letter of introduction to the captain. Besides, in a shipful of two or three hundred there would be sure to be some pleasant people I could get acquainted with on the voyage. Mrs. Von Stuvdidyl, who lives next door to us, and has been to Europe several times, suggested that I should take a maid, and momma rather liked the idea, but I persuaded her out of it. I couldn't possibly have undertaken the care of a maid.

And then we all thought of Mrs. Portheris.

None of us had ever seen her, and there had been very little correspondence; in fact, we had not had a letter from her since several years ago, when she wrote a long one to poppa, something about some depressed California mining stock, I believe, which she thought poppa, as her nephew and an American, ought to take off her hands before it fell any lower. And I remember that poppa obliged her: whether as an American or as her nephew I don't know. After that she sent us every year a Christmas card, with an angel or a bunch of forget-me-nots on it, inscribed, "To my nephew and niece, Joshua Peter and Mary Wick, and all their dear ones." Her latest offering was lying in the card-basket on the table then, and I am afraid we looked at it with more interest than we had ever done before. The "dear ones" read so sympathetically that momma said she knew we could depend upon Mrs. Portheris to take me round and make me enjoy myself, and she wanted to cable that I was coming. But poppa said No, his aunt must be getting up in years now, and an elderly English lady might easily be frightened into apoplexy by a cablegram. It was a pity there was no time to write, but I must just go and see her immediately, and say that I was the daughter of Joshua P. Wick of Chicago, and she would be certain to make me feel at home at once. But, as I said, none of us knew Mrs. Portheris.

I am not much acquainted in New York, so I had only poppa and Mr. Winterhazel to see me off. Mr. Winterhazel lives there, and does business in Wall Street, where he operates very successfully, I've been told, for such a young man. We had been the greatest friends and regular correspondents for three or four years — our tastes in literature and art were almost exactly the same, and it was a mutual pleasure to keep it up — but poppa had never met him before. They were very happy to make each other's acquaintance, though, and became quite intimate at once; they had heard so much about each other, they said. We had allowed two days before the steamer sailed, so that I could make some purchases — New York styles are so different from Chicago ones; and, as poppa said afterwards, it was very fortunate that Mr. Winterhazel was there. Otherwise, I should have been obliged to go round to the stores alone; for poppa himself was so busy seeing people about political matters that he hadn't the thirtieth part of a second for me, except at meal-times, and then there was almost always somebody there. London is nothing to New York for confusion and hurry, and until you get accustomed to it the Elevated is apt to be very trying to your nerves. But Mr. Winterhazel was extremely kind, and gave up his whole time to me; and as he knew all the best stores, this put me under the greatest obligation to him.

After dinner the first evening he took me to hear a gentleman who was lecturing on the London of Charles Dickens, with a stereopticon, thinking that, as I was going to London, it would probably be of interest to me — and it was. I anticipated your city more than ever afterwards. Poppa was as disappointed as could be that he wasn't able to go with us to the lecture; but he said that politics were politics, and I suppose they are.

Next day I sailed from North River Docks, Pier No. 2, a fresh wind blowing all the harbor into short blue waves, with the sun on them, and poppa and Mr. Winterhazel taking off their hats and waving their handkerchiefs as long as I could see them. I suppose I started for Great Britain with about as many comforts as most people have — poppa and Mr. Winterhazel had almost filled my stateroom with flowers, and I found four pounds of caramels under the lower berth — but I confess, as we steamed out past Staten Island, and I saw the statue of Liberty getting smaller and smaller, and the waves of the Atlantic Ocean getting bigger and bigger, I felt very much by myself indeed, and began to depend a good deal upon Mrs. Portheris.

As to the caramels, in the next three hours I gave the whole of them to the first stewardess, who was kind enough to oblige me with a lemon.

Before leaving home I had promised everybody that I would keep a diary, and most of the time I did; but I find nothing at all of interest in it about the first three days of the voyage to London. The reason was that I had no opportunity whatever of making observations. But on the morning of the fourth day I was obliged to go on deck. The stewardess said she couldn't put up with it any longer, and I would never recover if I didn't; and I was very glad afterwards that I gave in. She was a real kind-hearted stewardess, I may say, though her manner was a little peremptory.

I didn't find as much sociability on deck as I expected. I should have thought everybody would have been more or less acquainted by that time, but, with the exception of a few gentlemen, people were standing or sitting round in the same little knots they came on board in. And yet it was very smooth. I was so perfectly delighted to be well again that I felt I must talk to somebody, so I spoke to one of a party of ladies from Boston who I thought might know the Wastgagles there. I was very polite, and she did not seem at all sea-sick, but I found it difficult to open up a conversation with her. I knew that the Bostonians thought a good deal of themselves — all the Wastgagles do — and her manner somehow made me think of a story I once heard of a Massachusetts milestone, marked "1 m. from Boston," which somebody thought was a wayside tablet with the simple pathetic epitaph, "I'm from Boston," on it; and just to enliven her I told her the story. "Indeed!" she said. "Well, we *are* from Boston."

I didn't quite know what to do after that, for the only other lady near me was English, I knew by her boots. Beside the boots she had gray hair and pink cheeks, and rather sharp gray eyes, and a large old-fashioned muff, and a red cloud. Only an Englishwoman would be wearing a muff and a cloud like that in public — nobody else would dare to do it. She was rather portly, and she sat very firmly and comfortably in her chair with her feet crossed, done up in a big Scotch rug, and being an Englishwoman I knew that she would not expect anybody to speak to her who had not been introduced. She would probably, I thought, give me a haughty stare, as they do in novels, and say, with cold repression, "You have the advantage of me, miss!"— and then what would my feelings be? So I made no more advances to anybody, but walked off my high spirits on the hurricane-deck, thinking about the exclusiveness of those Bostonians, and wondering whether, as a nation, we could be catching it from England.

You may imagine my feelings — or rather, as you are probably English, you can't — when the head steward gave me my place at the dinner-table immediately opposite the Bostonians, and between this lady and an unknown gentleman. "I shall not make a single traveling acquaintance!" I said to myself as I sat down — and I must say I was disappointed. I began to realize how greatly we had all unconsciously depended upon my forming nice traveling acquaintances, as people always do in books, to make the trip pleasant, and I thought that in considering another voyage I should divorce myself from that idea beforehand. However, I said nothing, of course, and found a certain amount of comfort in my soup.

I remember the courses of that dinner very well, and if they were calculated to make interesting literary matter I could write them out. The Bostonians ostentatiously occupied themselves with one another. One of them took up a position several miles behind her spectacles, looked at me through them, and then said something to her neighbor about "Daisy Miller," which the neighbor agreed to. I know what they meant now. The gentleman, when he was not attending to his dinner, stared at the salt-cellar most of the time, in a blank, abstracted way; and the English lady, who looked much nicer unshelled than she did on deck, kept her head carefully turned in the other direction, and made occasional remarks to an elderly person next her who was very deaf. If I had not been hungry, I don't know how I should have felt. But I maintained an absolute silence and ate my dinner.

Gradually — perhaps because the elderly person was so extremely deaf, and my own behavior comparatively unaggressive — the lady of England began to assume a less comfortable position. A certain repellent air went out of her right shoulder. Presently she sat quite parallel with the table. By the advent of the pudding — it was cabinet pudding — I had become conscious that she had looked at me casually three times. When the Gorgonzola appeared I refused it. In America ladies eat very little Gorgonzola.

"Don't you *like* cheese?" she said, suddenly a little as if I had offended her. I was so startled that I equivocated somewhat.

"No'm, not to-day, I think — thank you!" I said. The fact is, I never touch it.

"Oh!" she responded. "But then, this is your first appearance, I suppose? In that case, you wouldn't like it." And I felt forgiven.

She said nothing more until dessert, and then she startled me again. "Have you been bad?" she inquired.

I didn't know quite what to say, it seemed such an extraordinary question, but it flashed upon me that perhaps the lady was some kind of missionary, in which case it was my duty to be respectful. So I said that I hoped not — that at least I hadn't been told so since I was a very little girl. "But then," I said, "The Episcopalian Prayer-book says we're all 'miserable sinners,' doesn't it?" The lady looked at me in astonishment.

"What has the Prayer-book to do with your being ill?" she exclaimed. "Oh, I see!" and she laughed very heartily. "You thought I meant naughty! Cross-questions and crooked answers! Mr. Mafferton, you will appreciate this!" Mr. Mafferton was the gentleman whom I have mentioned in connection with the salt-cellars; and my other neighbor seemed to know him, which, as they both came from England, did not surprise me then, although now I should be inclined to consider that the most likely reason of all why they shouldn't be acquainted. I didn't see anything so very humorous in it, but the lady explained our misunderstanding to Mr. Mafferton as if it were the greatest joke imaginable, and she had made it herself. "Really," she said, "it's good enough for *Punch!*" I was unfamiliar with that paper then, and couldn't say; but now I think it was myself.

Mr. Mafferton colored dreadfully — I omitted to say that he was a youngish gentleman — and listened with a sort of strained smile, which debouched into a hesitating and uncomfortable remark about "curious differences in idioms." I thought he intended it to be polite, and he said it in the most agreeable man's voice I had ever heard; but I could not imagine what there was to flurry him so, and I felt quite sorry for him. And he had hardly time to get safely back to the salt-cellar before we all got up.

Next morning at breakfast I got on beautifully with the English lady, who hardly talked to the elderly deaf person at all, but was kind enough to be very much interested in what I expected to see in London. "Your friends will have their hands full," she remarked, with a sort of kind acerbity, "if they undertake to show you all that!" I thought of poor old Mrs. Portheris, who was probably a martyr to rheumatism and neuralgia, with some compunction. "Oh!" I said, "I shouldn't think of asking them to; I'll read it all up, and then I can go round beautifully by myself!"

"By *yourself!*" she exclaimed. "You! This is an independent American young lady — the very person I went especially to the United States to see, and spent a whole season in New York, going everywhere, without coming across a single specimen! You must excuse my staring at you. But you'll have to get over that idea. Your friends will never in the world allow it — I suppose you *have* friends?"

"No," I said; "only a relation."

The lady laughed. "Do you intend that for a joke?" she asked. "Well, they do mean different things sometimes. But we'll see what the relation will have to say to it."

Mr. Mafferton occasionally removed his eyes from the salt-cellar during this meal, and even ventured a remark or two. The remarks were not striking in any way — there was no food for thought in them whatever; yet they were very agreeable. Whether it was Mr. Mafferton's voice, or his manner, or his almost apologetic way of speaking, as if he knew that he was not properly acquainted, and ought not to do it, I don't know, but I liked hearing him make them. It was not, however, until later in the day, when I was sitting on deck talking with the lady from England about New York, where she didn't seem to like anything but the air and the melons, that I felt the least bit acquainted with Mr. Mafferton. I had found out her name, by the way. She asked me mine, and when I told her she said: "But you're old enough now to have a Christian name — weren't you christened Mary?" She went on to say that she believed in the good old-fashioned names, like Nancy and Betsy, that couldn't be babified — and I am not sure whether she told me, or it was by intuition, that I learned that hers was Hephzibah. It seems to me now that it never could have been anything else. But I am quite certain she added that her husband was Hector Torquilin, and that he had been dead fifteen years. "A distinguished man in his time, my dear, as you would know if you had been brought up in an English schoolroom." And just then, while I was wondering what would be the most appropriate thing to say to a lady who told you that her husband had been dead fifteen years, and was a distinguished man in his time, and wishing that I had been brought up in an English schoolroom, so that I could be polite about him, Mr. Mafferton came up. He had one of Mr. W. D. Howells's novels in his hand, and at once we glided into the subject of American literature. I remember I was surprised to find an Englishman so good-natured in his admiration of some of our authors, and so willing to concede an American standard which might be a high one, and yet have nothing to do with Dickens, and so appreciative generally of the conditions which have brought about our ways of thinking and writing. We had a most delightful conversation — I had no idea there was so much in Mr. Mafferton — and Mrs. Torquilin only interrupted once. That was to ask us if either of us had ever read the works of Fenimore Cooper, who was about the only author America had ever produced. Neither of us had, and I said I thought there were some others. "Well," she said, "he is the only one we ever hear of in England." But I don't think Mrs. Torquilin was quite correct in this statement, because since I have been in England I have met three or four people, beside Mr. Mafferton, who knew, or at least had heard of, several American writers. Then Mrs. Torquilin went to sleep, and when she woke up it was five o'clock, and her maid was just arriving with her tea. Mr. Mafferton asked me if he might get me some, but I said, No, thanks; I thought I would take a brisk walk instead, if Mrs. Torquilin would excuse me.

"Certainly," she said; "go and take some exercise, both of you. It's much better for young people than tea-drinking. And see here, my dear! I thought you were very sensible not to dress for dinner last night, like those silly young fools opposite. Silly young fools I call them. Now, take my advice, and don't let them persuade you to do it. An Atlantic steamer is no place for bare arms. Now run away, and have your walk, and Mr. Mafferton will see that you're not blown overboard."

Mr. Mafferton hesitated a moment. "Are you quite sure," he said, "that you wouldn't prefer the tea?"

"Oh yes, sir!" I said; "we always have tea at half-past six at home, and I don't care about it so early as this. I'd much rather walk. But don't trouble to come with me if *you* would like some tea."

"I'll come," he said, "if you won't call me 'sir.'" Here he frowned a little and colored. "It makes one feel seventy, you know. May I ask why you do it?"

I explained that in Chicago it was considered polite to say "ma'am" or "sir," to a lady or gentleman of any age with whom you did not happen to be very well acquainted, and I had heard it all my life; still, if he objected to it, I would not use it in his case.

He said he thought he did object to it — from a lady; it had other associations in his ears.

So I stopped calling Mr. Mafferton "sir;" and since then, except to very old gentlemen, I have got out of the way of using the expression. I asked him if there was anything else that struck him as odd in my conversation kindly to tell me, as of course I did not wish to be an unnecessary shock to my relation in Half-Moon Street. He did not say he would, but we seemed to get on together even more agreeably after that.

Mr. Mafferton appeared to know nobody on board but Mrs. Torquilin; and I made acquaintance with hardly anybody else, so that we naturally saw a good deal of each other, usually in the afternoons, walking up and down the deck. He lent me all his books, and I lent him all mine, and we exchanged opinions on a great variety of subjects. When we argued, he was always very polite and considerate; but I noticed one curious thing about him — I never could bring him round to my point of view. He did not seem to see the necessity of coming, although I often went round to his. This was a new experience to me in arguing with a gentleman. And he always talked very impersonally. At first this struck me as a little cold and uninterested, but afterwards I liked it. It was like drinking a very nice kind of pure cold water — after the different flavors of personality I had always been accustomed to. Mr. Mafferton only made one exception to this rule that I remember, and that was the afternoon before we landed. Then he told me particularly about his father and mother, and their tastes and occupations, also the names and ages of his brothers and sisters, and their tastes and occupations, and where he lived. But I cannot say I found him as interesting that afternoon as usual.

I need not describe the bustle and confusion of landing at Liverpool Docks in the middle of a wet April afternoon. Mrs. Torquilin had told me at breakfast not on any account to let my relations take me away before she had given me her address; but when the time came I guess — if you will allow me — she must have forgotten, because the last time I saw her she was standing under a very big umbrella, which the maid held over her, a good deal excited, and giving a great many orders about her luggage to a nervous-looking man in livery.

I easily identified mine, and got off by train for London without any trouble to speak of. We arrived rather late, though, and it was still pouring.

"What has become of your people?" asked somebody at my elbow. I turned and saw Mr. Mafferton, who must have come down by the same train.

"I didn't expect my relation to meet me," I said; "she doesn't expect *me!*"

"Oh!" said Mr. Mafferton; "you did not write to her before you sailed?"

"No," I said. "There wasn't time."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Mafferton. Then, as I suppose I looked rather surprised, he added, hastily: "I only mean that it seems so — so uncommonly extraordinary, you know! But I would advise you, in that case, to give the bulk of your luggage into the hands of the forwarding agents, with instructions to send it early to-morrow to your friend's address. It is all you can do to-night," said Mr. Mafferton, "really. Of course, you will go there immediately yourself."

"No," I responded firmly; "I think not, Mr. Mafferton. My relation is very elderly, and probably in bad health. For all I know, she may have gone to bed. I must not disturb her so late. All the people I have ever known have stayed at the 'Métropole' in London. I will go to the Métropole for to-night, and have my things sent there. To-morrow I will go and see my relation, and if she asks me to visit her I can easily telephone up for them. Thank you very much."

Mr. Mafferton looked as sober as possible, if not a little annoyed. Then he went and got the agent's young man, and asked me to point out my things to him, which I did, and got receipts. Then he told a porter to call a cab, and put my smaller valises into it. "I will put you in," he said, and he gave me his arm and his umbrella, through the wettest rain I have ever experienced, to the hansom. I thanked him again very cordially, and before he said good-by he very kindly gave me his card and address, and begged me to let him know if there was anything he could do for me.

Then I rattled away through the blurred lights of your interminable twisted streets to the Métropole, fancying I saw Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's through the rain at every turn.

When we stopped at last before the hotel, another hansom behind us stopped too, and though I am sure he didn't intend me to, I saw quite plainly through the glass — Mr. Mafferton. It was extremely kind of him to wish to be of assistance to a lady alone, especially in such weather, and I could easily understand his desire to see me to my hotel; but what puzzled me was, why he should have taken another cab!

And all night long I dreamed of Mrs. Portheris.

GEORG EBERS.

Georg Ebers, a German orientalist and novelist, born at Berlin, March 1, 1837; died Aug. 8, 1898. He studied in the Universities of Göttingen and Berlin, giving the preference to oriental, philosophical, and archæological studies. In 1865 he established himself at Jena as a private tutor in the Egyptian language and antiquities. In the previous year he had published "An Egyptian Princess." His works, "Egypt and the Books of Moses," and "A Scientific Journey to Egypt," published in 1869–1870, led to his appointment to a professorship at Leipsic. In 1872–1873 he discovered in Egypt an important papyrus, which he described in a treatise, and which was named in his honor the *Papyrus Ebers*. He also published in 1872 "Through Goshen to Sinai." A severe attack of paralysis in 1876 rendered him unable to walk. He sought recreation in imaginative writing, and in 1877 published "Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt," a book which has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe. It was followed by "Egypt — Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque" (1878); "Homo Sum," a novel (1878); "The Sisters," a romance (1880); "Palestine" (1881), a work written in collaboration with Guthe; "The Burgomaster's Wife: a Tale of the Siege of Leyden" (1882); "Serapis" (1885); "Die Nilbraut" (1887); "Joshua" (1889); "Margery" (1889); "Coptic Art" (1892); "Per Aspera" (1892); "Barbara Blomberg" (1897).

A Bride for Cambyses.

(From "An Egyptian Princess.")

The Greek colonists in Naukratis had prepared a feast to celebrate the departure of their protector's daughter.

Numerous animals had been slaughtered in sacrifice on the altars of the Greek divinities, and the Nile boats were greeted with a loud cry of "Ailinos" on their arrival in the harbor.

A bridal wreath composed of a hoop of gold wound round with scented violets was presented to Nitetis by a troop of young girls in holiday dresses, the act of presentation being performed by Sappho, as the most beautiful among the maidens of Naukratis.

On accepting the gift Nitetis kissed her forehead in token of gratitude. The triremes were already waiting; she went on board, the rowers took their oars and began the Keleusma. The south wind filled the sails, and again the Ailinos rang across the water from a thousand voices. Bartja stood on the deck, and waved a last loving farewell to his betrothed, while Sappho prayed in silence to Aphrodite Euploia, the protectress of those who go down to the sea in ships. The tears rolled down her cheeks, but around her lips played a smile of love and hope, though her old slave Melitta, who accompanied her to carry her parasol, was weeping as if her heart would break. On seeing, however, a few leaves fall from her darling's wreath she forgot her tears for a moment and whispered, softly: "Yes, dear heart, it is easy to see that you are in love; when the leaves fall from a maiden's wreath 'tis a sure sign that her heart has been touched by Eros."

. . . .

Seven weeks after Nitetis had quitted her native country a long train of equipages and horsemen was to be seen on the king's highway from the west to Babylon, moving steadily toward that gigantic city, whose towers might already be descried in the far distance.

The principal object in this caravan was a richly gilded, four-wheeled carriage, closed in at the sides by curtains, and above by a roof supported on wooden pillars. In this vehicle, called the Harmamaxa, resting on rich cushions of gold brocade, sat our Egyptian princess.

On either side rode her escort, viz., the Persian princes and nobles whom we have already learned to know during their visit to Egypt, Crœsus and his son.

Behind these, a long train, consisting of fifty vehicles of different kinds and six hundred beasts of burden, stretched away into the distance, and the royal carriage was preceded by a troop of splendidly mounted Persian cavalry.

The highroad followed the course of the Euphrates, passing through luxuriant fields of wheat, barley and sesame yielding fruit, two and sometimes even three hundredfold. Slender date-palms, covered with golden fruit, were scattered in every direction over the fields, which were thoroughly irrigated by means of canals and ditches.

It was winter, but the sun shone warm and bright from a cloudless sky. The mighty river swarmed with craft of all sizes, either transporting the products of Upper Armenia to the plains of Mesopotamia, or the wares of Greece and Asia Minor from Thapsakus to Babylon. Pumps and water-wheels poured refreshing streams over the thirsty land, and pretty villages ornamented the shores of the river. Indeed, every object gave evidence that our carvaan was approaching the metropolis of a carefully governed and civilized state.

Nitetis and her retinue now halted at a long brick house, roofed with asphalt, and surrounded by a grove of plane-trees. Here Crœsus was lifted from his horse, and approaching the carriage, exclaimed: "Here we are at length at the last station! That high tower which you see on the horizon is the celebrated temple of Bel, next to the pyramids, one of the most gigantic works ever constructed by human hands. Before sunset we shall have reached the brazen gates of Babylon. And now I would ask you to alight and let me send your maidens into the house; for here you must put on Persian apparel to appear well-pleasing in the eyes of Cambyses. In a few hours you will stand before your future husband. But you are pale! Permit your maidens to adorn your cheeks with a color that shall look like the excitement of joy. A first impression is often a final one, and this is especially true with regard to Cambyses. If, which I doubt not, you are pleasing in his eyes at first, then you have won his love forever; but if you should displease him to-day he will never look kindly on you again, for he is rough and harsh. But take courage, my daughter, and, above all, do not forget the advice I have given you." Nitetis dried her tears as she answered: "How can I ever thank you, O Crœsus, my second father, my protector and adviser, for all your goodness? Oh, forsake me not in the days to come! and if the path of my life should lead through grief and care, be near to help and guide me as you were on the mountain-passes of this long and dangerous journey. A thousand times I thank thee, O my father!"

And, as she said these words, the young girl threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him tenderly.

On entering the court-yard, a tall, stout man followed by a train of Asiatic serving-maidens came forward to meet them. This was Boges, the chief of the eunuchs, an important official at the Persian court. His beardless face wore a smile of fulsome sweetness; in his ears hung costly jeweled pendants; his neck, arms, legs and his effeminately long garments glittered all over with gold chains and rings, and his crisp, stiff curls, bound round by a purple fillet, streamed with powerful and penetrating perfumes.

Making a low and reverential obeisance before Nitetis, and holding, the while, his fat hands overloaded with rings before his mouth, he thus addressed her: "Cambyses, lord of the world, hath sent me to thee, O queen, that I may refresh thy heart with the dew of his salutations. He sendeth thee likewise by me, even by me the lowest of his servants, Persian raiment, that thou, as befitteth the consort of the mightiest of all rulers, mayest approach the gates of the Achæmenidæ in Median garments. These women whom thou seest are thy handmaidens, and only await thy bidding to transform thee from an Egyptian jewel into a Persian pearl."

The master of the caravansary then appeared, bearing, in token of welcome, a basket of fruits arranged with great taste.

Nitetis returned her thanks to both these men in kind and friendly words; then entering the house laid aside the dress and ornaments of her native land, weeping as she did so, allowed the strangers to unloose the plait of hair which hung down at the left side of her head, and was the distinctive mark of an Egyptian princess, and to array her in Median garments.

In the meantime a repast had been commanded by the princes who accompanied her. Eager and agile attendants rushed to the baggage-wagons, fetching thence, in a few moments, seats, tables, and golden utensils of all kinds. The cooks vied with them and with each other, and, as if by magic, in a short space of time a richly adorned banquet for the hungry guests appeared, at which even the flowers were not wanting.

During the entire journey our travelers had lived in a similar luxury, as their beasts of burden carried every imaginable convenience, from tents of water-proof materials inwrought with gold, down to silver footstools; and in the vehicles which composed their train were not only bakers, cooks, cup-bearers, and carvers, but perfumers, hair-dressers, and weavers of garlands. Besides these conveniences, a well-fitted up caravansary or inn, was to be found about every eighteen miles along the whole route, where disabled horses could be replaced, the plantations around which afforded a refreshing shelter from the noonday heat, or their hearths a refuge from the snow and cold on the mountain passes.

The kingdom of Persia was indebted for these inns (similar to the post-stations of modern days) to Cyrus, who had endeavored to connect the widely distant provinces of his immense dominions by a system of well-kept roads and a regular postal service. At each of these stations the horseman carrying the letter-bag was relieved by a fresh man on a fresh steed, to whom the letters were transferred, and who, in his turn, darted off like the wind, to be again replaced at a similar distance by another rider. These couriers, called Angari, were considered the swiftest horsemen in the world.

Just as the banqueters, among whom Boges had taken his seat, were rising from the table, the door opened, and a vision appeared, which drew prolonged exclamations of surprise from all the Persians present. Nitetis, clad in the glorious apparel of a Median princess, proud in the consciousness of her triumphant beauty, and yet blushing like a young girl at the wondering admiration of her friends, stood before them.

The attendants involuntarily fell on their faces before her, according to the custom of the Asiatics, and the noble Achæmenidæ bowed low and reverentially; for it seemed as if Nitetis had laid aside all her former bashfulness and timidity with her simple Egyptian dress, and with the splendid silken garments of a Persian princess, flashing as they were with gold and jewels, had clothed herself in the majesty of a queen.

The deep reverence paid by all present seemed agreeable to her, and thanking her admiring friends by a gracious wave of the hand she turned to the chief of the eunuchs and said, in a kind tone, but mingled with a touch of pride: "Thou hast performed thy mission well; I am content with the raiment and the slaves that thou hast provided and shall commend thy circumspection to the king, my husband. Receive this gold chain in the meanwhile as a token of my gratitude."

The eunuch kissed the hem of her garment and accepted the gift in silence. This man, hitherto omnipotent in his office, had never before encountered such pride in any of the women committed to his charge. Up to the present time all Cambyses's wives had been Asiatics, and, well aware of the unlimited power of the chief of the eunuchs, had used every means within their reach to secure his favor by flattery and submission.

Boges now made a second obeisance before Nitetis, of which, however, she took no notice, and turning to Crœsus said: "Neither words nor gifts could ever suffice to express my gratitude to you, kindest of friends, for, if my future life at the court of Persia prove, I will not venture to say a happy, but even a peaceful one, it is to you alone that I shall owe it. Still, take this ring. It has never left my finger since I quitted Egypt, and it has a significance far beyond its outward worth. Pythagoras, the noblest of the Greeks, gave it to my mother when he was tarrying in Egypt to learn the wisdom of our priests, and it was her parting gift to me. The number seven is engraved upon the simple stone. This indivisible number represents perfect health, both of soul and body, for health is likewise one and indivisible. The sickness of one member is the sickness of all; one evil thought, allowed to take up its abode within our heart, destroys the entire harmony of the soul. When you see this seven, therefore, let it recall my heart's wish that you may ever enjoy undisturbed bodily health and long retain that loving gentleness which has made you the most virtuous, and therefore the healthiest of men. No thanks, my father, for even if I could restore to Crœsus all the treasures that he once possessed I should still remain his debtor. Gyges, to you I give this Lydian lyre; let its tones recall the giver to your memory. For you, Zopyrus, I have a gold chain; I have witnessed that you are the most faithful of friends; and we Egyptians are accustomed to place cords and bands in the hands of our lovely Hathor, the goddess of love and friendship, as symbols of her captivating and enchaining attributes. As Darius has studied the wisdom of Egypt and the signs of the starry heavens, I beg him to take this circlet of gold, on which a skillful hand has traced the signs of the zodiac. And lastly, to my dear brother-in-law Bartja I commit the most precious jewel in my possession — this amulet of blue stone. My sister Tachot hung it round my neck as I kissed her on the last night before we parted; she told me it could bring to its wearer the sweet bliss of love. And then, Bartja, she wept! I do not know of whom she was thinking in that moment, but I hope I am acting according to her wishes in giving you her precious jewel. Take it as a gift from Tachot, and sometimes call to mind our games in the Sais gardens."

Thus far she had been speaking Greek, but now, addressing the attendants who remained standing in an attitude of deep reverence, she began in broken Persian: "Accept my thanks also. In Babylon you shall receive a thousand gold staters." Then turning to Boges she added: "Let this sum be distributed among the attendants at latest by the day after to-morrow. Take me to my carriage, Crœsus."

The old king hastened to do her bidding, and as he was leading her thither she pressed his arm and whispered gently: "Are you pleased with me, my father?"

"I tell you, girl," the old man answered, "that no one but the king's mother can ever be your equal at this court, for a true and queenly pride reigns on your brow, and you have the power of using small means to effect great ends. Believe me, the smallest gifts, chosen and bestowed as you can choose and bestow, give more pleasure to a noble mind than heaps of treasure merely cast down at his feet. The Persians are accustomed to present and to receive costly gifts. They understand already how to enrich their friends, but you can teach them to impart a joy with every gift. How beautiful you are to-day! Are your cushions to your mind, or would you like a higher seat? But what is that? There are clouds of dust in the direction of the city. Cambyses is surely coming to meet you! Courage, my daughter. Above all, try to meet his gaze and respond to it. Very few can bear the lightning glance of those eyes, but if you can return it freely and fearlessly you have conquered. Fear nothing, my child, and may Aphrodite adorn you with her most glorious beauty! My friends, we must start; I think the king himself is coming." Nitetis sat erect in her splendid, gilded carriage; her hands were pressed on her throbbing heart. The clouds of dust came nearer and nearer, her eye caught the flash of weapons like lightning across a stormy sky. The clouds parted, she could see single figures for a moment, but soon lost them as the road wound behind some thickets and shrubs. Suddenly the troop of horsemen appeared in full gallop only a hundred paces before her and distinctly visible.

Her first impression was of a motley mass of steeds and men, glittering in purple, gold, silver, and jewels. It consisted in reality of a troop of more than two hundred horsemen mounted on pure-white Nicæan horses, whose bridles and saddle-cloths were covered with bells and bosses, feathers, fringes, and embroidery. Their leader rode a powerful coal-black charger, which even the strong will and hand of his rider could not always curb, though in the end his enormous strength proved him the man to tame even this fiery animal. The rider, beneath whose weight the powerful steed trembled and panted, wore a vesture of scarlet and white, thickly embroidered with eagles and falcons in silver. The lower part of his dress was purple and his boots of yellow leather. He wore a golden girdle; in this hung a short, dagger-like sword, the hilt and scabbard of which were thickly studded with jewels. The remaining ornaments of his dress resembled those we have described as worn by Bartja, and the blue and white fillet of the Achæmenidæ was bound around the tiara, which surmounted a mass of thick curls, black as ebony. The lower part of his face was concealed by an immense beard. His features were pale and immovable, but the eyes (more intensely black, if possible, than either hair or beard) glowed with a fire that was rather scorching than warming. A deep, fiery-red scar given by the sword of a Massagetan warrior crossed his high forehead, arched nose, and thin upper lip. His whole demeanor expressed great power and unbounded pride.

Nitetis' gaze was at once riveted by this man. She had never seen anyone like him before, and he exercised a strange fascination over her. The expression of indomitable pride worn by his features seemed to her to represent a manly nature which the whole world, but she herself above all others, was created to serve. She felt afraid, and yet her true woman's heart longed to lean upon his strength as the vine upon the elm. She could not be quite sure whether she had thus pictured to herself the father of all evil, the fearful Seth, or the great god Ammon, the giver of light.

The deepest pallor and the brightest color flitted by turns across her lovely face, like the light and shadow when clouds pass swiftly over a sunny noonday sky. She had quite forgotten the advice of her fatherly old friend, and yet, when Cambyses brought his unruly, chafing steed to a stand by the side of her carriage, she gazed breathlessly into the fiery eyes of this man and felt at once that he was the king, though no one had told her so.

The stern face of this ruler of half the known world relaxed as Nitetis, moved by an unaccountable impulse, continued to bear his piercing gaze. At last he waved his hand to her in token of welcome, and then rode on to her escort, who had alighted from their horses and were awaiting him, some having cast themselves down in the dust, and others, after the Persian manner, standing in an attitude of deep reverence, their hands concealed in the wide sleeves of their robes.

He sprang from his horse, an example which was followed at once by his entire suite. The attendants, with the speed of thought, spread a rich purple carpet on the highways, lest the foot of the king should come in contact with the dust of the earth, and then Cambyses proceeded to salute his friends and relations by offering them his mouth to kiss.

He shook Crœsus by the right hand, commanding him to remount and accompany him to the carriage, as interpreter between himself and Nitetis.

In an instant his highest office-bearers were at hand to lift the king once more onto his horse, and at a single nod from their lord the train was again in motion.

Cambyses and Crœsus rode by the side of the carriage.

"She is beautiful, and pleases me well," began the king. "Interpret faithfully all her answers, for I understand only the Persian, Assyrian and Median tongues."

Nitetis caught and understood these words. A feeling of intense joy stole into her heart, and before Crœsus could answer, she began softly in broken Persian and blushing deeply: "Blessed be the gods, who have caused me to find favor in thine eyes. I am not ignorant of the speech of my lord, for the noble Crœsus has instructed me in the Persian language during our long journey. Forgive, if my sentences be broken and imperfect; the time was short, and my capacity only that of a poor and simple maiden."

A smile passed over the usually serious mouth of Cambyses. His vanity was flattered by Nitetis's desire to win his approbation, and, accustomed as he was to see women grow up in idleness and ignorance, thinking of nothing but finery and intrigue, her persevering industry seemed to him both wonderful and praiseworthy. So he answered, with evident satisfaction: "I rejoice that we can speak without an interpreter. Persevere in learning the beautiful language of my forefathers. Crœsus, who sits at my table, shall still remain your instructor."

"Your command confers happiness!" exclaimed the old man. "No more eager or thankful pupil could be found than the daughter of Amasis."

"She justifies the ancient report of the wisdom of Egypt," answered the king, "and I can believe that she will quickly understand and receive into her soul the religious instructions of our Magi."

Nitetis dropped her earnest gaze. Her fears were being realized. She would be compelled to serve strange gods.

But her emotion passed unnoticed by Cambyses, who went on speaking: "My mother, Kassandane, will tell you the duties expected from my wives. To-morrow I myself will lead you to her. The words which you innocently chanced to hear I now repeat; you please me well. Do nothing to alienate my affection. We will try to make our country agreeable, and, as your friend, I counsel you to treat Boges, whom I sent as my forerunner, in a kind and friendly manner. As head over the house of the women, you will have to conform to his will in many things."

"Though he be head over the women," answered Nitetis, "surely your wife is bound to obey no other earthly will than yours. Your slightest look shall be for me a command; but remember that I am a king's daughter, that in my native land the weaker and the stronger sex have equal rights, and that the same pride reigns in my breast which I see kindling in your eyes, my lord and king! My obedience to you, my husband and my ruler, shall be that of a slave, but I can never stoop to sue for favor or obey the orders of a venal servant, the most unmanly of his kind!"

Cambyses's wonder and satisfaction increased. He had never heard any woman speak in this way before, except his mother; the clever way in which Nitetis acknowledged, and laid stress on his right to command her every act, was very flattering to his self-love, and her pride found an echo in his own haughty disposition. He nodded approvingly and answered: "You have spoken well. A separate dwelling shall be appointed you. I, and no one else, will prescribe your rules of life and conduct. This day the pleasant palace on the hanging gardens shall be prepared for your reception."

"A thousand, thousand thanks," cried Nitetis. "You little know the blessing you are bestowing in this permission. Again and again I have begged your brother Bartja to repeat the story of these gardens, and the love of the king who raised that verdant and blooming hill pleased us better than all the other glories of your vast domains."

"To-morrow," answered the king, "you can enter your new abode. But tell me, now, how my messengers pleased you and your countrymen?"

"How can you ask? Who could know the noble Crœsus without loving him? Who could fail to admire the beauty of the young heroes, your friends? They have all become dear to us, but your handsome brother Bartja, especially, won all hearts. The Egyptians have no love for strangers, and yet the gaping crowd would burst into a murmur of admiration when his beautiful face appeared among them."

At these words the king's brow darkened; he struck his horse so sharply that the creature reared, and then turning it quickly round he galloped to the front and soon reached the walls of Babylon.

Though Nitetis had been brought up among the huge temples and palaces of Egypt, she was still astonished at the size and grandeur of this gigantic city.

Its walls seemed impregnable; they measured more than seventy-five feet in height and their breadth was so great that two chariots could conveniently drive abreast upon them. These mighty defenses were crowned and strengthened by two hundred and fifty high towers, and even these would have been insufficient if Babylon had not been protected on one side by impassable morasses. The gigantic city lay on both shores of the Euphrates. It was more than forty miles in circumference, and its walls inclosed buildings surpassing in size and grandeur even the pyramids and the temples of Thebes.

The mighty gates of brass through which the royal train entered the city had opened wide to receive this noble company. This entrance was defended on each side by a strong tower, and before each of these towers lay, as warder, a gigantic winged bull carved in stone, with a human head, bearded and solemn. Nitetis gazed at these gates in astonishment, and then a joyful smile lighted up her face as she looked up the long broad street so brightly and beautifully decorated to welcome her.

The moment they beheld the king and the gilded carriage the multitude burst into loud shouts of joy, but when Bartja, the people's darling, came in sight, the shouts rose to thunder-peals and shrieks of delight, which seemed as if they would never end. It was long since the populace had seen Cambyses, for in accordance with Median customs the king seldom appeared in public. Like the deity, he was to govern invisibly, and his occasional appearance before the nation to be looked upon as a festival and occasion of rejoicing. Thus all Babylon had come out to-day to look upon their awful ruler and to welcome their favorite Bartja on his return. The windows were crowded with eager, curious women who threw flowers before the approaching train, or poured sweet perfumes from above as they passed by. The pavement was thickly strewn with myrtle and palm branches, trees of different kinds had been placed before the house doors, carpets and gay cloths hung from the windows, garlands of flowers were wreathed from house to house, fragrant odors of incense and sandal-wood perfumed the air, and the way was lined with thousands of gaping Babylonians dressed in white linen shirts, gayly colored woolen petticoats and short cloaks, and carrying long staves headed with pomegranates, birds, or roses, of gold or silver.

The streets through which the procession moved were broad and straight, the houses on either side, built of brick, tall and handsome. Towering above everything else, and visible from all points, rose the gigantic temple of Bel. Its colossal staircase, like a huge serpent, wound round and round the ever-diminishing series of stories composing the tower, until it reached the summit, crowned by the sanctuary itself.

The procession approached the royal palace. This corresponded in its enormous size to the rest of the vast city. The walls surrounding it were covered with gayly colored and glazed representations of strange figures made up of human beings, birds, quadrupeds, and fishes; hunting-scenes, battles and solemn processions. By the side of the river toward the north rose the hanging gardens, and the smaller palace lay toward the east on the other bank of the Euphrates, connected with the larger one by the wondrous erection, a firm bridge of stone.

Our train passed on through the brazen gates of three of the walls surrounding the palace and then halted. Nitetis was lifted from her carriage by bearers; she was at last in her new home, and soon after in the apartments of the women's house assigned to her temporary use.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

Maria Edgeworth, a British novelist, born at Black Bourton, Oxfordshire, Jan. 1, 1767; died at Edgeworthstown, Longford, Ireland, May 22, 1849. She was educated by her father. In 1798 "Practical Education," the joint work of father and daughter, was published. Two years later appeared "Castle Rackrent," the sole work of the daughter, which at once established her reputation as a novelist. This was followed by another novel, "Belinda," and by an "Essay on Irish Bulls"; the latter, however, was written in partnership with her father. In 1804 appeared "Popular Tales"; in 1809–1812 "Tales of Fashionable Life," including "Ennui," "The Dun," "Manœuvring," "Almeira," "Vivian," "The Absentee," "Madame de Fleury," and "Emile de Coulanges." They were followed by "Patronage" (1814), and "Harrington," "Ormond," and "Comic Dramas" (1817). In 1822 appeared "Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons"; in 1825, "Harry and Lucy," and in 1834, "Helen." Miss Edgeworth aimed to paint national manners, and to enforce morality. She is eminently successful in depicting the Irish character.

Castle Rackrent.

Monday Morning.

Having, out of friendship for the family, upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent-free time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the Memoirs of the Rackrent Family, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "Honest Thady," afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "Old Thady," and now I've come to "Poor Thady"; for I wear a long greatcoat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Holantide next I've had it these seven years: it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak fashion. To look at me, you would hardly think "Poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland — but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it: that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country — such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog — made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long. The whole country rang with his praises! — Long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman — his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect — a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in — God bless him! — to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying, "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him — a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father — for the last time, poor gentleman — he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near, how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women even, in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse! But who'd have thought it? Just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt — a rescue was apprehended from the mob; but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law: so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country: and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance; Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor, but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or anything as it used to be; the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing: I knew how it was. Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there, however, he overshot himself; for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day — he could not see that to be sure when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins; anything else I could have looked over in her, from a regard to the family. She was a strict observer, for self and servants, of Lent, and all fast-days, but not holidays. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together, we put a morsel of roast beef into her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced, as soon as she could walk, to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water-course. With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp look-out, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other — nothing too much or too little for my lady — eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half-year's rent into arrear; there was something in that to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose, trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about his house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce; so many days' duty-work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why, the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse; so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself: roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravelpits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances, everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, "Learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.

"I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, "what I'm about better than you do; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise — for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir

Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough, with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. My lady had her privy purse; and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing-money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and, besides, again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I; and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other whilst she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning.

"It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-bye to ye." And into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half-a-crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer; so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig: I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me*, a family likeness. A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man: money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honor of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middlemen, who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head: he ferreted the tenants out of their lives; not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent; for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? But still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms: no sooner was a lease out, but the land was advertised to the highest bidder; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so, after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion — anything for the ready penny; and with all this and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family; but I walked about thinking if his honor Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him but he'd see us righted; not that I had anything for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason. Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad: I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself; seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the county, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By and by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honor's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it: why shouldn't he, as well as another? The proposals all went over to the master at the Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a-grousing on it before he went to England; and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honor wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must let it as well as he could — to the best bidder, to be sure — and send him over £200 by return of post: with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant; and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent after the first year, for advancing the half-year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's £200 by the return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied. About this time we learnt from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play; and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen, too, hunting him up and down, day and night, who had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out; and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honor occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honor to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over, till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure: Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for traveling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry. My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this: I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper, to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune: then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and his bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; therefore, a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate. I never shall forget the day he came home; we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was). "Did your honor hear of the bonfires?"

His honor spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps — he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honor. I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires.

"My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, "there would have been fifty times as many; but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship, Jason and I forbid them, please your honor."

With that she looked at me a little bewildered.

"Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?" was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune — she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church nor mass. Mercy upon his honor's poor soul, thought I; what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate? I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself, for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw plain enough how things were between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements.

"Old Thady," said my master, just as he used to do, "how do you do?"

"Very well, I thank your honor's honor," said I; but I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.

"Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his honor.

"Oh damp, your honor! how should it be but as dry as a bone," says I, "after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? It's the barrack-room your honor's talking on."

"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What's this, Sir Kit? and what's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her.

"And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she; "that — that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"

"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip.

Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it? thought I; but I said nothing. Then by and by she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country.

"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.

"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.

"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.

"You don't see it, my dear," says he, "for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time"—says he.

"Where are the trees," said she, "my dear?" still looking through her glass.

"You are blind, my dear," says he; "what are these under your eyes?"

"These shrubs?" said she.

"Trees," said he.

"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," said she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"

"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honor mad with her: "they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at-all-at-all through the skreen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all; it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."

Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over, for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed — Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I; "is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross — it's worth I can't tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married; but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honor one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely my lady should order and disorder what she pleases. But the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig-meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath: and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that: he carried her dinner himself. Then his honor had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was anything at table he might send her, and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very much obliged to Sir Kit — she did not wish for anything, but drank the company's health. The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards: he was a famous shot, had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him whilst at Bath. Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out that she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her death-bed, and to get her to make a will in his favor of her separate possessions; but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back after kneeling to her face, and call her in the presence of his gentleman his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he could bring it out, I don't know) "my pretty Jessica!" To be sure it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her. When she was lying, to all expectation, on her death-bed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish, and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master, so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her: and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner — I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband, to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him!

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out that she was dead, by mistake: this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master. One of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defense, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct; and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother: the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being a new-plowed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candor fired his pistol over his head; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them: thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to reëstablish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries: I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out — sure enough he was within ames-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies; but unluckily, after hitting the toothpick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow to my lady. We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the hand-barrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed, and lifting up her eyes to heaven, uttered some ejaculation, which none present heard; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favor when she had least reason to expect it. My master was greatly lamented: there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and "waked" the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer, who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the country were up about it; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the Continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place; and by the advice of her friends and physicians, she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind. As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the county; his favorite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for them for his sake; but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady. She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and everything belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favorite with her; for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretense to be talking with me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England. But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no veils to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "as rich as a Jew," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortunes amongst us; and if it had not been all along with her, his honor, Sir Kit, would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody no good: the same wind that took the Jew Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called, for short, amongst his friends, Sir Condy Rackrent, was ever my great favorite, and, indeed, the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, amongst other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that "Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died a monument of old Irish hospitality."

A CHANGE OF PARTNERS.

(From "Belinda.")

CURIOSITY was not, at this instant, the strongest passion in Belinda's mind. When the carriage stopped at Mrs. Delacour's door, her heart almost ceased to beat; but she summoned resolution to go through, with firmness and dignity, the task she had undertaken.

Clarence Hervey was not in the room when they entered, nor was Virginia: Mrs. Ormond said that she had been extremely feverish during the night, and that she had advised her not to get up till late in the day. But Mrs. Delacour immediately went for her, and in a few minutes she made her appearance.

Belinda and Lady Delacour exchanged a glance of surprise and admiration. There was a grace and simplicity in her manner, joined to an air of *naïveté*, that made an irresistible impression in her favor. Lady Delacour, however, after the first surprise was over, seemed to relapse into her former opinion; and the piercing looks which her ladyship from time to time cast upon Virginia as she spoke, produced their effect. She was abashed and silent. Belinda endeavored to engage her in conversation, and to her she talked with ease and even with freedom. Virginia examined Miss Portman's countenance with a species of artless curiosity and interest, that was not restrained by factitious politeness. This examination was not particularly agreeable to Belinda, yet it was made with so much apparent simplicity, that she could not be displeased.

On the first pause in the conversation, Mrs. Delacour said, "Pray, my dear Lady Delacour, what is this wonderful present that you sent to me this morning, which you desired that no one should see till you came?"

"I cannot satisfy your curiosity yet," replied Lady Delacour. "I must wait till Clarence Hervey comes, for the present is intended for him."

An air of solemn mystery in her ladyship's manner, as she pronounced these words, excited general attention. There was a dead silence, which lasted several minutes: some feeble attempts were then made by each of the company to start a fresh subject of conversation; but it would not do — all relapsed into the silence of expectation. At last Clarence Hervey arrived. Belinda rejoiced that the universal curiosity which Lady Delacour had inspired prevented any one's observing the sudden change in Mr. Hervey's countenance when he beheld her.

"A pretty set of curious children you are!" cried Lady Delacour, laughing. "Do you know, Clarence, that they are all dying with impatience to see *un gage d'amitié* that I have brought for you; and the reason that they are so curious is simply because I had the address to say, in a solemn voice, 'I cannot satisfy your curiosity till Clarence Hervey arrives.' Now follow me, my friends; and if you be disappointed, lay the blame, not on me, but on your own imaginations."

She led the way to Mrs. Delacour's dressing-room, and all the company followed.

"Now, what do you expect to see?" said she, putting the key into the door.

After waiting some moments for a reply, but in vain, she threw open the door, and they saw, hung before the wall opposite to them a green curtain.

"I thought, my dear Clarence," resumed Lady Delacour, "that no present could be more agreeable to you than a companion for your Virginia. Does this figure," continued she, drawing back the curtain, "does this figure give you the idea of Paul?"

"Paul!" said Clarence; "it is a naval officer in full uniform: what can your ladyship mean?"

"Virginia perhaps will know what I mean, if you will only stand out of her way and let her see the picture."

At these words Clarence made way for Virginia: she turned her eyes upon the picture, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless upon the floor.

"Take it coolly," said Lady Delacour, "and she will come to her senses presently. Young ladies must shriek and faint upon certain occasions; but men (looking at Clarence Hervey) need not always be dupes. This is only a *scene;* consider it as such, and admire the actress as I do."

"Actress! Oh, she is no actress!" cried Mrs. Ormond.

Clarence Hervey raised her from the ground, and Belinda sprinkled water over her face.

"She's dead! — she's dead! Oh, my sweet child! she's dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Ormond, trembling so violently that she could not sustain Virginia.

"She is no actress, indeed," said Clarence Hervey: "her pulse is gone!"

Lady Delacour looked at Virginia's pale lips, touched her cold hands, and with a look of horror cried out, "Good Heavens! what have I done? What shall we do with her?"

"Give her air — give her air, air, air!" cried Belinda.

"You keep the air from her Mrs. Ormond," said Mrs. Delacour. "Let us leave her to Miss Portman; she has more presence of mind than any of us." And as she spoke she forced Mrs. Ormond away with her out of the room.

"If Mr. Hartley should come, keep him with you, Mrs. Delacour," said Clarence Hervey. "Is her pulse quite gone?"

"No; it beats stronger and stronger," said Belinda.

"Her color is returning," said Lady Delacour. "There! raise her a little, dear Belinda; she is coming to herself."

"Had not you better draw the curtain again before that picture," said Miss Portman, "lest she should see it the moment she opens her eyes?"

Virginia came slowly to her recollection, saw Lady Delacour drawing the curtain before the picture, then fixed her eyes upon Clarence Hervey, without uttering a word.

"Are you better now?" said he, in a gentle tone.

"Oh, do not speak — do not look so kindly!" cried Virginia. "I am well — quite well — better than I deserve to be"; and she pressed Belinda's hand, as if to thank her for assisting and supporting her.

"We may safely leave her now," whispered Belinda to Lady Delacour; "we are strangers, and our presence only distresses her."

They withdrew. But the moment Virginia found herself alone with Mr. Hervey, she was seized with a universal tremor; she tried to speak, but could not articulate. At last she burst into a flood of tears; and when this had in some measure relieved her, she threw herself upon her knees, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, as she looked up to heaven —

"Oh, if I knew what I ought to do! — if I knew what I ought to say!"

"Shall I tell you, Virginia? And will you believe me?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"You ought to say — the truth, whatever it may be."

"But you will think me the most ungrateful of human beings?"

"How often must I assure you, Virginia, that I make no claim upon your gratitude? Speak to me — I conjure you, as you value your happiness and mine — speak to me without disguise! What is all this mystery? Why should you fear to let me know what passes in your heart? Why did you shriek at the sight of that picture?"

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" cried Virginia: she would have sunk at his feet, if he had not prevented her.

"I will — I can forgive anything but deceit. Do not look at me with so much terror, Virginia — I have not deserved it: my wish is to make you happy. I would sacrifice even my own happiness to secure yours; but do not mislead me, or you ruin us both. Cannot you give me a distinct answer to this simple question — Why did you shriek at the sight of that picture?"

"Because — but you will call me '*perfidious, ungrateful Virginia!*' — because I have seen that figure — he has knelt to me — he has kissed my hand — and I" —

Clarence Hervey withdrew his arms, which had supported her, and placing her upon a sofa, left her, whilst he walked up and down the room for some minutes in silence.

"And why, Virginia," said he, stopping short, "was it necessary to conceal all this from me? Why was it necessary to persuade me that I was beloved? Why was it necessary that my happiness should be the sacrifice?"

"It shall not! — it shall not! Your happiness shall not be the sacrifice. Heaven is my witness, that there is no sacrifice I would not make for you. Forgive me that shriek! I could not help fainting, indeed! But I will be yours — I *ought* to be yours; and I am not perfidious — I am not ungrateful: do not look upon me as you did in my dream!"

"Do not talk to me of dreams, my dear Virginia; this is no time for trifling; I ask no sacrifice from you — I ask nothing but truth."

"Truth! Mrs. Ormond knows all the truth: I have concealed nothing from her."

"But she has concealed everything from me," cried Clarence; and, with a sudden impulse of indignation, he was going to summon her, but when his hand was upon the lock of the door he paused, returned to Virginia, and said, "let me hear the truth from *your* lips: it is all I shall ever ask from you. How — when — where did you see this man?"

"What man?" said Virginia, looking up, with a simple expression of innocence in her countenance.

Clarence pointed to the picture.

"At the village in the New Forest, at Mrs. Smith's house," said Virginia, "one evening when I walked with her from my grandmother's cottage."

"And your grandmother knew of this?"

"Yes," said Virginia, blushing, "and she was very much displeased."

"And Mrs. Ormond knew of this?" pursued Clarence.

"Yes; but she told me that you would not be displeased at it."

Mr. Hervey made another hasty step toward the door, but restraining his impetuous temper, he again stopped, and leaning over the back of a chair, opposite to Virginia, waited in silence for her to proceed. He waited in vain.

"I do not mean to distress you, Miss Hartley," said he.

She burst into tears. "I knew, I knew," cried she, "that you *would* be displeased; I told Mrs. Ormond so. I knew you would never forgive me."

"In that you were mistaken," said Clarence, mildly; "I forgive you without difficulty, as I hope you may forgive yourself; nor can it be my wish to extort from you any mortifying confessions. But, perhaps, it may yet be in my power to serve you, if you will trust to me. I will myself speak to your father. I will do everything to secure to you the object of your affections, if you will, in this last moment of our connection, treat me with sincerity, and suffer me to be your friend."

Virginia sobbed so violently for some time, that she could not speak: at last she said, "You are — you are the most generous of men! You have always been my *best* friend! I am the most ungrateful of human beings! But I am sure I never wished, I never intended, to deceive you. Mrs. Ormond told me" —

"Do not speak of her at present, or perhaps I may lose my temper," interrupted Clarence in an altered voice: "only tell me — I conjure you, tell me — in one word, who is this man? and where is he to be found?"

"I do not know. I do not understand you," said Virginia.

"You do not know! You will not trust me. Then I must leave you to — to Mr. Hartley."

"Do not leave me — oh, do not leave me in anger!" cried Virginia, clinging to him. "Not trust you! —I! —not trust you! Oh, what *can* you mean? I have no confessions to make! Mrs. Ormond knows every thought of my mind, and so shall you, if you will only hear me. I do not know who this man is, I assure you; nor where he is to be found."

"And yet you love him? Can you love a man whom you do not know, Virginia?"

"I only love his figure, I believe," said Virginia.

"His figure!"

"Indeed I am quite bewildered," said Virginia, looking round wildly; "I know not what I feel."

"If you permitted this man to kneel to you, to kiss your hand, surely you must know that you love him, Virginia?"

"But that was only in a dream; and Mrs. Ormond said"—

"Only a dream! But you met him at Mrs. Smith's, in the New Forest?"

"That was only a picture."

"Only a picture!—but you have seen the original?"

"Never—never in my life: and I wish to Heaven I had never, never seen the fatal picture! the image haunts me day and night. When I read of heroes in the day, that figure rises to my view, instead of yours. When I go to sleep at night, I see it, instead of yours, in my dreams; it speaks to me, it kneels to me. I long ago told Mrs. Ormond this, but she laughed at me. I told her of that frightful dream. I saw you weltering in your blood; I tried to save you, but could not. I heard you say, 'Perfidious, ungrateful Virginia! you are the cause of my death.' Oh, it was the most dreadful night I ever passed! Still this figure, this picture, was before me; and he was the knight of the white plumes; and it was he who stabbed you; but when I wished him to be victorious, I did not know that he was fighting against you. So Mrs. Ormond told me that I need not blame myself; and she said that you were not so foolish as to be jealous of a picture; but I knew you would be displeased—I knew you would think me ungrateful—I knew you would never forgive me."

Whilst Virginia rapidly uttered all this, Clarence marked the wild animation of her eyes, the sudden changes of her countenance; he recollected her father's insanity; every feeling of his mind gave way to terror and pity; he approached her with all the calmness that he could assume, took both her hands, and holding them in his, said, in a soothing voice—

"My dear Virginia, you are not ungrateful. I do not think you so. I am not displeased with you. You have done nothing to displease me. Compose yourself, dear Virginia."

"I am quite composed, now you again call me dear Virginia. Only I am afraid, as I always told Mrs. Ormond, that I do not love you *enough;* but she said that I did, and that my fear was the strongest proof of my affection."

Virginia now spoke in so consistent a manner that Clarence could not doubt that she was in the clear possession of her understanding. She repeated to him all that she had said to Mrs. Ormond; and he began to hope that, without any intention to deceive, Mrs. Ormond's ignorance of the human heart led her into a belief that Virginia was in love with him; whilst, in fact, her imagination, exalted by solitude and romance, embodied and became enamored of a phantom.

"I always told Mrs. Ormond that she was mistaken," said Clarence. "I never believed that you loved me, Virginia, till — (he paused and carefully examined her countenance) — till you yourself gave me reason to think so. Was it only a principle of gratitude, then, that dictated your answer to my letter?"

She looked irresolute: and at last, in a low voice, said, "If I could see, if I could speak to Mrs. Ormond" —

"She cannot tell what are the secret feelings of your heart, Virginia. Consult no Mrs. Ormond. Consult no human creature but yourself."

"But Mrs. Ormond told me that you loved me, and that you had educated me to be your wife."

Mr. Hervey made an involuntary exclamation against Mrs. Ormond's folly.

"How, then, can you be happy," continued Virginia, "if I am so ungrateful as to say I do not love you? That I do not *love* you! — Oh! *that* I cannot say; for I do love you better than any one living except my father, and with the same sort of affection that I feel for him. You ask me to tell you the secret feelings of my heart: the only secret feeling of which I am conscious is — a wish not to marry, unless I could see in reality such a person as — But that I knew was only a picture, a dream; and I thought that I ought at least to sacrifice my foolish imaginations to you, who have done so much for me. I knew that it would be the height of ingratitude to refuse you; and besides, my father told me that you would not accept of my fortune without my hand, so I consented to marry you: forgive me, if these were wrong motives — I thought them right. Only tell me what I can do to make you happy, as I am sure I wish to do; to that wish I would sacrifice every other feeling."

"Sacrifice nothing, dear Virginia. We may both be happy without making any sacrifice of our feelings," cried Clarence. And, transported at regaining his own freedom, Virginia's simplicity never appeared to him so charming as at this moment.

"Dearest Virginia, forgive me for suspecting you for one instant of anything unhandsome. Mrs. Ormond, with the very best intentions possible, has led us both to the brink of misery. But I find you such as I always thought you, ingenuous, affectionate, innocent."

"And you are not angry with me?" interrupted Virginia, with joyful eagerness; "and you will not think me ungrateful? And you will not be unhappy? And Mrs. Ormond was mistaken? And you do not wish that I should *love* you, that I should be your wife, I mean? Oh, don't deceive me, for I cannot help believing whatever you say."

Clarence Hervey, to give her a convincing proof that Mrs. Ormond had misled her as to his sentiments, immediately avowed his passion for Belinda.

"You have relieved me from all doubt, all fear, all anxiety," said Virginia, with the sweetest expression of innocent affection in her countenance. "May you be as happy as you deserve to be! May Belinda — is not that her name? — May Belinda" —

At this moment Lady Delacour half opened the door, exclaiming —

"Human patience can wait no longer!"

"Will you trust me to explain for you, dear Virginia?" said Clarence.

"Most willingly," said Virginia, retiring as Lady Delacour advanced. "Pray leave me here alone, whilst you, who are used to talk before strangers, speak for me."

"Dare you venture, Clarence," said her ladyship, as she closed the door, "to leave her alone with that picture? You are no lover, if you be not jealous."

"I am not jealous," said Clarence, "yet I am a lover — a passionate lover."

"A passionate lover!" cried Lady Delacour, stopping short as they were crossing the antechamber: — "then I have done nothing but mischief. In love with Virginia? I will not — cannot believe it."

"In love with Belinda! — Cannot you, will not you believe it?"

"My dear Clarence, I never doubted it for an instant. But are you at liberty to own it to anybody but me?"

"I am at liberty to declare it to all the world."

"You transport me with joy! I will not keep you from her a second. But stay — I am sorry to tell you, that, as she informed me this morning, *her heart is not at present inclined to love.* And here is Mrs. Margaret Delacour, poor wretch, in this room, dying with curiosity. Curiosity is as ardent as love, and has as good a claim to compassion."

As he entered the room, where there were only Mrs. Margaret Delacour and Belinda, Clarence Hervey's first glance, rapid as it was, explained his heart.

Belinda put her arm within Lady Delacour's, trembling so that she could scarcely stand. Lady Delacour pressed her hand, and was perfectly silent.

"And what is Miss Portman to believe," cried Mrs. Margaret Delacour, "when she has seen you on the very eve of marriage with another lady?"

"The strongest merit I can plead with such a woman as Miss Portman is, that I was ready to sacrifice my own happiness to a sense of duty. Now that I am at liberty" —

"Now that you are at liberty," interrupted Lady Delacour, "you are in a vast hurry to offer your whole soul to a lady, who has for months seen all your merits with perfect insensibility, and who has been, notwithstanding all my operations, stone blind to your love."

"The struggles of my passion cannot totally have escaped Belinda's penetration," said Clarence; "but I like her a thousand times the better for not having trusted merely to appearances. That love is most to be valued which cannot be easily won. In my opinion there is a prodigious difference between a warm imagination and a warm heart."

"Well," said Lady Delacour, "we have all of us seen *Pamela maritata* — let us now see *Belinda in love*, if that be possible. *If!* forgive me this last stroke, my dear — in spite of all my raillery, I do believe that the prudent Belinda is more capable of feeling real permanent passion than any of the dear sentimental young ladies, whose motto is

'All for love, or the world well lost.'"

"That is just my opinion," said Mrs. Margaret Delacour. "But pray, what is become of Mr. Hartley?" looking round: "I do not see him."

"No: for I have hid him," said Lady Delacour: "he shall be forthcoming presently."

"Dear Mr. Clarence Hervey, what have you done with my Virginia?" said Mrs. Ormond, coming into the room.

"Dear Mrs. Ormond, what have *you* done with her?" replied Clarence. "By your mistaken kindness, by insisting upon doing us both good against our wills, you were very near making us both miserable for life. But I blame nobody; I have no right to blame any one so much as myself. All this has arisen from my own presumption and imprudence. Nothing could be more absurd than my scheme of educating a woman in solitude to make her fit for society. I might have foreseen what must happen, that Virginia would consider me as her tutor, her father, not as her lover, or her husband; that with the most affectionate of hearts, she could for me feel nothing but *gratitude*."

"Nothing but gratitude!" repeated Mrs. Ormond, with a degree of amazement in her countenance, which made everybody present smile: "I am sure I thought she was dying for love of you."

"My dear Belinda," whispered Lady Delacour, "if I might judge of the color of this cheek, which has been for some moments permanent crimson, I should guess that you were beginning to find out *of what use the sun is to the dial*."

"You will not let me hear what Mr. Hervey is saying," replied Belinda; "I am very curious."

"Curiosity is a stronger passion than love, as I told him just now," said Lady Delacour.

In spite of all his explanations, Mrs. Ormond could not be made to comprehend Virginia's feelings. She continually repeated, "But it is impossible for Virginia, or for anybody, to be in love with a picture."

"It is not said that she is in love with a picture," replied Mrs. Delacour, "though even for that I could find you a precedent."

"My Lady Delacour," said Mrs. Ormond, "will you explain to us how that picture came into your possession, and how it came here, and, in short, all that is to be known about it?"

"Ay, explain! explain! my dear Lady Delacour," cried Mrs. Delacour: "I am afraid I am grown almost as curious as my Lady Boucher. Explain! explain!"

"Most willingly," said Lady Delacour. "To Marriott's ruling passion for birds you are all of you indebted for this discovery. Some time ago, whilst we were at Twickenham, as Marriott was waiting at a stationer's, to bid her last adieus to a bullfinch, a gentleman came into the shop where she and Bobby (as she calls this bird) were coquetting, and the gentleman was struck even more than Marriott with the bullfinch. He went almost distracted on hearing a particular tune, which this bird sang. I suspected, from the symptoms, that the gentleman must be, or must have been, in love with the bullfinch's mistress. Now the bullfinch was traced home to the *ci-devant* Virginia St. Pierre, the present Miss Hartley. I had my reasons for being curious about her loves and lovers, and as soon as I learned the story from Marriott, I determined, if possible, to find out who this stranger, with the strange passion for bullfinches, might be. I questioned and cross-questioned all those people at the stationer's who were present when he fell into ecstasies; and, from the shopman, who had been bribed to secrecy, I learned that our gentleman returned to the stationer's the day after he met Marriott, and watched till he obtained a sight of Virginia, as she came to her window. Now it was believed by the girl of this shop, who had lived for some time with Mrs. Ormond — Forgive me, Mr. Hervey, for what I am going to say — forgive me, Mrs. Ormond — scandal, like death, is common to all — it was believed that Virginia was Mr. Hervey's mistress. My stranger no sooner learned this than he swore that he would think of her no more; and after bestowing a variety of seamen's execrations upon the villain who had seduced this heavenly creature, he departed from Twickenham, and was no more seen or heard of. My inquiries after him were indefatigable, but for some time unsuccessful: and so they might have continued, and we might have been all making one another unhappy at this moment, if it had not been for Mr. Vincent's great dog Juba — Miss Annabella Luttridge's billet-doux — Sir Philip Baddely's insolence — my Lord Delacour's belief in a quack balsam — and Captain Sunderland's humanity."

"Captain Sunderland! who is Captain Sunderland? we never heard of him before," cried Mrs. Ormond.

"You shall hear of him just as I did, if you please," said Lady Delacour, "and if Belinda will submit to hear me tell the same story twice."

Here her ladyship repeated the history of the battle of the dogs; and of Sir Philip Baddely's knocking down Juba, the man, for struggling in defense of Juba, the dog.

"Now the gentleman who assisted my Lord Delacour in bringing the disabled negro across the square to our house, was Captain Sunderland. My lord summoned Marriott to produce Lady Boucher's infallible balsam, that it might be tried upon

Juba's sprained ankle. Whilst my lord was intent upon the balsam, Marriott was intent upon Captain Sunderland. She recollected that she had met him somewhere before, and the moment he spoke, she knew him to be the gentleman who had fallen into ecstasies in the shop at Twickenham, about the bullfinch. Marriott hastened to me with the news; I hastened to my lord, made him introduce Captain Sunderland to me, and I never rested till he had told me all that I wanted to know. Some years ago, just before he went to sea, he paid a visit to his mother, who then lodged with a widow Smith, in the New Forest. While he was there, he heard of the young beauty who lived in the Forest, with a grandmother, who was *not a little particular;* and who would not permit anybody to see her.

"My captain's curiosity was excited; one day, unseen by the duenna, he obtained a distinct view of Virginia, watering her roses and tending her bees. Struck with her uncommon beauty, he approached carefully to the thicket in which the cottage was inclosed, and found a *lair*, where he concealed himself, day after day, and contemplated at leisure the budding charms of the fair wood-nymph. In short, he became so enamoured, that he was determined to gain admittance at the cottage, and declare his passion; but to his honor be it told, that when the history of the poor girl's mother, and the situation and fears of the old lady, who was her only friend, were known to him, in consideration of the extreme youth of the ward, and the extreme age of her guardian, he determined to defer his addresses till his return from the West Indies, whither he was shortly to sail, and where he had hopes of making a fortune, that might put him in a situation to render the object of his affections independent. He left a bullfinch with Mrs. Smith, who gave it to Virginia, without telling to whom it had belonged, lest her grandmother might be displeased.

"I really thought that all this showed too nice a moral sense for a young dashing lieutenant in the navy, and I was persuaded that my gentleman was only keeping his mistress's secret like a man of honor. With this belief, I regretted that Clarence Hervey should throw himself away upon a girl who was unworthy of him."

"I hope," interrupted Clarence, "you are perfectly convinced of your mistake."

"Perfectly! perfectly!—I am convinced that Virginia is only half mad. But let me go on with my story. I was determined to discover whether she had any remains of affection for this captain. It was in vain he assured me that she had never seen him. I prevailed upon him to let me go on my own way. I inquired whether he had ever had his picture drawn. Yes, he had for his mother, just when he first went out to sea. It had been left at the widow Smith's. I begged him to procure it for me. He told me it was impossible. I told him I trampled on impossibilities. In short, he got the picture for me, as you see. 'Now,' thought I, 'if he speaks the truth, Virginia will see this picture without emotion, and it will only seem to be a present for Clarence. But if she had ever seen him before, or had any secret to conceal, she will betray herself on the sudden appearance of this picture.' Things have turned out contrary to all my expectations, and yet better.— And now, Clarence, I must beg you will prevail on Miss Hartley to appear; I can go on no farther without her."

Lady Delacour took Virginia by the hand, the moment she entered the room.

"Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Hartley?" said she. "I have made you faint once to-day by the sight of a picture; will you promise not to faint again, when I produce the original?"

"The original!" said Virginia. "I will trust myself with you, for I am sure you cannot mean to laugh at me, though, perhaps, I deserve to be laughed at."

Lady Delacour threw open the door of another apartment. Mr. Hartley appeared, and with him Captain Sunderland.

"My dear daughter," said Mr. Hartley, "give me leave to introduce to you a friend, to whom I owe more obligations than to any man living, except to Mr. Hervey. This gentleman was stationed some years ago at Jamaica, and in a rebellion of the negroes on my plantation he saved my life. Fortune has accidentally thrown my benefactor in my way. To show my sense of my obligations is out of my power."

Virginia's surprise was extreme; her vivid dreams, the fond wishes of her waking fancy, were at once accomplished. For the first moment she gazed as on an animated picture, and all the ideas of love and romance associated with this image rushed upon her mind.

But when the realities by which he was surrounded dispelled the illusion, she suddenly withdrew her eyes, and blushed deeply, with such timid and graceful modesty as charmed everybody present.

Captain Sunderland pressed forward; but was stopped by Lady Delacour.

"Avaunt, thou real lover!" cried she: "none but the shadow of a man can hope to approach the visionary maid. In vain has Marraton forced his way through the bushes and briers, in vain has he braved the apparition of the lion; there is yet a phantom barrier apparently impassable between him and his Yaratilda, for he is in the world of shadows. Now, mark me, Marraton: hurry not this delicate spirit, or perchance you frighten and lose her forever; but have patience, and gradually and gracefully she will venture into your world of realities — only give her time."

"Time! Oh, yes, give me time," cried Virginia, shrinking back.

"My dear Miss Hartley," continued Lady Delacour, "in plain prose, to prevent all difficulties and embarrassments, I must inform you, that Captain Sunderland will not insist upon prompt payment of your father's debt of gratitude: he has but one quarter of an hour to spend with us — he is actually under sailing orders; so that you will have time to compose your mind before his return. Clarence, I advise you to accompany Captain Sunderland on this cruise; don't you, Belinda?

"And now, my good friends," continued Lady Delacour, "shall I finish the novel for you?"

"If your ladyship pleases; nobody can do it better," said Clarence Hervey.

"But I hope you will remember, dear Lady Delacour," said Belinda, "that there is nothing in which novelists are so apt to err as in hurrying things toward the conclusion: in not allowing *time* enough for that change of feeling, which change of situation cannot instantly produce."

"That's right, my dear Belinda; true to your principles to the last gasp. Fear nothing — you shall have *time* enough to become accustomed to Clarence. Would you choose that I should draw out the story to five volumes more? With your advice and assistance, I can with the greatest ease, my dear. A declaration of love, you know, is only the beginning of things; there may be blushes, and sighs, and doubts, and fears, and misunderstandings, and jealousies without end or common sense, to fill up the necessary space, and to gain the necessary *time;* but if I might conclude the business in two lines, I should say,

> ‘Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
> And make four lovers happy.’”

“Oh, that would be cutting matters too short,” said Mrs. Margaret Delacour. “I am of the old school; and though I could dispense with the description of Miss Harriot Byron’s worked chairs and fine china, yet I own I like to hear something of the preparation for a marriage, as well as of the mere wedding. I like to hear *how* people become happy in a rational manner, better than to be told in the huddled style of an old fairy tale—*and so they were all married, and they lived very happily all the rest of their days.*”

“We are not in much danger of hearing such an account of modern marriages,” said Lady Delacour. “But how shall I please you all?—Some people cry, ‘Tell me everything;’ others say, that,

> ‘Le secret d’ennuyer est celui de tout dire.’

“Something must be left to the imagination. Positively I will not describe wedding-dresses, or a procession to church. I have no objection to saying that the happy couples were united by the worthy Mr. Moreton; that Mr. Percival gave Belinda away; and that immediately after the ceremony, he took the whole party down with him to Oakly Park. Will this do?—Or, we may conclude, if you like it better, with a characteristic letter of congratulation from Mrs. Stanhope to her *dearest* niece, Belinda, acknowledging that she was wrong to quarrel with her for refusing Sir Philip Baddely, and giving her infinite credit for that admirable *management* of Clarence Hervey, which she hopes will continue through life.”

“Well, I have no objection to ending with a letter,” said Mrs. Delacour; “for last speeches are always tiresome.”

“Yes,” said her ladyship; “it is so difficult, as the Critic says, to get lovers off upon their knees. Now I think of it, let me place you all in proper attitudes for stage effect. What signifies being happy, unless we appear so?—Captain Sunderland—kneeling with Virginia, if you please, sir, at her father’s feet: you in the act of giving them your blessing, Mr. Hartley. Mrs. Ormond clasps her hands with joy—nothing can be better than that, madam—I give you infinite credit for the attitude.

Clarence, you have a right to Belinda's hand, and may kiss it too: nay, Miss Portman, it is the rule of the stage. Now, where's my Lord Delacour? he should be embracing me, to show that we are reconciled. Ha! here he comes — Enter Lord Delacour, with little Helena in his hand — very well! a good start of surprise, my love — stand still, pray; you cannot be better than you are: Helena, my love, do not let go your father's hand. There! quite pretty and natural! Now, Lady Delacour, to show that she is reformed, comes forward to address the audience with a moral — a moral! Yes,

'Our *tale* contains a *moral;* and, no doubt,
You all have wit enough to find it out.'"

Good and Better.

A FATHER sat by the chimney-post,
On a winter's day, enjoying a roast,
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she teases the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty trite and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single — which is the best?"

Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty trite and old:
"She who weddeth keeps God's letter;
She who weds not, doeth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair,
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,
Content to do WELL, without doing BETTER."

ANONYMOUS.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS

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Amelia Blandford Edwards, an English Egyptologist and miscellaneous writer, born in London in 1831; died at Weston Super Mare, Somerset, April 15, 1892. She was educated at home. Her first novel was "My Brother's Wife" (1855). It was followed by "The Ladder of Life" (1856); "Hand and Glove" (1858); "Barbara's History" (1864); "Half a Million of Money," "Miss Carew," "Short Stories and Ballads" (1865); "Debenham's Vow" (1869); "In the Days of My Youth," "Monsieur Maurice" (1873); and "Lord Brackenbury" (1880). After 1880 she devoted herself to archæological studies. In 1883 she was made honorary secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. She received the title of doctor of philosophy from Columbia College, New York, and lectured on the antiquities of Egypt, etc., in 1889 and succeeding years in the United States. Miss Edwards has also written "A Summary of English History" (1856); "The History of France" (1858); "The Story of Cervantes" (1862); "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys" (1873); "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" (1877); and "Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers" (1891). She was one of the leading Egyptologists of England, a member of the Biblical Archæological Society and of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, and was a contributor to English and foreign journals and to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Terrible Company.

(From "Miss Carew.")

I am a Frenchman by birth, and my name is François Thierry. I need not weary you with my early history. Enough, that I committed a political offense — that I was sent to the galleys for it — that I am an exile for it to this day. The brand was not abolished in my time. If I chose, I could show you the fiery letters on my shoulder.

I was arrested, tried, and sentenced in Paris. I went out of the court with my condemnation ringing in my ears. The rumbling wheels of the prison van repeated it all the way from Paris to Bicêtre that evening, and all the next day, and the next, and the next, along the weary road from Bicêtre to Toulon. When I look back upon that time, I think I must have been stupefied by the unexpected severity of my sentence, for I remember nothing of the journey, nor of the places where we stopped — nothing but the eternal repetition of "*travaux forcés — travaux forcés — travaux forcés à perpetuité*," over, and over, and over again. Late in the afternoon of the third day the van stopped, the door was thrown open, and I was conducted across a stone yard, through a stone corridor, into a huge stone hall dimly lighted from above. Here I was interrogated by a military superintendent, and entered by name in a ponderous ledger bound and clasped with iron, like a book in fetters.

"Number Two Hundred and Seven," said the superintendent. "Green."

They took me into an adjoining room, searched, stripped, and plunged me into a cold bath. When I came out of the bath I put on the livery of the galleys — a coarse canvas shirt, trousers of tawny serge, a red serge blouse, and heavy shoes clamped with iron. Last of all, a green woolen cap. On each leg of the trousers, and on the breast and back of the blouse, were printed the fatal letters "T. F." On a brass label in the front of the cap were engraved the figures "207." From that moment I lost my individuality. I was no longer François Thierry. I was Number Two Hundred and Seven. The superintendent stood by and looked on.

"Come, be quick," said he, twirling his long mustache between his thumb and forefinger. "It grows late, and you must be married before supper."

"Married!" I repeated.

The superintendent laughed and lighted a cigar, and his laugh was echoed by the guards and jailers.

Down another stone corridor, across another yard, into another gloomy hall, the very counterpart of the last, but filled with squalid figures, noisy with the clank of fetters, and pierced at each end with a circular opening, through which a cannon's mouth showed grimly.

"Bring Number Two Hundred and Six," said the superintendent, "and call the priest."

Number Two Hundred and Six came from a further corner of the hall, dragging a heavy chain, and along with him a blacksmith, bare-armed and leather-aproned.

"Lie down," said the blacksmith, with an insulting spurn of the foot.

I lay down. A heavy iron ring attached to a chain of eighteen links was then fitted to my ankle, and riveted with the single stroke of the hammer. A second ring next received the disengaged ends of my companion's chain and mine, and was secured in the same manner. The echo of each blow resounded through the vaulted roof like a hollow laugh.

"Good," said the superintendent, drawing a small red book from his pocket. "Number Two Hundred and Seven, attend to the prison code. If you attempt to escape without succeeding, you will be bastinadoed. If you succeed in getting beyond the port, and are taken, you will receive three years of double chaining. As soon as you are missed, three cannon shots will be fired, and alarm-flags will be hoisted on every bastion. Signals will be telegraphed to the maritime guards, and to the police of the ten neighboring districts. A price will be set upon your head. Placards will be posted upon the gates of Toulon, and sent to every town throughout the empire. It will be lawful to fire upon you, if you cannot be captured alive."

Having read this with grim complacency, the superintendent resumed his cigar, replaced the book in his pocket, and walked away.

All was over now — all the incredulous wonder, the dreamy dullness, the smoldering hope of the past three days. I was a felon, and (slavery in slavery!) chained to a fellow-felon. I looked up, and found his eyes upon me. He was a swart, heavy-browed, sullen-jawed man of about forty; not much taller than myself, but of immensely powerful build.

"So," said he, "you're for life, are you? So am I."

"How do you know I am for life?" I asked wearily.

"By that." And he touched my cap roughly with the back of his hand. "Green, for life. Red, for a term of years. What are you in for?"

"I conspired against the government."

He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Devil's mass! Then you're a gentleman-convict, I suppose! Pity you've not a berth to yourselves — we poor *forçats* hate such fine company."

"Are there many political prisoners?" I asked, after a moment's pause.

"None in this department."

Then, as if detecting my unspoken thought, "I am no innocent," he added with an oath. "This is the fourth time I have been here. Did you ever hear of Gasparo?"

"Gasparo the forger?"

He nodded.

"Who escaped three or four months since, and" —

"And flung the sentinel over the ramparts, just as he was going to give the alarm. I'm the man."

I had heard of him as a man who, early in his career, had been sentenced to a prolonged term of solitary imprisonment, and who had come forth from his cell hardened and desperate. I shuddered, and, as I shuddered, found his evil eye taking vindictive note of me. From that moment he hated me. From that moment I loathed him.

A bell rang, and a detachment of convicts came in from labor. They were immediately searched by the guard, and chained up two and two, to a sloping wooden platform that reached all down the center of the hall. Our afternoon meal was then served out, consisting of a mess of beans, an allowance of bread and ship-biscuit, and a measure of thin wine. I drank the wine, but I could eat nothing. Gasparo took what he chose from my untouched allowance, and those who were nearest scrambled for the rest. The supper over, a shrill whistle echoed down the hall, each man took his narrow mattress from under the platform which made our common bedstead, rolled himself in a piece of seaweed matting, and lay down for the night. In less than five minutes all was profoundly silent. Now and then I heard the blacksmith going round with his hammer, testing the gratings and trying the locks in all the corridors. Now and then the guard stalked past with his musket on his shoulder. Sometimes a convict moaned, or shook his fetters in his sleep. Thus the weary hours went by. My companion slept heavily, and even I lost consciousness at last.

I was sentenced to hard labor. At Toulon the hard labor is of various kinds, such as quarrying, mining, pumping in the docks, lading and unlading vessels, transporting ammunition, and so forth. Gasparo and I were employed with about two hundred other convicts in a quarry a little beyond the port. Day after day, week after week, from seven in the morning until seven at night, the rocks echoed with our blows. At every blow our chains rang and rebounded on the stony soil. In that fierce climate, terrible tempests and tropical droughts succeed each other throughout the summer and autumn. Often and often, after toiling for hours under a burning sky, have I gone back to prison and to my pallet drenched to the skin. Thus the last days of the dreary spring ebbed slowly past, and then the more dreary summer, and then the autumn-time came round.

My fellow-convict was a Piedmontese. He had been a burglar, a forger, an incendiary. In his last escape he had committed manslaughter. Heaven alone knows how my sufferings were multiplied by that abhorred companionship — how I shrank from the touch of his hand — how I sickened as his breath came over me as we lay side by side at night. I strove to disguise my loathing; but in vain. He knew it as well as I knew it, and he revenged himself upon me by every means that a vindictive nature could devise. That he should tyrannize over me was not wonderful; for his physical strength was gigantic, and he was looked upon as an authorized despot throughout the port; but simple tyranny was the least part of what I had to endure. I had been fastidiously nurtured. I was unaccustomed to bodily labor; he imposed on me the largest share of our daily work. When I needed rest he would insist on walking. When my limbs were cramped he would lie down obstinately, and refuse to stir. He delighted to sing blasphemous songs, and relate hideous stories of what he had thought and resolved on in his solitude. He would even twist the chain in such wise that it should gall me at every step. I was at that time just twenty-two years of age, and had been sickly from boyhood. To retaliate, or to defend myself, would have been alike impossible. To complain to the superintendent would only have been to provoke my tyrant to greater cruelty.

There came a day, at length, when his hatred seemed to abate. He allowed me to rest when our hour of repose came round. He abstained from singing the songs I abhorred, and fell into long fits of abstraction. The next morning, shortly after we had begun work, he drew near enough to speak to me in a whisper.

"François, have you a mind to escape?"

I felt the hot blood rush to my face. I clasped my hands. I could not speak.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"To the death."

"Listen, then. To-morrow, Marshal de la Tour d'Auvergne will visit the port. He will inspect the docks, the prisons, the quarries. There will be plenty of cannonading from the forts and the shipping, and if two convicts escape, a volley more or less will attract no attention round about Toulon. Do you understand?"

"You mean that no one will recognize the signals?"

"Not even the sentries at the town gate — not even the guards in the next quarry. Devil's mass! What can be easier than to strike off each other's fetters with the pickax when the superintendent is not looking, and the salutes are firing? Will you venture?"

"With my life!"

"A bargain. Shake hands on it."

I had never touched his hand in fellowship before, and I felt as if my own were blood-stained by the contact. I knew by the sullen fire in his glance that he interpreted my faltering touch aright.

We were roused an hour earlier than usual the following morning, and went through a general inspection in the prison-yard. Before going to work, we were served with a double allowance of wine. At one o'clock we heard the first far-off salutes from the ships of war in the harbor. The sound ran through me like a galvanic shock. One by one the forts took up the signal. It was repeated by the gunboats closer in shore. Discharge followed discharge, all along the batteries on both sides of the port, and the air grew thick with smoke.

"As the first shot is fired yonder," whispered Gasparo, pointing to the barracks behind the prison, "strike at the first link of my chain, close to the ankle."

A rapid suspicion flashed across me.

"If I do, how can I be sure that you will free me afterward? No, Gasparo; you must deal the first blow."

"As you please," he cried, with a laugh and an imprecation.

At the same instant came a flash from the battlements of the barrack close by, and then a thunderous reverberation, multiplied again and again by the rocks around. As the roar burst over our heads, I saw him strike, and felt the fetters fall. Scarcely had the echo of the first gun died away, when the second was fired. It was now Gasparo's turn to be free. I struck, but less skillfully, and had twice to repeat the blow before breaking the stubborn link. We then went on, apparently, with our work, standing somewhat close together, with the chain huddled up between us. No one had observed us, and no one, at first sight, could have detected what we had done. At the third shot, a party of officers and gentlemen made their appearance at the bend of the road leading up to the quarry. In an instant every head was turned in their direction ; every felon paused in his work; every guard presented arms. At that moment we flung away our caps and pickaxes, scaled the rugged bit of cliff on which we had been toiling, dropped into the ravine below, and made for the mountain passes that lead into the valley. Encumbered still with the iron anklets to which our chain had been fastened, we could not run very swiftly. To add to our difficulties, the road was uneven, strewn with blocks of fallen granite, and tortuous as the windings of a snake. Suddenly, on turning a sharp angle of a projecting cliff, we came upon a little guard-house, and a couple of sentries. To retreat was impossible. The soldiers were within a few yards of us. They presented their pieces, and called to us to surrender. Gasparo turned upon me like a wolf at bay.

"Curse you!" said he, dealing me a tremendous blow; "stay and be taken! I have always hated you!"

I fell, as if struck down by a sledge-hammer; and, as I fell, saw him dash one soldier to the ground, dart past the other, heard a shot, and then all became dark, and I knew no more.

When next I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a small, unfurnished room, dimly lighted by a tiny window close against the ceiling. It seemed as if weeks had gone by since I lost consciousness. I had scarcely strength to rise, and, having risen, kept my feet with difficulty. Where my head had lain, the floor was wet with blood. Giddy and perplexed, I leaned against the wall, and tried to think.

In the first place, where was I? Evidently in no part of the prison from which I had escaped. There, all was solid stone and iron grating; here was only whitewashed lath and plaster. I must be in a chamber of the little guard-house: probably in an upper chamber. Where, then, were the soldiers? Where was Gasparo? Had I strength to clamber up to that window, and, if so, in what direction did that window look out? I stole to the door, and found it locked. I listened breathlessly, but could hear no sound either below or above. Creeping back again, I saw that the little window was at least four feet above my head. The smooth plaster offered no projections by which

I could raise myself, and there was not even a fireplace in the room from which I could have wrenched a bar to dig out holes in the wall for my feet and hands. Stay! there was my leathern belt, and on the belt the iron hook which used to sustain my chain when I was not at work. I tore off the hook, picked away the lath and plaster in three or four places, climbed up, opened the window, and gazed out eagerly. Before me, at a distance of not more than thirty-five or forty feet, rose the rugged cliff under whose shelter the guard-house was built; at my feet lay a little kitchen-garden, divided from the base of the rock by a muddy ditch which seemed to run through the ravine; to the right and left, as well as I could judge, lay the rocky path along which our course had been directed. My decision was taken at once. To stay was certain capture; to venture, at all hazards, would make matters no worse. Again I listened, and again all was quiet. I drew myself through the little casement, dropped as gently as I could upon the moist earth, and, crouching against the wall, asked myself what I should do next. To climb the cliff would be to offer myself as a target to the first soldier who saw me. To venture along the ravine would be, perhaps, to encounter Gasparo and his captors face to face. Besides, it was getting dusk; and, under cover of the night, if I could only conceal myself till then, I might yet escape. But where was that concealment to be found? Heaven be thanked for the thought! There was the ditch!

Only two windows looked out upon the garden from the back of the guard-house. From one of those two windows I had just now let myself down, and the other was partly shuttered up. I did not dare, however, openly to cross the garden. I dropped upon my face and crawled in the furrows between the rows of vegetables until I came to the ditch. Here the water rose nearly to my waist, but the banks on either side were considerably higher, and, by stooping, I found that I could walk without bringing my head to the level of the road. I thus followed the course of the ditch for some two or three hundred yards in the direction of Toulon, thinking that my pursuers would be less likely to suspect me of doubling back toward prison than of pushing forward toward the country. Half lying, half crouching under the rank grasses that fringed the bank above, I then watched the gathering shadows. By and by I heard the evening gun, and, a moment after, something like a distant sound of voices. Hark! was that a shout? Unable to endure the agony of suspense, I lifted my head and peered cautiously out. There were lights moving in the windows of the guard-house, there were dark figures in the garden, there were hasty tramplings of feet upon the road above! Presently a light flashed over the water only a few yards from my hiding-place! I slid gently down at full length, and suffered the foul ooze to close noiselessly over me. Lying thus, I held my breath till the very beatings of my heart seemed to suffocate me, and the veins in my temples were almost bursting. I could bear it no longer — I rose to the surface — I breathed again — I looked — I listened. All was darkness and silence. My pursuers were gone by!

I suffered an hour to go by, too, before I ventured to move again. By that time it was intensely dark, and had begun to rain heavily. The water in the ditch became a brawling torrent, through which I waded, unheard, past the very windows of a guard-house.

After toiling through the water for a mile or more, I ventured out upon the road again; and so, with the rain and wind beating in my face, and the scattered bowlders tripping me up continually, I made my way through the whole length of the winding pass, and came out upon the more open country about midnight. With no other guide than the wind, which was blowing from the northeast, and without even a star to help me, I then struck off to the right, following what seemed to be a rough by-road lying through a valley. By and by the rain abated, and I discerned the dark outlines of a chain of hills extending all along to the left of the road. These, I concluded, must be the Maures. All was well, so far. I had taken the right direction, and was on the way to Italy.

Excepting to sit down, now and then, for a few minutes by the wayside, I never paused in my flight all the night through. Fatigue and want of food prevented me, it is true, from walking very fast; but the love of liberty was strong within me, and, by keeping steadily on, I succeeded in placing about eighteen miles between myself and Toulon. At five o'clock, just as the day began to dawn, I heard a peal of chimes, and found that I was approaching a large town. In order to avoid this town, I was forced to turn back for some distance and take to the heights. The sun had now risen, and I dared go no further; so, having pulled some turnips in a field as I went along, I took refuge in a little lonely copse in a hollow among the hills, and there lay all day in safety.

When night again closed in I resumed my journey, keeping always among the mountains, and coming, now and then, on grand glimpses of moonlit bays, and tranquil islands lying off the shore; now and then, on pastoral hamlets nestled up among the palmy heights, or on promontories overgrown with the cactus and the aloe. I rested all the second day in a ruined shed at the bottom of a deserted sand-pit, and in the evening, feeling that I could no longer sustain life without some fitting nourishment, made my way down toward a tiny fishing village on the coast below. It was quite dark by the time I reached the level ground. I walked boldly past the cottages of the fishermen, meeting only an old woman and a little child on the way, and knocked at the curé's door. He opened it himself. I told my story in half a dozen words. The good man believed and pitied me. He gave me food and wine, an old handkerchief to wrap about my head, an old coat to replace my convict's jacket, and two or three francs to help me on my way. I parted from him with tears.

I walked all that night again, and all the next, keeping somewhat close upon the coast, and hiding among the cliffs during the daytime. On the fifth morning, having left Antibes behind me during the night's march, I came to the banks of the Var, crossed the torrent about half a mile below the wooden bridge, plunged into the pine-woods on the Sardinian side of the frontier, and lay down to rest on Italian ground at last!

How, though comparatively safe, I still pursued my journey by the least frequented ways — how I bought a file at the first hamlet to which I came, and freed myself from the iron anklet — how, having lurked about Nice till my hair and beard had grown, I begged my way on to Genoa — how, at Genoa, I hung about the port, earning a scant livelihood by any chance work that I could get, and so struggled, somehow, through the inclement winter — how, toward the early spring, I worked my passage on board a small trader from Genoa to Fiumicino, touching at all the ports along the coast — and how, coming slowly up the Tiber in a barge laden with oil and wine, I landed, one evening in March, on the Ripetta Quay, in Rome; how all these things happened, and what physical hardships I endured in the meanwhile, I have no time here to relate in detail. My object had been to get to Rome, and that object was at last attained. In so large a city, and at so great a distance from the scene of my imprisonment, I was personally safe. I might hope to turn my talents and education to account. I might even find friends among the strangers who would flock thither to the Easter festivals. Full of hope, therefore, I sought a humble lodging in the neighborhood of the quay, gave up a day or two to the enjoyment of my liberty and of the sights of Rome, and then set myself to find some regular employment.

Regular employment, or, indeed, employment of any kind, was not, however, so easily to be obtained. It was a season of distress. The previous harvest had been a failure, and the winter unusually severe. There had also been disturbances in Naples, and the travelers this spring were fewer by some thousands than the ordinary average. So dull a carnival had not been known for years. The artists had sold no paintings, and the sculptors no statues. The cameo-cutters and the mosaicists were starving. The tradesmen, the hotel-keepers, the professional ciceroni, were all complaining bitterly. Day by day my hopes faded and my prospects darkened. Day by day the few scudi I had scraped together on the passage melted away. I had thought to obtain a clerkship, or a secretaryship, or a situation in some public library. Before three weeks were over I would gladly have swept a studio. At length there came a day when I saw nothing before me but starvation; when my last bajocco was expended; when my *padrone* shut the door in my face, and I knew not where to turn for a meal or a shelter. All that afternoon I wandered hopelessly about the streets. It was Good Friday, of all days of the year. The churches were hung with black; the bells were tolling; the thoroughfares were crowded with people in mourning. I went into the little church of Santa Martina. They were chanting a *miserere*, probably with no great skill, but with a pathos that seemed to open up all the sources of my despair.

Outcast that I was, I slept that night under a dark arch near the theater of Marcellus. The morning dawned upon a glorious day, and I crept out shivering into the sunshine. Lying crouched against a bit of warm wall, I caught myself wondering more than once how long it would be worth while to endure the agonies of hunger, and whether the brown waters of the Tiber were deep enough to drown a man. It seemed hard to die so young. My future might have been so pleasant, so honorable! The rough life that I had been leading of late, too, had strengthened me in every way, physically and mentally. I had grown taller. My muscles were more developed. I was twice as active, as energetic, as resolute, as I had been a year before. And of what use were these things to me? I must die, and they could only serve to make me die the harder.

I got up and wandered about the streets, as I had wandered the day before. Once I asked for alms, and was repulsed. I followed mechanically in the stream of carriages and foot-passengers, and found myself, by and by, in the midst of the crowd that ebbs and flows continually about St. Peter's during Easter week. Stupefied and weary, I turned aside into the vestibule of the Sagrestia, and cowered down in the shadow of a doorway. Two gentlemen were reading a printed paper wafered against a pillar close by.

"Good heavens!" said one to the other, "that a man should risk his neck for a few pauls!"

"Ay, and with the knowledge that, out of eighty workmen, six or eight are dashed to pieces every time," added his companion.

"Shocking! Why that is an average of ten per cent!"

"No less. It is a desperate service."

"But a fine sight," said the first speaker, philosophically; and with this they walked away.

I sprung to my feet and read the placard with avidity. It was headed, "Illumination of Saint Peter's," and announced that eighty workmen being required for the lighting of the dome and cupola, and three hundred for the cornices, pillars, colonnade, and so forth, the *amministratore* was empowered, etc., etc. In conclusion, it stated that every workman employed on the dome and cupola should receive in payment a dinner and twenty-four pauls, the wages of the rest being less than a third of that sum.

A desperate service, it was true; but I was a desperate man. After all, I could but die, and I might as well die after a good dinner as from starvation. I went at once to the *amministratore*, was entered in his list, received a couple of pauls as earnest of the contract, and engaged to present myself punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning. That evening I supped at a street stall, and for a few bajocchi, obtained leave to sleep on some straw in a loft over a stable at the back of the Via del Arco.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, April the sixteenth, I found myself, accordingly, in the midst of a crowd of poor fellows, most of whom, I dare say, were as wretched as myself, waiting at the door of the administrator's office. The piazza in front of the cathedral was like a moving mosaic of life and color. The sun was shining, the fountains were playing, the flags were flying over Saint Angelo. It was a glorious sight; but I saw it only for a few moments. As the clocks struck the hour the folding-doors were thrown open, and we passed, in a crowd, into a hall, where two long tables were laid for our accommodation. A couple of sentinels stood at the door; an usher marshaled us, standing, round the tables, and a priest read grace.

As he began to read, a strange sensation came upon me. I felt impelled to look across to the opposite table, and there — yes, by Heaven! there I saw Gasparo!

He was looking full at me, but his eyes dropped on meeting mine. I saw him turn lividly white. The recollection of all he had made me suffer, and of the dastardly blow that he had dealt me on the day of our flight, overpowered for the moment even my surprise at seeing him in this place. Oh, that I might live to meet him yet, under the free sky, where no priest was praying, and no guards were by!

The grace over, we sat down and fell to. Not even anger had power to blunt the edge of my appetite just then. I ate like a famishing wolf, and so did most of the others. We were allowed no wine, and the doors were locked upon us, that we might not procure any elsewhere. It was a wise regulation, considering the task we had to perform; but it made us none the less noisy. Under certain circumstances danger intoxicates like wine, and on this Easter Sunday, we eighty *sanpietrini*, any of whom might have his brains dashed about the leads before supper-time, ate, talked, jested, and laughed with a wild gayety that had in it something appalling.

The dinner lasted long, and when no one seemed disposed to eat more, the tables were cleared. Most of the men threw themselves on the floor and benches and went to sleep, Gasparo among the number. Seeing this, I could refrain no longer. I went over and stirred him roughly with my foot.

"Gasparo! You know me?"

He looked up suddenly.

"Devil's mass! I thought you were at Toulon."

"It is not your fault that I am not at Toulon! Listen to me. If you and I survive this night, you shall answer to me for your treachery!"

He glared at me from under his deep brows, and, without replying, turned over on his face again, as if to sleep.

"*Ecco un maladetto!*" (There's an accursed fellow!) said one of the others, with a significant shrug, as I came away.

"Do you know anything of him?" I asked eagerly.

"*Cospetto!* I know nothing of him, but that he is said to be a wolf and a blasphemer."

I could learn no more, so I stretched myself upon the floor, as far as possible from my enemy, and fell profoundly asleep.

At seven, the guards roused those who still slept, and served each man with a small mug of thin wine. We were then formed into a double file, marched round by the back of the cathedral, and conducted up an inclined plane to the roof below the dome. From this point, a long series of staircases and winding passages carried us up between the double walls of the dome; and, at different stages in the ascent, a certain number of us were detached and posted ready for work. I was detached about half way up, and I saw Gasparo going higher still. When we were all posted, the superintendents came round and gave us our instructions. At a given signal, every man was to pass out through the loophole or window before which he was placed, and seat himself astride upon a narrow shelf of wood hanging to a strong rope just below. This rope came through the window, was wound round a roller, and secured from within. At the next signal a lighted torch would be put into his right hand, and he was to grasp the rope firmly with his left. At the third signal the rope was to be unwound from within by an assistant placed there for the purpose, he was to be allowed to slide rapidly down over the curve of the dome, and while thus sliding, was to apply his torch to every lamp he passed in his downward progress.

Having received these instructions, we waited, each man at his window, until the first signal should be given.

It was fast setting dark, and the silver illumination had been lighted since seven. All the great ribs of the dome, as far as I could see; all the cornices and friezes of the façade below; all the columns and parapets of the great colonnade surrounding the piazza four hundred feet below, were traced out in lines of paper lanterns, the light from which, subdued by the paper, gleamed with a silvery fire which had a magical and wondrous look. Between and among these *lanternoni* were placed, at different intervals all over the cathedral on the side facing the piazza, iron cups, called *padelle*, ready filled with tallow and turpentine. To light those on the dome and cupola, was the perilous task of the *sanpietrini;* when they were all lighted, the golden illumination would be effected.

A few moments of intense suspense elapsed. At every second the evening grew darker, the *lanternoni* burned brighter, the surging hum of thousands in the piazza and streets below rose louder to our ears. I felt the quickening breath of the assistant at my shoulder — I could almost hear the beating of my heart. Suddenly, like the passing of an electric current, the first signal flew from lip to lip. I got out, and crossed my legs firmly round the board — with the second signal I seized the blazing torch — with the third, I felt myself launched, and, lighting every cup as I glided past, saw all the mountainous dome above and below me spring into lines of leaping flame. The clock was now striking eight, and when the last stroke sounded, the whole cathedral was glowing in outlines of fire. A roar, like the roar of a great ocean, rose up from the multitude below, and seemed to shake the very dome against which I was clinging. I could even see the light upon the gazing faces, the crowd upon the bridge of St. Angelo, and the boats swarming along the Tiber.

Having dropped safely to the full length of my rope, and lighted my allotted share of lamps, I was now sitting in secure enjoyment of this amazing scene. All at once, I felt the rope vibrate. I looked up, saw a man clinging by one hand to the iron rod supporting the *padelle*, and with the other — Merciful Heaven! It was the Piedmontese firing the rope above me with his torch!

I had no time for thought — I acted upon instinct. It was done in one fearful moment. I clambered up like a cat, dashed my torch full in the felon's face, and grasped the rope an inch or two above the spot where it was burning! Blinded and baffled, he uttered a terrible cry, and dropped like a stone. Through all the roar of the living ocean below, I could hear the dull crash with which he came down upon the leaded roof. Echoing through all the years that have gone by since that night, I hear it now.

. . . .

I had scarcely drawn breath, when I found myself being hauled up. The assistance came not a moment too soon, for I was sick and giddy with horror, and fainted as soon as I was safe in the corridor. The next day I waited on the *amministratore*, and told him all that had happened. My statement was corroborated by the vacant rope from which Gasparo had descended, and the burnt fragment by which I had been drawn up. The *amministratore* repeated my story to a prelate high in office; and while none, even of the *sanpietrini*, suspected that my enemy had come by his death in an unusual manner, the truth was whispered from palace to palace, until it reached the Vatican. I received much sympathy, and such pecuniary assistance as enabled me to confront the future without fear. Since that time my fortunes have been various. I have lived in many countries, and known many strange adventures; but never, before or since, found myself in such terrible company as on the dome of St. Peter's, that memorable Easter Sunday night.

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

("NILE SONG"—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.)

THOU art the palm-tree of my desert, and thy glance, so soft and bright,
Is the moonlight of my spirit in its long and dreary night;
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden—only well
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness—my gentle-eyed gazelle!

But the palm-tree waves in sunny heights, unreached by sighs of mine,
And the moonlight has its mission first on loftier brows to shine,
And a wealthier hand will cull that flower—unseal that stainless spring:
May'st thou be happy!—even with him, while lone I'm wandering.

ANONYMOUS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Jonathan Edwards, a distinguished American divine and metaphysician, born at East Windsor, Conn., Oct. 5, 1703; died at Princeton, N. J., March 22, 1758. He entered Yale College at thirteen, and was licensed to preach at nineteen. From 1724 to 1726 he was tutor at Yale. Early in 1727 he was ordained as colleague to his maternal grandfather, Mr. Stoddard, the pastor at Northampton, Mass., becoming sole minister, two years later, upon the death of Mr. Stoddard. His ministry at Northampton lasted twenty-four years. Disputes upon ecclesiastical points arose between him and his congregation, and he was forced to resign. He then became a missionary among the remnant of the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., where he wrote the "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will," "God's Last End in the Creation," the treatises on "The Affections," on "Original Sin," and on "The Nature of True Virtue," and a projected voluminous "History of Redemption," which had been begun several years before. In 1757 his son-in-law, Rev. Aaron Burr, President of Princeton College, died, and Edwards was chosen as his successor. He was installed in this office in February, 1758, but died a month after, from an attack of small-pox. Besides the works already mentioned and a "Life of David Brainerd," his son-in-law, numerous "Sermons" of Edwards' were published during his lifetime and after his death. His works are the recognized exponents of essential Calvinism next to those of its founder, and rank high in the theological metaphysic of all time. Several editions of his "Works" have been published; the most complete of which, with a "Memoir," is by his great-grandson, Sereno Edwards Dwight (10 vols., 1830; afterward in a more compact form in four large volumes).

The Idea of Nothing.

(From "Of Being.")

A state of absolutely nothing is a state of absolute contradiction. Absolute nothing is the aggregate of all the absurd contradictions in the world; a state wherein there is neither body nor spirit, nor space, neither empty space nor full space, neither little nor great, narrow nor broad, neither infinitely great space nor finite space, nor a mathematical point, neither up nor down, neither north nor south (I do not mean as it is with respect to the body of the earth or some other great body, but no contrary point nor positions or directions), no such thing as either here or there, this way or that way, or only one way. When we go about to form an idea of perfect nothing we must shut out all these things; we must shut out of our minds both space that has something in it, and space that has nothing in it. We must not allow ourselves to think of the least part of space, never so small. Nor must we suffer our thoughts to take sanctuary in a mathematical point. When we go to expel body out of our thoughts, we must cease not to leave empty space in the room of it; and when we go to expel emptiness from our thoughts, we must not think to squeeze it out by anything close, hard, and solid, but we must think of the same that the sleeping rocks dream of; and not till then shall we get a complete idea of nothing.

THE NOTION OF ACTION AND AGENCY ENTERTAINED BY MR. CHUBB AND OTHERS.

(From the "Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.")

So that according to their notion of the act, considered with regard to its consequences, these following things are all essential to it: viz., That it should be necessary, and not necessary; that it should be from a cause, and no cause; that it should be the fruit of choice and design, and not the fruit of choice and design; that it should be the beginning of motion or exertion, and yet consequent on previous exertion; that it should be before it is; that it should spring immediately out of indifference and equilibrium, and yet be the effect of preponderation; that it should be self-originated, and also have its original from something else; that it is what the mind causes itself, of its own will, and can produce or prevent according to its choice or pleasure, and yet what the mind has no power to prevent, precluding all previous choice in the affair.

So that an act, according to their metaphysical notion of it, is something of which there is no idea. . . . If some learned philosopher who had been abroad, in giving an account of the curious observations he had made in his travels, should say he had been in Tierra del Fuego, and there had seen an animal, which he calls by a certain name, that begat and brought forth itself, and yet had a sire and dam distinct from itself; that it had an appetite and was hungry, before it had a being; that his master, who led him and governed him at his pleasure, was always governed by him and driven by him where he pleased; that when he moved he always took a step before the first step; that he went with his head first, and yet always went tail foremost; and this though he had neither head nor tail: it would be no impudence at all to tell such a traveler, though a learned man, that he himself had no idea of such an animal as he gave an account of, and never had, nor ever would have.

Excellency of Christ.

When we behold a beautiful body, a lovely proportion and beautiful harmony of features, delightful airs of countenance and voice, and sweet motions and gestures, we are charmed with it, not under the notion of a corporeal but a mental beauty. For if there could be a statue that should have exactly the same, that could be made to have the same sounds and the same motions precisely, we should not be so delighted with it, we should not fall entirely in love with the image, if we knew certainly that it had no perception or understanding. The reason is, we are apt to look upon this agreeableness, those airs, to be emanations of perfections of the mind, and immediate effects of internal purity and sweetness. Especially it is so when we love the person for the airs of voice, countenance, and gesture, which have much greater power upon us than barely colors and proportion of dimensions. And it is certainly because there is an analogy between such a countenance and such airs and those excellencies of the mind, — a sort of I know not what in them that is agreeable, and does consent with such mental perfections; so that we cannot think of such habitudes of mind without having an idea of them at the same time. Nor can it be only from custom; for the same dispositions and actings of mind naturally beget such kind of airs of countenance and gesture, otherwise they never would have come into custom. I speak not here of the ceremonies of conversation and behavior, but of those simple and natural motions and airs.

So it appears, because the same habitudes and actings of mind do beget (airs and movements) in general the same amongst all nations, in all ages.

And there is really likewise an analogy or consent between the beauty of the skies, trees, fields, flowers, etc., and spiritual excellencies, though the agreement be more hid, and require a more discerning, feeling mind to perceive it than the other. Those have their airs, too, as well as the body and countenance of man, which have a strange kind of agreement with such mental beauties. This makes it natural in such frames of mind to think of them and fancy ourselves in the midst of them. Thus there seem to be love and complacency in flowers and bespangled meadows; this makes lovers so much delight in them. So there is a rejoicing in the green trees and fields, and majesty in thunder beyond all other noises whatever.

Now, we have shown that the Son of God created the world for this very end, to communicate himself in an image of his own excellency. He communicates himself, properly, only to spirits; and they only are capable of being proper images of his excellency, for they only are properly *beings*, as we have shown. Yet he communicates a sort of a shadow, a glimpse, of his excellencies to bodies, which, as we have shown, are but the shadows of beings, and not real beings. He who by his immediate influence gives being every moment, and by his spirit actuates the world, because he inclines to communicate himself and his excellencies, doth doubtless communicate his excellency to bodies, as far as there is any consent or analogy. And the beauty of face and sweet airs in men are not always the effect of the corresponding excellencies of mind; yet the beauties of nature are really emanations or shadows of the excellencies of the Son of God.

So that when we are delighted with flowery meadows and gentle breezes of wind, we may consider that we see only the emanations of the sweet benevolence of Jesus Christ. When we behold the fragrant rose and lily, we see this love and purity. So the green trees, and fields, and singing of birds are the emanations of his infinite joy and benignity. The easiness and naturalness of trees and vines are shadows of his beauty and loveliness. The crystal rivers and murmuring streams are the footsteps of his favor, grace, and beauty. When we behold the light and brightness of the sun, the golden edges of an evening cloud, or the beauteous bow, we behold the adumbrations of his glory and goodness; and in the blue sky, of his mildness and gentleness. There are also many things wherein we may behold his awful majesty: in the sun in his strength, in comets, in thunder, in the hovering thunder-clouds, in ragged rocks and the brows of mountains. That beauteous light with which the world is filled in a clear day is a lively shadow of his spotless holiness, and happiness, and delight, in communicating himself; and doubtless this is a reason that Christ is so often compared to those things and called by their names,—as, the Sun of Righteousness, the Morning Star, the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the apple-tree amongst the trees of the wood, a bundle of myrrh, a roe, or a young hart. By this we may discover the beauty of many of those metaphors and similes which to an unphilosophical person do seem so uncouth.

In like manner, when we behold the beauty of man's body in its perfection we still see like emanations of Christ's divine perfections; although they do not always flow from the mental excellencies of the person that has them. But we see far the most proper image of the beauty of Christ when we see beauty in the human soul.

Corol. I. From hence it is evident that man is in a fallen state; and that he has naturally scarcely anything of those sweet graces which are an image of those which are in Christ. For no doubt, seeing that other creatures have an image of them according to their capacity, so all the rational and intelligent part of the world once had according to theirs.

Corol. II. There will be a future state wherein man will have them according to his capacity. How great a happiness will it be in Heaven for the saints to enjoy the society of each other, since one may see so much of the loveliness of Christ in those things which are only shadows of beings. With what joy are philosophers filled in beholding the aspectable world. How sweet will it be to behold the proper image and communications of Christ's excellency in intelligent beings, having so much of the beauty of Christ upon them as Christians shall have in Heaven. What beautiful and fragrant flowers will those be, reflecting all the sweetnesses of the Son of God! How will Christ delight to walk in this garden among those beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies!

THE ESSENCE OF TRUE VIRTUE.

(From "The Nature of True Virtue.")

TRUE virtue most essentially consists in benevolence to being in general. Or perhaps, to speak more accurately, it is that consent, propensity, and union of heart to being in general, which is immediately exercised in a general good-will.

A benevolent propensity of heart to being in general, and a temper or disposition to love God supremely, are in effect the same thing. . . . However, every particular exercise of love to a creature may not *sensibly* arise from any exercise of love to God, or an explicit consideration of any similitude, conformity, union or relation to God, in the creature beloved.

The most proper evidence of love to a created being arising from that temper of mind wherein consists a supreme propensity of heart to God, seems to be the agreeableness of the kind and degree of our love to God's end in our creation, and in the creation of all things, and the coincidence of the exercises of our love, in their manner, order, and measure, with the manner in which God himself exercises love to the creature in the creation and government of the world, and the way in which God, as the first cause and supreme disposer of all things, has respect to the creature's happiness in subordination to himself as his own supreme end. For the true virtue of created beings is doubtless their highest excellency and their true goodness. . . . But the true goodness of a thing must be its agreeableness to its end, or its fitness to answer the design for which it was made. Therefore they are good moral agents whose temper of mind or propensity of heart is agreeable to the end for which God made moral agents. . . .

A truly virtuous mind . . . above all things seeks the glory of God. . . . This consists in the expression of God's perfections in their proper effects,—the manifestation of God's glory to created understandings; the communication of the infinite fullness of God to the creature; the creature's highest esteem of God, love to and joy in him; and in the proper exercises and expressions of these. And so far as virtuous mind exercises true virtue in benevolence to created beings, it chiefly seeks the good of the creature; consisting in its knowledge or view of God's glory and beauty, its union with God, uniformity and love to him, and joy in him. And that disposition of heart, that consent, union, or propensity of mind to being in general which appears chiefly in such exercises, is virtue, truly so called; or in other words, true grace and real holiness. And no other disposition or affection but this is of the nature of virtue.

THE IMMINENT PERIL OF SINNERS.

(From Sermon, "Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God.")

THE wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course when once it is let loose. It is true that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the meantime is constantly increasing, and you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are constantly rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God that holds the waters back, that are unwilling to be stopped, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the floodgate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and Justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow; and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God — and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all — that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood. Thus all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all of you that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new and before altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion, in your families and closets, and in the house of God, it is nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell — much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire — abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked. His wrath toward you burns like fire; He looks upon you as being worthy of nothing else but to be cast into the fire. He is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else that you did not go to hell the last night; that you were suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful, wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not at this very moment drop down into hell.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Edward Eggleston, an American novelist, clergyman, and journalist; born at Vevay, Ind., Dec. 10, 1837. Delicate health prevented him from acquiring a collegiate education, but he studied the classics and became familiar with standard literature between his spells of illness. He entered the Methodist ministry, and at nineteen rode a "Hoosier circuit." He held pastorates at St. Paul, St. Peter, Stillwater, and Winona, Minn., and acted as agent of the American Bible Society. In 1870 he came East and engaged in editorial and literary work for a few years. In 1874 he became pastor of the Church of Christian Endeavor, a church without a creed, in Brooklyn; and in 1879 his health again failing, he resigned his charge and removed to Lake George, N.Y., and began the preparation of a work entitled "A History of Life in the United States." His style is entertaining narrative, the scenes of which are laid mostly in Indiana and Minnesota in the pioneer period. His books have been widely read. He was successively editor of the *Little Corporal* magazine and *The Sunday-School Teacher* in Chicago, and of the *Independent* and the *Hearth and Home* in New York. Among his works are "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (1871); "The End of the World" (1872); "The Mystery of Metropolisville" (1873); "The Circuit Rider" (1874); "The Schoolmaster's Stories" (1875); "Roxy" (1878); "The Hoosier Schoolboy" (1883); a series of "Biographies" of famous American Indians; a "Sunday-School Manual: a Guide to Sunday-School Work"; "First Book of American History"; "The Graysons" (1887); "Household History of the United States" (1888); "The Faith Doctor" (1891); and "Duffels" (1893).

THE FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN.

(From "The Beginnings of a Nation" by Edward Eggleston; copyright, 1896, by D. Appleton and Company, and quoted by special permission of the publishers.)

The people sent over in the first years were for the most part utterly unfit. Of the first hundred, four were carpenters, there was a blacksmith, a tailor, a barber, a bricklayer, a mason, a drummer. There were fifty-five who ranked as gentlemen, and four were boys, while there were but twelve so-called laborers, including footmen, "that never did know what a day's work was." The company is described by one of its members as composed of poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving-men, libertines, and such like. "A hundred good workmen were better than a thousand such gallants," says Captain Smith. Of the moral character of the first emigrants no better account is given. It was perhaps with these men in view that Bacon declared it "a shameful and unblessed thing" to settle a colony with "the scum of the people."

The colonists chose for the site of their town what was then a malarial peninsula; it has since become an island. The place was naturally defended by the river on all sides, except where a narrow stretch of sand made a bridge to the main. Its chief advantage in the eyes of the newcomers was that the deep water near the shore made it possible to moor the ships by merely tying them up to trees on the river bank. Here the settlers planted cotton and orange trees at once, and experimental potatoes, melons, and pumpkins, but they postponed sowing grain until about the first of June in our reckoning.

They took up their abode in hastily built cabins roofed with sedge or bark, and in ragged tents. The poorer sort were even fain to shelter themselves in mere burrows in the ground. Ill provided at the start, the greater part of their food was consumed by the seamen, who lingered to gather comminuted mica for gold. In this hard environment, rent by faction, destitute of a competent leader and of any leader with competent authority, the wonder is that of this little company a single man survived the winter. "There never were Englishmen left in any foreign country in such misery as we were in this new-discovered Virginia," says George Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland. A pint of worm-eaten barley or wheat was allowed for a day's ration. This was made into pottage, and served out at the rate of one small ladleful at each meal. "Our drink was water, our lodgings castles in the air," says Smith. The misery was aggravated by a constant fear of attack from the Indians, who had been repulsed in an energetic assault made soon after the landing of the English. It was necessary for each man to watch every third night "lying on the cold, bare ground," and this exposure in a fever swamp, with the slender allowance of food of bad quality and the brackish river water, brought on swellings, dysenteries, and fevers. Sometimes there were not five men able to bear arms. "If there were any conscience in men," says Percy, "it would make their hearts bleed to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries of our sick men without relief every day and night for the space of about six weeks." The living were hardly able to bury the dead, whose bodies were "trailed out like dogs." Half of the hundred colonists died, and the survivors were saved by the Indians, who, having got a taste of muskets and cannon in their early attack on Jamestown, now brought in supplies of game, corn, persimmons, and other food, to trade for the novel trinkets of the white men.

Peril and adversity bring the capable man to the front. The colony proceeded, by means of the technicalities habitually used in those days, to rid itself of its president, Wingfield, a man of good intentions but with no talents suitable to a place of such difficulty. Slowly, by one change and then another, the leadership fell into the hands of Captain John Smith. During the voyage he had drawn upon himself the jealousy of the others, probably by his boastful and self-asserting habit of speech. When the list of councilors, till then kept secret, was opened at Jamestown and his name was found in it, he was promptly excluded by his associates. It was only on the intercession of the clergyman, Hunt, that he was at length admitted to the Council.

His paradoxical character has been much misunderstood. Those who discredit the historical accuracy of Captain Smith's narratives consider his deeds of no value. It is the natural result and retribution of boasting that the real merit of the boaster is cast into the rubbish heap of contempt along with his false pretensions. On the other hand, those who appreciate Smith's services to the colony in its dire extremities believe that the historical authority of such a man must be valid.

His character, double and paradoxical as it is, presents no insoluble enigma if we consider the forces of nature and of habit underlying its manifestations. According to his own highly colored narrative, he had fed his fervid imagination on romances of chivalry. The first natural result in a youth so energetic as he, was that he should set out to emulate the imaginary heroes of whom he had read. It was equally a matter of course that a man of his vanity should exaggerate his own adventures to the size of those that had excited his admiration. The same romantic turn of the imagination that sent him a-wandering after exploits in Flanders and in the wars with the Turks, in Barbary, and in Ireland, made his every adventure seem an exploit of heroic size. Such a man is valuable when boldness and aggressive action are in request; to relate facts where autobiography is involved he is little fitted.

According to Smith's own narrative, he was robbed and shipwrecked at sea; he slew three infidel champions in single combat and cut off their heads, just for the amusement of the ladies; he was made captive by the Turks and escaped by slaying his master with a flail; he encountered pirates; in the plunder of a ship he secured by the grace of God a box of jewels; and, to round off his story, he was beloved in romance fashion by a fair Turkish lady, one Tragabigzanda; befriended by a Russian lady, the good Calamata; and, later, was snatched from the open jaws of death by the devotion of the lovely Princess Pocahontas, daughter of King Powhatan, of Virginia. What more could one ask? Here are the elements of all the romances. But, to crown all, he emulated the misadventure of the prophet Jonah, and he even out-Jonahed Jonah. He got ashore by mere swimming without the aid of a whale, when cast overboard by Catholic pilgrims to appease a tempest. Never any other wanderer since the safe return of Ulysses passed through such a succession of marvelous escapes as this young John Smith. His accidents and achievements, even without exaggeration, were fairly notable, doubtless, but they are forever obscured by his vices of narration.

By the time he was twenty-eight years old this knight-errant had pretty well exhausted Europe as a field for adventure. Soon after his return to his own land he found the navigator Gosnold agitating for a new colony in Virginia, the scene of Raleigh's failures. That being the most difficult and dangerous enterprise then in sight, nothing was more natural than that Smith should embark in it. From this time to the end of his life this really able man gave his best endeavors to the advancement of American colonization. Make what reductions we may, the results of his journeys and the testimony of his contemporaries show him to have been brave, vigilant, conciliatory, and successful. In labor he was indefatigable, in emergencies he proved himself ready-witted and resourceful. His recorded geographical observations are remarkably ac-

POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

curate considering his circumstances, and his understanding of Indian life shows his intelligence. His writings on practical questions are terse, epigrammatic, and wise beyond the wisdom of his time. But where his own adventures or credit are involved he is hardly more trustworthy than Falstaff. His boasting is one of the many difficulties a historian has to encounter in seeking to discover the truth regarding the events of an age much given to lying.

On Smith principally devolved the explorations for a passage to the Pacific and the conduct of the Indian trade. He was captured by the Indians in the swamps of the Chickahominy and carried from village to village in triumph. Contriving to secure his release from the head chief, Powhatan, he returned to Jamestown. Nothing could have suited better his bold genius and roving disposition than the life he thereafter led in Virginia. He sailed up and down the bays and estuaries, discovering and naming unknown islands, ascending great unknown rivers, cajoling or bullying the Indians, and returning to his hungry countrymen at Jamestown laden with maize from the granaries of the savages. Smith and his companions coasted in all seasons and all weather in an open boat, exercising themselves in morning psalm-singing and praying, in maneuvering strange Indians by blustering or point-blank lying, and in trying to propagate the Christian religion among the heathen — all in turn as occasion offered, like true Englishmen of the Jacobean time.

Captain Smith's earlier accounts of these achievements in Virginia seem to be nearer the truth than his later Generall Historie. As years rolled on his exploits gained in number and magnitude in his memory. The apocryphal story of his expounding the solar system by means of a pocket compass to savages whose idiom he had had no opportunity to learn is to be found only in his later writings. He is a prisoner but a month in the narrative of the Oxford Tract of 1612, which was written by his associates and published with his authority, but his captivity had grown to six or seven weeks in the Generall Historie of 1624. His prosaic release by Powhatan had developed into a romantic rescue by Pocahontas. Two or three hundred savages in the earlier account become four or five hundred in the later. Certain Poles assist him in the capture of an Indian chief in the authorized narrative of Pots and

Phettiplace. In the later story our hero performs this feat single-handed. A mere cipher attaches itself sometimes to the figure representing the number of his enemies, who by this simple feat of memory become ten times more redoubtable than before.

But it does not matter greatly whether the "strangely grimmed and disguised" Indians seen by Smith at one place on the Potomac, who, according to the story, were shouting and yelling horribly, though in ambuscade, numbered three or four hundred as in one account, or three or four thousand as in his later story. To Captain Smith remains the credit of having been the one energetic and capable man in those first years — the man who wasted no time in a search for gold, but won from the Indians what was of infinitely greater value — the corn needed to preserve the lives of the colonists. In an open boat, with no instrument but a compass, he explored and mapped Chesapeake Bay so well that his map was not wholly superseded for a hundred and forty years. Even Wingfield, who had reason to dislike Smith, recognized the value of his services; and Strachey, who had every means of knowing, says that "there will not return from" Virginia "in hast any one who hath bene more industrious or who hath had (Captain Geo. Percie excepted) greater experience amongst them, however misconstruction maye traduce here at home."

During the autumn of 1608 and the winter following Captain Smith was sole ruler of Jamestown, all the other councilors having gone; but the next spring there arrived five hundred new colonists inadequately provisioned, and under two of the old faction leaders who were Smith's mortal enemies. These were the visionary and turbulent Archer and his follower Ratcliffe. Smith got some of the newcomers to settle at Nansemond, and others took up their abode near the falls of the James River. After much turmoil Smith was disabled by an accident, and his enemies contrived to have him sent home charged, among other things, with having "incensed" the Indians to assault the insubordinate settlers under West near the falls, and with having designed to wed Pocahontas in order to secure royal rights in Virginia as son-in-law to Powhatan.

He afterward explored the New England coast with characteristic thoroughness and intelligence. What he published in his later years by way of advice on the subject of colony-planting is full of admirable good sense. With rare foresight he predicted the coming importance of the colonial trade and the part to be played by the American fisheries in promoting the greatness of England by "breeding mariners." He only of the men of his time suspected the imperial size and future greatness of North America. He urged that the colonies should not annoy "with large pilotage and such like dues" those who came to trade in their ports. Low customs, he says, enrich a people. This is a strange doctrine in an age when foreign trade seemed almost an evil, and false conceptions of economic principles were nearly universal. Captain Smith's words are often pregnant with a wit whose pungency is delightful. In mental and physical hardihood, and in what may be called shiftiness, as well as in proneness to exaggeration and in boastfulness, he was in some sense a typical American pioneer — a forerunner of the daring and ready-witted men who have subdued a savage continent.

NEW ENGLAND.

STERN LAND! we love thy woods and rocks,
  Thy rushing streams and wintry glooms,
And memory, like a pilgrim gray,
  Kneels at thy temples and thy tombs;
The thoughts of thee, where'er we dwell,
Come o'er us like a holy spell, —
  A star to light our path of tears,
  A rainbow on the sky of years.

Above thy cold and rocky breast
  The tempest sweeps, the night wind wails;
But virtue, peace, and love, like birds,
  Are nestling 'mid thy hills and vales;
A glory o'er each plain and glen
Walks with thy free and iron men,
  And lights her sacred banner still,
  With Bennington and Bunker Hill.

ANONYMOUS.

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF.

Joseph von Eichendorff, German poet and novelist, born at Lubowitz, Silesia, March 10, 1788; died at Neisse, Nov. 26, 1857. He studied law at Halle and Heidelberg from 1805 to 1808. He resided at Vienna and Paris, and in 1813 he entered the Prussian army and served two years in the War of Liberation. After the war he was appointed Government Counselor at Breslau, Dantzic, Königsberg, and Berlin. In 1844 he retired from the public service and resided at Dantzic, Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin. He wrote "Ahnung und Gegenwart" (Presage and Presence) (1815); "Krieg den Philistern" (War on the Philistines, a dramatized fairy tale) (1824); "Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts" (From the Life of a Good-for-Nothing) (1826). In 1842 his complete poetical works were published at Berlin under the title "Sammtliche Poetisch Werke," and five volumes of "Vermischte Schriften" (Miscellaneous Writings) in 1866.

In his later years Eichendorff published several valuable works on literary history and criticism, including "Ueber die Ethische und Religiöse Bedeutung der Neueren Romantischen Poesie in Deutschland" (1847); "Der Deutsche Roman des Achtzehnten Jahrhundert in Seinem Verhältniss zum Christenthum" (1851); "Geschichte der Poetischen Literatur Deutschlands" (1856).

Lorelei.

'Tis very late, 'tis growing cold;
Alone thou ridest through the wold?
The way is long, there's none to see,
Ah, lovely maid, come follow me.

"I know men's false and guileful art,
And grief long since has rent my heart.
I hear the huntsman's bugle there:
Oh fly, — thou know'st me not, — beware!"

So richly is the steed arrayed,
So wondrous fair the youthful maid,

I know thee now — too late to fly!
Thou art the witch, the Lorelei.

Thou know'st me well, — my lonely shrine
Still frowns in silence on the Rhine;
'Tis very late, 'tis growing cold, —
Thou com'st no more from out the wold!

SEPARATION.

BROWN was the heather,
  The sky was blue;
We sat together
  Where flowers grew.

Is this the thrilling
  Nightingale's beat?
Are larks still trilling
  Their numbers sweet?

I spent the hours
  Exiled from thee;
Spring has brought flowers,
  But none for me.

GEORGE ELIOT.

George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian (Evans) Cross, a famous English novelist and poet, was born at Arbury Farm (Chilvers Coton), Warwickshire, Nov. 22, 1819; died at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, Dec. 22, 1880. When she was five years old she was sent to a school at Attleboro. In her eighth or ninth year she was transferred to a school at Nuneaton, and in her thirteenth year to one at Coventry. She had already a passion for books, and read all that came within her reach. She left school in 1835. Her literary work began with the translation into English of Strauss's "Life of Jesus" (1846).

In 1849 Marian went to Switzerland, where she remained nearly a year. In 1851 she became editor of the *Westminster Review*. She translated Spinoza's "Ethics," and in 1857 published in *Blackwood's Magazine* her first works of fiction, the "Scenes of Clerical Life." With the publication of these tales she assumed the name of George Eliot. They at once attracted general attention, and elicited the highest praise from all classes of readers, as indicating a new and unique power in literature.

As editor of the *Westminster Review* she formed lasting friendships with many distinguished literary men, among them George Henry Lewes, an enthusiastic disciple of Comte. In consequence of the attraction of kindred spirits, Lewes, in 1854, abandoned his wife, and formed a civil compact with Marian Evans, and the two lived together happily until the death of Lewes. Lewes died in 1878; and in May, 1880, as Mary Ann Evans, she married John Walter Cross, a tried friend for many years.

Her publications are: "Strauss's Life of Jesus" (anon.: 1846); "Ludwig Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity, by Marian Evans" (1854); "Scenes of Clerical Life" (1858); "Adam Bede" (1859); "The Mill on the Floss" (1860); "Silas Marner" (1861); "Romola" (1863; previously in the Cornhill, July 1862 to August 1863; an "edition de luxe," with Sir Frederic Leighton's illustrations, appeared in 1880); "Felix Holt" (1866); "The Spanish Gypsy" (1868); "Agatha," a poem (1869); "Middlemarch" (1872; in parts, December 1871 to December 1872); "Jubal and Other Poems," "Daniel Deronda" (1876); "Impressions of Theophrastus Such"

GEORGE ELIOT

(1879). Two short stories, "The Lifted Veil" and "Brother Jacob," appeared in Blackwood in 1860. In addition to these, she wrote a very large number of papers for the reviews, such as: "Carlyle's Life of Sterling" (1852); "Women in France" (1854); "Prussia and Prussian Policy" (Stahr, 1855; Dryden, 1855); "Evangelical Teaching" (1855); "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists" (1856); "German Wit" (Heine, 1856); "Natural History of German Life" (1856); "Three Months in Weimar" (1855); "Influence of Rationalism" (1865); "Lecky's History" (1865); "Address to Workingmen by Felix Holt" (1866); and "Leaves from a Note Book." The "Life of George Eliot" was published by her husband in 1884.

A CRISIS.

(From "Adam Bede.")

It was beyond the middle of August — nearly three weeks after the birthday feast. The reaping of the wheat had begun in our north midland county of Loamshire, but the harvest was likely still to be retarded by the heavy rains, which were causing inundations and much damage throughout the country. From this last trouble the Broxton and Hayslope farmers, on their pleasant uplands and in their brook-watered valleys, had not suffered, and as I cannot pretend that they were such exceptional farmers as to love the general good better than their own, you will infer that they were not in very low spirits about the rapid rise in the price of bread, so long as there was hope of gathering in their own corn undamaged; and occasional days of sunshine and drying winds flattered this hope.

The eighteenth of August was one of these days when the sunshine looked brighter in all eyes for the gloom that went before. Grand masses of cloud were hurried across the blue sky, and the great round hills behind the Chase seemed alive with their flying shadows; the sun was hidden for a moment, and then shone out warm again like a recovered joy; the leaves, still green, were tossed off the hedgerow trees by the wind; around the farmhouse there was a sound of clapping doors, the apples fell in the orchards, and the stray horses on the green sides of the lanes and on the common had their manes blown about their faces. And yet the wind seemed only part of the general gladness, because the sun was shining. A merry day for the children, who ran and shouted to see if they could stop the wind with their voices; and the grown-up people, too, were in good spirits, inclined to believe in yet finer days, when the wind had fallen. If only the corn were not ripe enough to be blown out of the husk and scattered an untimely seed!

And yet a day on which a blighting sorrow may fall upon a man. For if it be true that Nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another? For there is no hour that has not its births of gladness and despair, no morning brightness that does not bring new sickness to desolation as well as new forces to genius and love. There are so many of us, and our lots are so different: what wonder that Nature's mood is often in harsh contrast with the great crisis of our lives? We are children of a large family, and must learn, as such children do, not to expect that our hurts will be made much of — to be content with little nurture and caressing, and help each other the more.

It was a busy day with Adam, who of late had done almost double work; for he was continuing to act as foreman for Jonathan Burge, until some satisfactory person could be found to supply his place, and Jonathan was slow to find that person. But he had done the extra work cheerfully, for his hopes were buoyant again about Hetty. Every time she had seen him since the birthday, she had seemed to make an effort to behave all the more kindly to him, that she might make him understand she had forgiven his silence and coldness during the dance. He had never mentioned the locket to her again; too happy that she smiled at him — still happier because he observed in her a more subdued air, something that he interpreted as the growth of womanly tenderness and seriousness. "Ah!" he thought, again and again, "she's only seventeen; she'll be thoughtful enough after a while. And her aunt allays says how clever she is at the work. She'll make a wife as mother'll have no occasion to grumble at, after all." To be sure, he had only seen her at home twice since the birthday; for one Sunday when he was intending to go from church to the Hall Farm, Hetty had joined the party of upper servants from the Chase, and had gone home with them — almost as if she were inclined to encourage Mr. Craig. "She's takin' too much likin' to them folks i' the housekeeper's room," Mrs. Poyser remarked. "For my part, I was never overfond o' gentlefolk's servants — they're mostly like the fine ladies' fat dogs, nayther good for barking nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show." And another evening she was gone to Treddleston to buy some things, though to his great surprise, as he was returning home he saw her at a distance getting over a stile quite out of the Treddleston road. But when he hastened to her, she was very kind, and asked him to go in again when he had taken her to the yard gate. She had gone a little further into the fields, after coming from Treddleston, because she didn't want to go in, she said; it was so nice to be out of doors, and her aunt always made such a fuss about it if she wanted to go out. "Oh, do come in with me!" she said as he was going to shake hands with her at the gate, and he could not resist that. So he went in and Mrs. Poyser was contented with only a slight remark on Hetty's being later than was expected; while Hetty, who had looked out of spirits when he met her, smiled, and talked, and waited on them all with unusual promptitude.

That was the last time he had seen her; but he meant to make leisure for going to the Farm to-morrow. To-day he knew, was her day for going to the Chase to sew with the lady's maid, so he would get as much work done as possible this evening, that the next might be clear.

One piece of work that Adam was superintending was some slight repairs at the Chase Farm, which had been hitherto occupied by Satchell, as bailiff, but which it was now rumored that the old squire was going to let to a smart man in top boots, who had been seen to ride over it one day. Nothing but the desire to get a tenant could account for the squire's undertaking repairs, though the Saturday-evening party at Mr. Casson's agreed over their pipes that no man in his senses would take the Chase Farm unless there was a bit more plow-land laid to it. However that might be, the repairs were ordered to be executed with all dispatch; and Adam, acting for Mr. Burge, was carrying out the order with his usual energy. But to-day, having been occupied elsewhere, he had not been able to arrive at the Chase Farm till late in the afternoon; and he then discovered that some old roofing, which he had calculated on preserving, had given way. There was clearly no good to be done with this part of the building without pulling it all down; and Adam immediately saw in his mind a plan for building it up again, so as to make the most convenient of cow-sheds and calf-pens, without any great expense for materials. So, when the workmen were gone, he sat down, took out his pocket-book, and busied himself with sketching a plan, and making a specification of the expenses, that he might show it to Burge the next morning, and set him on persuading the squire to consent. To "make a job" of anything, however small, was always a pleasure to Adam; and he sat on a block, with his book resting on a planning-table, whistling low every now and then and turning his head on one side with a just perceptible smile of gratification — of pride, too, for if Adam loved a bit of good work, he loved also to think, "I did it!" And I believe the only people who are free from that weakness are those who have no work to call their own. It was nearly seven before he had finished and put on his jacket again; and, on giving a last look round, he observed that Seth, who had been working here today, had left his basket of tools behind him. "Why th' lad's forgot his tools," thought Adam, "and he's got to work up at the shop to-morrow. There never was such a chap for woolgathering; he'd leave his head behind him, if it was loose. However, it's lucky I've seen 'em; I'll carry 'em home."

The buildings of the Chase Farm lay at one extremity of the Chase, at about ten minutes' walking distance from the Abbey. Adam had come thither on his pony, intending to ride to the stables, and put up his nag on his way home. At the stables he encountered Mr. Craig, who had come to look at the captain's new horse, on which he was to ride away the day after to-morrow; and Mr. Craig detained him to tell how all the servants were to collect at the gate of the courtyard to wish the young squire luck as he rode out; so that, by the time Adam had gone into the Chase, and was striding along with the basket of tools over his shoulder, the sun was on the point of setting, and was sending level crimson rays among the great trunks of the old oaks, and touching every bare patch of ground with a transient glory, that made it look like a jewel dropped upon the grass. The wind had fallen now, and there was only enough breeze to stir the delicate-stemmed leaves. Any one who had been sitting in the house all day would have been glad to walk now; but Adam had been quite enough in the open air to wish to shorten his way home; and he bethought himself that he might do so by striking across the Chase and going through the Grove, where he had never been for years. He hurried on across the Chase, stalking along the narrow paths between the fern, with Gyp at his heels, not lingering to watch the magnificent changes of the light — hardly once thinking of it — yet feeling its presence in a certain calm, happy awe which mingled itself with his busy working-day thoughts. How could he help feeling it? The very deer felt it, and were more timid.

Presently Adam's thoughts recurred to what Mr. Craig had said about Arthur Donnithorne, and pictured his going away, and the changes that might take place before he came back; then they traveled back affectionately over the old scenes of boyish companionship, and dwelt on Arthur's good qualities, which Adam had a pride in, as we all have in the virtues of the superior who honors us. A nature like Adam's with a great need of love and reverence in it, depends for so much of its happiness on what it can believe and feel about others! And he had no ideal world of dead heroes; he knew little of the life of men in the past; he must find the being to whom he could cling with loving admiration among those who came within speech of him. These pleasant thoughts about Arthur brought a milder expression than usual to his keen, rough face; perhaps they were the reason why, when he opened the old green gate leading into the Grove, he paused to pat Gyp, and say a kind word to him.

After a pause he strode on again along the broad winding path through the Grove. What grand beeches! Adam delighted in a fine tree, of all things; as the fisherman's sight is keenest on the sea, so Adam's perceptions were more at home with trees than with other objects. He kept them in his memory, as a painter does, with all the flecks and knots in their bark, all the curves and angles in their boughs; and had often calculated the height and contents of a trunk to a nicety, as he stood looking at it. No wonder that, notwithstanding his desire to get on, he could not help pausing to look at a curious large beech which he had seen standing before him at a turning in the road, and convince himself that it was not two trees wedded together, but only one. For the rest of his life he remembered that moment when he was calmly examining the beech, as a man remembers his last glimpse of the home where his youth was passed, before the road turned, and he saw it no more. The beech stood at the last turning, before the Grove ended in an archway that let in the eastern light; and as Adam stepped away from the tree to continue his walk, his eyes fell on two figures about twenty yards before him.

He remained as motionless as a statue, and turned almost as pale. The two figures were standing opposite to each other with clasped hands, about to part; and while they were bending to kiss, Gyp, who had been running among the brushwood, came out, caught sight of them, and gave a sharp bark. They separated with a start — one hurried through the gate out of the Grove, and the other, turning round, walked slowly, with a sort of saunter, toward Adam, who still stood transfixed and pale, clutching tighter the stick with which he held the basket of tools over his shoulder, and looking at the approaching figure with eyes in which amazement was fast turning to fierceness.

Arthur Donnithorne looked flushed and excited; he had tried to make unpleasant feelings more bearable by drinking a little more wine than usual at dinner to-day, and was still enough under its flattering influence to think more lightly of this unwished-for rencontre with Adam than he would otherwise have done. After all, Adam was the best person who could have happened to see him and Hetty together; he was a sensible fellow, and would not babble about it to other people. Arthur felt confident that he could laugh the thing off and explain it away. And so he sauntered forward with elaborate carelessness — his flushed face, his evening dress of fine cloth and fine linen, his white jeweled hands half thrust into his waistcoat pockets, all shone upon by the strange evening light which the light clouds had caught up even to the zenith, and were now shedding down between the topmost branches above him.

Adam was still motionless, looking at him as he came up. He understood it all now — the locket and everything else that had been doubtful to him: a terrible scorching light showed him the hidden letters that changed the meaning of the past. If he had moved a muscle, he must inevitably have sprung upon Arthur like a tiger; and in the conflicting emotions that filled those long moments he had told himself that he would not give loose to passion — he would only speak the right thing. He stood as if petrified by an unseen force, but the force was his own strong will.

"Well, Adam," said Arthur, "you have been looking at the fine old beeches, eh? They're not to be come near by the hatchet, though; this is a sacred grove. I overtook pretty little Hetty Sorrel as I was coming to my den — the Hermitage there. She ought not to come home this way so late. So I took care of her to the gate, and asked a kiss for my pains. But I must get back now, for this road is confoundedly damp. Good-night, Adam; I shall see you to-morrow — to say good-by, you know."

Arthur was too much preoccupied with the part he was playing himself to be thoroughly aware of the expression in Adam's face. He did not look directly at Adam, but glanced carelessly round at the trees, and then lifted up one foot to look at the sole of his boot. He cared to say no more; he had thrown quite dust enough into Adam's eyes; and, as he spoke the last words, he walked on.

"Stop a bit, sir," said Adam, in a hard, peremptory voice, without turning round. "I've got a word to say to you."

Arthur paused in surprise. Susceptible persons are more affected by change of tone than by unexpected words, and Arthur had the susceptibility of a nature at once affectionate and vain. He was still more surprised when he saw that Adam had not moved, but stood with his back to him, as if summoning him to return. What did he mean? He was going to make a serious business of this affair. Confound the fellow! Arthur felt his temper rising. A patronizing disposition always has its meaner side, and in the confusion of his irritation and alarm there entered the feeling that a man to whom he had shown so much favor as to Adam was not in a position to criticise his conduct. And yet he was dominated, as one who feels himself in the wrong always is, by the man whose good opinion he cares for. In spite of pride and temper, there was as much deprecation as anger in his voice when he said,

"What do you mean, Adam?"

"I mean, sir," answered Adam, in the same harsh voice, still without turning round, "I mean, sir, that you don't deceive me by your light words. This is not the first time you've met Hetty Sorrel in this grove, and this is not the first time you've kissed her."

Arthur felt a startled uncertainty how far Adam was speaking from knowledge and how far from mere inference. And this uncertainty, which prevented him from contriving a prudent answer, heightened his irritation. He said, in a high, sharp tone,

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Why, then, instead of acting like th' upright, honorable man we've all believed you to be, you've been acting the part of a selfish, light-minded scoundrel. You know, as well as I do, what it's to lead to, when a gentleman like you kisses and makes love to a young woman like Hetty, and gives her presents as she's frightened for other folks to see. And I say it again, you're acting the part of a selfish, light-minded scoundrel, though it cuts me to th' heart to say so, and I'd rather ha' lost my right hand."

"Let me tell you, Adam," said Arthur, bridling his growing anger, and trying to recur to his careless tone, "you're not only devilishly impertinent, but you're talking nonsense. Every pretty girl is not such a fool as you, to suppose that when a gentleman admires her beauty, and pays her a little attention, he must mean something particular. Every man likes to flirt with a pretty girl, and every pretty girl likes to be flirted with. The wider the distance between them the less harm there is, for then she is not likely to deceive herself."

"I don't know what you mean by flirting," said Adam, "but if you mean behaving to a woman as if you loved her, and yet not loving her all the while, I say that's not th' action of an honest man, and what isn't honest does come t' harm. I'm not a fool, and you're not a fool, and you know better than what you're saying. You know it couldn't be made public as you've behaved to Hetty as y' have done, without her losing her character, and bringing shame and trouble on her and her relations. What if you meant nothing by your kissing and your presents? Other folks won't believe as you've meant nothing; and don't tell me about her not deceiving herself. I tell you as you've filled her mind so with the thought of you as it'll mayhap poison her life; and she'll never love another man as 'ud make her a good husband."

Arthur had felt a sudden relief while Adam was speaking; he perceived that Adam had no positive knowledge of the past, and that there was no irrevocable damage done by this evening's unfortunate rencontre. Adam could still be deceived. The candid Arthur had brought himself into a position in which successful lying was his only hope. The hope allayed his anger a little.

"Well, Adam," he said, in a tone of friendly concession, "you're perhaps right. Perhaps I've gone a little too far in taking notice of the pretty little thing, and stealing a kiss now and then. You're such a grave, steady fellow, you don't understand the temptation to such trifling. I'm sure I wouldn't bring any trouble or annoyance on her and the good Poysers on any account if I could help it. But I think you look a little too seriously at it. You know I'm going away immediately, so I sha'n't make any more mistakes of the kind. But let us say good-night" — Arthur here turned round to walk on — "and talk no more about the matter. The whole thing will soon be forgotten."

"No, by God!" Adam burst out, with rage that could be controlled no longer, throwing down the basket of tools, and striding forward till he was right in front of Arthur. All his jealousy and sense of personal injury, which he had been hitherto trying to keep under, had leaped up and mastered him. What man of us, in the first moments of a sharp agony, could ever feel that the fellow-man who has been the medium of inflicting it did not mean to hurt us? In our instinctive rebellion against pain we are children again, and demand an active will to wreak our vengeance on. Adam at this moment could only feel that he had been robbed of Hetty — robbed treacherously by the man in whom he had trusted; and he stood close in front of Arthur, with fierce eyes glaring at him, with pale lips and clinched hands, the hard tones in which he had hitherto been constraining himself to express no more than a just indignation, giving way to a deep agitated voice that seemed to shake him as he spoke.

"No, it'll not be soon forgot, as you've come in between her and me, when she might ha' loved me — it'll not soon be forgot, as you've robbed me o' my happiness, while I thought you was my best friend, and a noble-minded man, as I was proud to work for. And you've been kissing her and meaning nothing, have you? And I never kissed her i' my life, but I'd ha' worked hard for years for the right to kiss her. And you make light of it. You think little o' doing what may damage other folks, so as you get your bit o' trifling, as means nothing. I throw back your favors, for you're not the man I took you for. I'll never count you my friend any more. I'd rather you'd act as my enemy, and fight me where I stand — it's all th' amends you can make me."

Poor Adam, possessed by rage that could find no other vent, began to throw off his coat and his cap, too blind with passion to notice the change that had taken place in Arthur while he was speaking. Arthur's lips were now as pale as Adam's; his heart was beating violently. The discovery that Adam loved Hetty was a shock which made him for the moment see himself in the light of Adam's indignation, and regard Adam's suffering as not merely a consequence, but an element of his error. The words of hatred and contempt — the first he had ever heard in his life — seemed like scorching missiles that were making ineffaceable scars on him. All screening self-excuse, which rarely falls quite away while others respect us, forsook him for an instant, and he stood face to face with the first great irrevocable evil he had ever committed. He was only twenty-one — and three months ago — nay, much later — he had thought proudly that no man should ever be able to reproach him justly. His first impulse, if there had been time for it, would perhaps have been to utter words of propitiation; but Adam had no sooner thrown off his coat and cap than he became aware that Arthur was standing pale and motionless, with his hands still thrust in his waistcoat pockets.

"What!" he said, "won't you fight me like a man? You know I won't strike you while you stand so."

"Go away, Adam," said Arthur, "I don't want to fight you."

"No," said Adam, bitterly, "you don't want to fight me; you think I'm a common man, as you can injure without answering for it."

"I never meant to injure you," said Arthur, with returning anger. "I didn't know you loved her."

"But you've made her love *you*," said Adam. "You're a double-faced man — I'll never believe a word you say again."

"Go away, I tell you," said Arthur, angrily, "or we shall both repent."

"No," said Adam, with a convulsed voice, "I swear I won't go away without fighting you. Do you want provoking any more? I tell you you're a coward and a scoundrel, and I despise you."

The color had all rushed back to Arthur's face; in a moment his white right hand was clinched, and dealt a blow like lightning, which sent Adam staggering backward. His blood was as thoroughly up as Adam's now, and the two men, forgetting the emotions that had gone before, fought with the instinctive fierceness of panthers in the deepening twilight darkened by the trees. The delicate-handed gentleman was a match for the workman in everything but strength, and Arthur's skill in parrying enabled him to protract the struggle for some long moments. But, between unarmed men, the battle is to the strong, where the strong is no blunderer, and Arthur must sink under a well-planted blow of Adam's as a steel rod is broken by an iron bar. The blow soon came, and Arthur fell, his head lying concealed in a tuft of fern, so that Adam could only discern his darkly-clad body.

He stood still in the dim light, waiting for Arthur to rise. The blow had been given now, toward which he had been straining all the force of nerve and muscle — and what was the good of it? What had he done by fighting? Only satisfied his own passion, only wreaked his own vengeance. He had not rescued Hetty, not changed the past — there it was, just as it had been; and he sickened at the vanity of his own rage.

But why did not Arthur rise? He was perfectly motionless, and the time seemed long to Adam. . . . Good God! had the blow been too much for him? Adam shuddered at the thought of his own strength, as with the oncoming of this dread he knelt down by Arthur's side and lifted his head from among the fern. There was no sign of life; the eyes and teeth were set. The horror that rushed over Adam completely mastered him, and forced upon him his own belief. He could feel nothing but that death was in Arthur's face, and that he was helpless before it. He made not a single movement, but knelt like an image of despair gazing at an image of death.

MRS. POYSER "HAS HER SAY OUT."

THE next Saturday evening there was much excited discussion at the Donnithorne Arms concerning an incident which had occurred that very day — no less than a second appearance of the smart man in top-boots, said by some to be a mere farmer in treaty for the Chase Farm, by others to be the future steward; but by Mr. Casson himself, the personal witness to the stranger's visit, pronounced contemptuously to be nothing better than a bailiff, such as Satchell had been before him. No one had thought of denying Mr. Casson's testimony to the fact that he had seen the stranger, nevertheless he proffered various corroborating circumstances.

"I see him myself," he said; "I see him coming along by the Crab-tree meadow on a bald-faced hoss. I'd just been t' hev a pint — it was half after ten i' the forenoon, when I hev my pint as reg'lar as the clock — and I says to Knowles, as druv up with his wagon, 'You' ll get a bit o' barley to-day, Knowles,' I says, 'if you look about you'; and then I went round by the rick-yard, and towart the Treddles'on road; and just as I come by the big ash-tree, I see the man i' top-boots coming along on a bald-faced hoss — I wish I may never stir if I didn't. And I stood still till he come up, and I says, 'Good-morning, sir'; I says, for I wanted to hear the turn of his tongue, as I might know whether he was a this-country man; so I says, 'Good-morning, sir; it'll 'old hup for the barley this morning, I think. There'll be a bit got hin, if we've good luck.' And he says, 'Eh! you may be raight, there's noo tallin,' he says; and I know'd by that" — here Mr. Casson gave a wink — "as he didn't come from a hundred mile off. I daresay he'd think me a hodd talker, as you Loamshire folks allays does hany wonn as talks the right language."

"The right language!" said Bartle Massey, contemptuously. "You're about as near the right language as a pig's squeaking is like a tune played on a key-bugle."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mr. Casson, with an angry smile. "I should think a man as has lived among the gentry from a by, is likely to know what's the right language pretty nigh as well as a schoolmaster."

"Ay, ay, man," said Bartle, with a tone of sarcastic consolation, "you talk the right language for *you*. When Mike Holdsworth's goat says ba-a-a, it's all right — it 'ud be unnatural for it to make any other noise."

The rest of the party being Loamshire men, Mr. Casson had the laugh strongly against him, and wisely fell back on the previous question, which, far from being exhausted in a single evening, was renewed in the church-yard before service, the next day, with the fresh interest conferred on all news when there is a fresh person to hear it; and that fresh hearer was Martin Poyser, who, as his wife said, "never went boozin' with that set at Casson's, a-sittin' soakin'-in drink, and looking as wise as a lot o' cod-fish wi' red faces."

It was probably owing to the conversation she had had with her husband on their way from church, concerning the problematic stranger, that Mrs. Poyser's thoughts immediately reverted to him when, a day or two afterward, as she was standing at the house door with her knitting, in that eager leisure which came to her when the afternoon cleaning was done, she saw the old squire enter the yard on his black pony, followed by John the groom. She always cited it afterward as a case of prevision, which really had something more in it than her own remarkable penetration, that the moment she set eyes on the squire, she said to herself, "I shouldna wonder if he's come about that man as is a-going to take the Chase Farm, wanting Poyser to do something for him without pay. But Poyser's a fool if he does."

Something unwonted must clearly be in the wind, for the old squire's visits to his tenantry were rare; and though Mrs. Poyser had during the last twelvemonth recited many imaginary speeches, meaning even more than met the ear, which she was quite determined to make to him the next time he appeared within the gates of the Hall Farm, the speeches had always remained imaginary.

"Good-day, Mrs. Poyser," said the old squire, peering at her with his short-sighted eyes — a mode of looking at her which, as Mrs. Poyser observed, "allays aggravated her; it was as if you was a insect, and he was going to dab his finger-nail on you."

However she said, "Your servant, sir," and courtesied with an air of perfect deference as she advanced toward him; she was not the woman to misbehave toward her betters, and fly in the face of the catechism, without severe provocation.

"Is your husband at home, Mrs. Poyser?"

"Yes, sir; he's only i' the rick-yard. I'll send for him in a minute, if you'll please to get down and step in."

"Thank you; I will do so. I want to consult him about a little matter; but you are quite as much concerned in it if not more. I must have your opinion too."

"Hetty, run and tell your uncle to come in," said Mrs. Poyser, as they entered the house, and the old gentleman bowed low in answer to Hetty's courtesy; while Totty, conscious of a pinafore stained with gooseberry jam, stood hiding her face against the clock, and peeping round furtively.

"What a fine old kitchen this is!" said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round admiringly. He always spoke in the same deliberate, well-chiseled, polite way, whether his words were sugary or venomous. "And you keep it so exquisitely clean, Mrs. Poyser. I like these premises, do you know, beyond any on the estate."

"Well, sir, since you're fond of them, I should be glad if you'd let a bit o' repairs be done to 'em, for the boarding's i' that state, as we're likely to be eaten up wi' rats and mice, and the cellar, you may stand up to your knees i' the water in't if you like to go down; but perhaps you'd rather believe my words. Won't you please sit down, sir?"

"Not yet; I must see your dairy. I have not seen it for years, and I hear on all sides about your fine cheese and butter," said the squire, looking politely unconscious that there could be any question on which he and Mrs. Poyser might happen to disagree. "I think I see the door open, there; you must not be surprised if I cast a covetous eye on your cream and butter. I don't expect that Mrs. Satchell's cream and butter will bear comparison with yours."

"I can't say, sir, I'm sure. It's seldom I see other folks's butter, though there's some on it as no one need to see — the smell's enough."

"Ah! now this I like," said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round at the damp temple of cleanliness, but keeping near the door. "I'm sure I should like my breakfast better if I knew the butter and cream came from this dairy. Thank you, that really is a pleasant sight. Unfortunately, my slight tendency to rheumatism makes me afraid of damp; I'll sit down in your comfortable kitchen. Ah! Poyser, how do you do? In the midst of business, I see, as usual. I've been looking at your wife's beautiful dairy — the best manager in the parish, is she not?"

Mr. Poyser had just entered in shirt-sleeves and open waistcoat, with a face a shade redder than usual, from the exertion of "pitching." As he stood, red, rotund, and radiant before the small wiry, cool old gentleman, he looked like a prize apple by the side of a withered crab.

"Will you please to take this chair, sir?" he said, lifting his father's arm-chair forward a little, "you'll find it easy."

"No, thank you, I never sit in easy-chairs," said the old gentleman, seating himself on a small chair near the door. "Do you know, Mrs. Poyser — sit down, pray, both of you — I've been far from contented, for some time, with Mrs. Satchell's dairy management. I think she has not a good method as you have."

"Indeed, sir, I can't speak on that," said Mrs. Poyser, in a hard voice, rolling and unrolling her knitting, and looking icily out of her window, as she continued to stand opposite the squire. Poyser might sit down if he liked, she thought; *she* wasn't going to sit down, as if she give in to any such smooth-tongued palaver. Mr. Poyser, who looked and felt the reverse of icy, did sit down in his three-cornered chair.

"And now, Poyser, as Satchell is laid up, I am intending to let the Chase farm to a respectable tenant. I'm tired of having a farm on my own hands — nothing is made the best of, in such cases, as you know. A satisfactory bailiff is hard to find; and I think you and I, Poyser, and your excellent wife here, can enter into a little arrangement in consequence, which will be to our mutual advantage."

"Oh," said Mr. Poyser, with a good-natured blankness of imagination as to the arrangement.

"If I'm called upon to speak, sir," said Mrs. Poyser, after glancing at her husband with pity at his softness, "you know better than me; but I don't see what the Chase farm is t'us — we've cumber enough wi' our own farm. Not but what I'm glad to hear of anybody respectable coming into the parish; there is some as ha' been brought in as hasn't been looked on i' that character."

"You're likely to find Mr. Thurle an excellent neighbor, I assure you; such a one as you will feel glad to have accommodated by the little plan I'm going to mention; especially as I hope you will find it as much to your advantage as his."

"Indeed, sir, if it's anything to our advantage, it'll be the first offer o' the sort I've heared on. It's them that take advantage that get advantage i' this world, *I* think; folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"The fact is, Poyser," said the squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, "there's too much dairy-land, and too little plow-land on the Chase Farm, to suit Thurle's purpose — indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it; his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairy-woman like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange. If you were to have Hollow Pastures, you might increase your dairy, which must be so profitable under your wife's management; and I should request you, Mrs. Poyser, to supply my house with milk, cream, and butter at the market prices. On the other hand, Poyser, you might let Thurle have the Lower and Upper Ridges, which really, with our wet seasons, would be a good riddance for you. There is much less risk in dairy-land than corn-land."

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, his head on one side, and his mouth screwed up — apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship.

He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers; unless it was on a point of farming practice, he would rather give up than to have a quarrel, any day, and after all, it mattered more to his wife than to him. So after a few moments' silence, he looked up at her and said mildly, "What dost say?"

Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away her head with a toss, looking icily at the opposite roof of the cow-shed, and, spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

"Say? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o' your corn-land afore your lease is up, which it won't be for a year come next Michaelmas Lady-day, but I'll not consent to take more dairy work into my hands, either for love or money; and there's nayther love nor money here, as I can see, on'y other folks love o' theirselves, and the money as it is to go into other folks's pockets. I know there's them as is born t'own the land and them as is born to sweat on't,"—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—"and I know it's christened folks's duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood 'll bear it; but I'll not make a martyr o' myself and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi' butter a-comin' in't for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself."

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not," said the squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion; "you must not overwork yourself; but don't you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way? There is so much milk required at the Abbey, that you will have little increase of cheese and butter making from the addition to your dairy; and I believe selling the milk is the most profitable way of disposing of dairy produce, is it not?"

"Ay, that's true," said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that it was not in this case a purely abstract question.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Poyser bitterly, turning her head half way toward her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—"I dare say it's true for men as sit i' th' chimney corner and make believe as every thing is cut wi' ins and outs to fit int' everything else. If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk 'll be wanted constant! What's to make me sure as the house won't be put o' board wage afore we're many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o' nights wi' twenty gallons o' milk on my mind — and Dingall 'ull take no more butter, let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we're obliged to beg th' butcher on our knees to buy 'em, and lose half of 'em wi' the measles. And there's the fetching and carrying as 'ud be welly half a day's work for a man an' hoss — *that's* to be took out of the profits, I reckon? but there's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water."

"That difficulty — about the fetching and carrying — you will not have, Mrs. Poyser," said the squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser's part — "Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony."

"Oh, sir, begging your pardon, I've never been used t' having gentlefolks' servants coming about my back places, a-making love to both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public."

"Well, Poyser," said the squire, shifting his tactics, and looking as if he thought Mrs. Poyser had suddenly withdrawn from the proceedings and left the room, "you can turn the Hollows into feeding-land. I can easily make another arrangement about supplying my house. And I shall not forget your readiness to accommodate your landlord as well as a neighbor. I know you will be glad to have your lease renewed for three years, when the present one expires; otherwise, I dare say Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they could be worked so well together. But I don't want to part with an old tenant like you."

To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really alarmed at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born — for he believed the old squire had small spite enough for anything — was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell more stock, with,

"Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard" . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the desperate determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the work-house.

"Then, sir, if I may speak — as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one-quarter o' the rent, and save th' other quarter — I say, if Mr. Thurle's so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the plagues o' Egypt in 't — wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens — and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice gnawin' every bit o' cheese, and runnin' over our heads as we lie i' bed, till we expect 'em to eat us up alive — as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. I should like to see if there's another tenant besides Poyser as 'ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down — and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half — and being strung up wi' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that; a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir," continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old squire beyond the door — for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and waving his hand toward her with a smile, had walked out toward his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

"You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is, but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creaturs to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to 't, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose — if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'm a bit of flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

There are occasions on which two servant girls and a wagoner may be a formidable audience, and as the squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly, and Nancy, and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him — which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartette.

Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen, and, unspearing her knitting, began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she reëntered the house.

"Thee'st done it now," said Mr. Poyser, a little alarmed and uneasy, but not without some triumphant amusement at his wife's outbreak.

"Yes, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser; "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for 't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up for iver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I sha'n't repent saying what I did, if I live to be as old as th' old squire; and there's little likelihoods — for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world."

"But thee wotna like moving from th' old place, this Michaelmas twelvemonth," said Mr. Poyser, "and going into a strange parish, where thee know'st nobody. It'll be hard upon us both, and upo' father too."

"Eh, it's no use worreting; there's plenty o' things may happen between this and Michaelmas twelvemonth. The captain may be master afore then, for what we know," said Mrs. Poyser, inclined to take an unusually hopeful view of an embarrassment which had been brought about by her own merit, and not by other people's fault.

"I *am* none for worreting," said Mr. Poyser, rising from his three-cornered chair and walking slowly toward the door; "but I should be loath to leave th' old place, and the parish where I was bred and born, and father afore me. We should leave our roost behind us, I doubt, and never thrive again."

The Final Rescue.

(From "The Mill on the Floss.")

At that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet; it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood!

The tumult of emotion she had been enduring for the last twelve hours seemed to have left a great calm in her; without screaming, she hurried with the candle up-stairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood is come! it is in the house! let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase; she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inwards in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!"

And without a moment's shudder of fear she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs she mounted onto the window-sill and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lantern in his hand.

"Why, they're both here, — both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's wonderful this fastening isn't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger, and Bob's mind was absorbed in possible expedients for the safety of the helpless in-doors. The fact that Maggie had been up, had waked him, and had taken the lead in activity, gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She too had got possession of an oar and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long, — th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water, — for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat — but *you!*" he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lantern on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses, and drove both the boats out onto the wide water with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading; it was the transition of death without its agony, — and she was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid, so dream-like, that the threads of ordinary association were broken; she sank down on the seat, clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller consciousness was the cessation of the rain, and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood, — that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of, which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home, and Tom, and her mother, — they had all listened together.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the Mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress, — her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now, — perhaps far on the over-flooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom that she might seize the first sight of her whereabouts, — that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot towards which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome the widening of that dismal watery level, the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament, the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields; those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her, there were none; then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope; the dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations, — except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home, there was an undefined sense of reconcilement with her brother: what quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong resurgent love towards her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offense and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river The dark mass must be — yes, it was — St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees — the gray willows, the now yellowing chestnuts — and above them the old roof! But there was no color, no shape yet; all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if for her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house: this was the thought that occurred to her, as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs; nay, she was not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God! there were floating masses in it, that might dash against her boat as she passed, and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along, more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient; it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then; *now*, she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it if possible out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving on the river, — such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look towards her Uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back towards the Mill. Color was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields, she could discern the tints of the trees, could see the old Scotch firs far to the right; and the home chestnuts, — oh, how deep they lay in the water,— deeper than the trees on this side the hill! And the roof of the Mill — where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple, — what had they meant? But it was not the house, — the house stood firm; drowned up to the first story, but still firm; — or was it broken in at the end towards the Mill?

With panting joy that she was there at last, — joy that overcame all distress, — Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the up-stairs window. She called out in a loud piercing voice: —

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice: —

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom, — Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window."

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window, on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom; God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat, "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the Mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it; I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water, — he face to face with Maggie, — that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force, — it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear, — that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other, — Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale, with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, Divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter, — the old childish "Magsie."

Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

As soon as she could speak, she said: — "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigor, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onward the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once; and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

Nature repairs her ravages, — repairs them with her sunshine, and with human labor. The desolation wrought by that flood had left little visible trace on the face of the earth, five years after. The fifth autumn was rich in golden cornstacks, rising in thick clusters among the distant hedgerows; the wharves and warehouses on the Floss were busy again, with echoes of eager voices, with hopeful lading and unlading.

And every man and woman mentioned in this history was still living, except those whose end we know.

Nature repairs her ravages, but not all. The uptorn trees are not rooted again; the parted hills are left scarred; if there is a new growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills underneath their green vesture bear the marks of the past rending. To the eyes that have dwelt on the past, there is no thorough repair.

Dorlcote Mill was rebuilt. And Dorlcote church-yard — where the brick grave that held a father whom we know, was found with the stone laid prostrate upon it after the flood — had recovered all its grassy order and decent quiet.

Near that brick grave there was a tomb erected, very soon after the flood, for two bodies that were found in close embrace; and it was visited at different moments by two men who both felt that their keenest joy and keenest sorrow were forever buried there.

One of them visited the tomb again with a sweet face beside him; but that was years after.

The other was always solitary. His great companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover, like a revisiting spirit.

The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written: —

"In their death they were not divided."

The Village Worthies.

(From "Silas Marner.")

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow, had as usual been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funeral duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher: —

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat, and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John."

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humored husky treble, — "and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph: "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well, yes — she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does — that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her — contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs — I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss — and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier, angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before; "and I contradick none — not if a man was to swear himself black; he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'raps you aren't pig-headed; and p'raps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'raps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow — stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord, "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you; you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said: —

"Ay, ay; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley; they've learned pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said the deputy clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says: —

'I know what's right; nor only so,
But also practice what I know.'"

"Well, then, I wish you'd keep hold o' the tune when it's set for you; if you're for practicing I wish you'd prac*tice* that," said a large, jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company who were known officially as "the bassoon" and "the key bugle," in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey the deputy clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied with careful moderation: — "Mr. Winthrop, if you'll bring me any proof as I'm in the wrong, I'm not the man to say I won't alter. But there's people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow 'em. There may be two opinions, I hope."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, who felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; "you're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir — else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why, the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier'; didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift — he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens': your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music; it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a consperacy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money — that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it — that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin."

"Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire, for Tookey's defeat and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this country-side. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when he liked, eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing — that I would."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency; "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it ain't the old crows."

"Ay, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father came into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was — as fine and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts; only it couldn't be far north'ard, nor much different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heard tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reasons in things as nobody knows on — that's pretty much what I've made out; though some folks are so wise that they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man — that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister — soon begun to court Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine handsome lass she was — eh, you can't think — they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know what come before 'em. *I* should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow, as was, I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in installments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Ay, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did — a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow — poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morning; and young Mr. Lammeter he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow — poor old gentleman, I was fond on him; but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they answered straight off 'Yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearers' imagination, — "why, I was all of a tremble: it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?'

and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and bridegroom meant right. But then when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we got into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?— you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, I held in tight till I was by mysen, wi' Mr. Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says:—'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says, 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the register does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I'n been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses were growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favorite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question:—

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin, didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I dare say it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. . . . Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride, Lor bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks: my grandfather heared old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would, as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do but he must ride and ride — though the lad was frightened, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him — not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for 'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks here about could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead o' the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em — they're out o' all charicter — Lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Ay, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, ay; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue: "here's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to 's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a'going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet; let him go and stan' by himself — there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn. "If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es; I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet — everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet?" replied Mr. Dowlas angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet — I aren't a turn-tail cur."

"Ay, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candor and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pike-staff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never seed a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrariways. And so I'm for holding with both sides; for as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier — a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places — let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'd want to be believed in by anybody so ignorant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

The Prisoners.

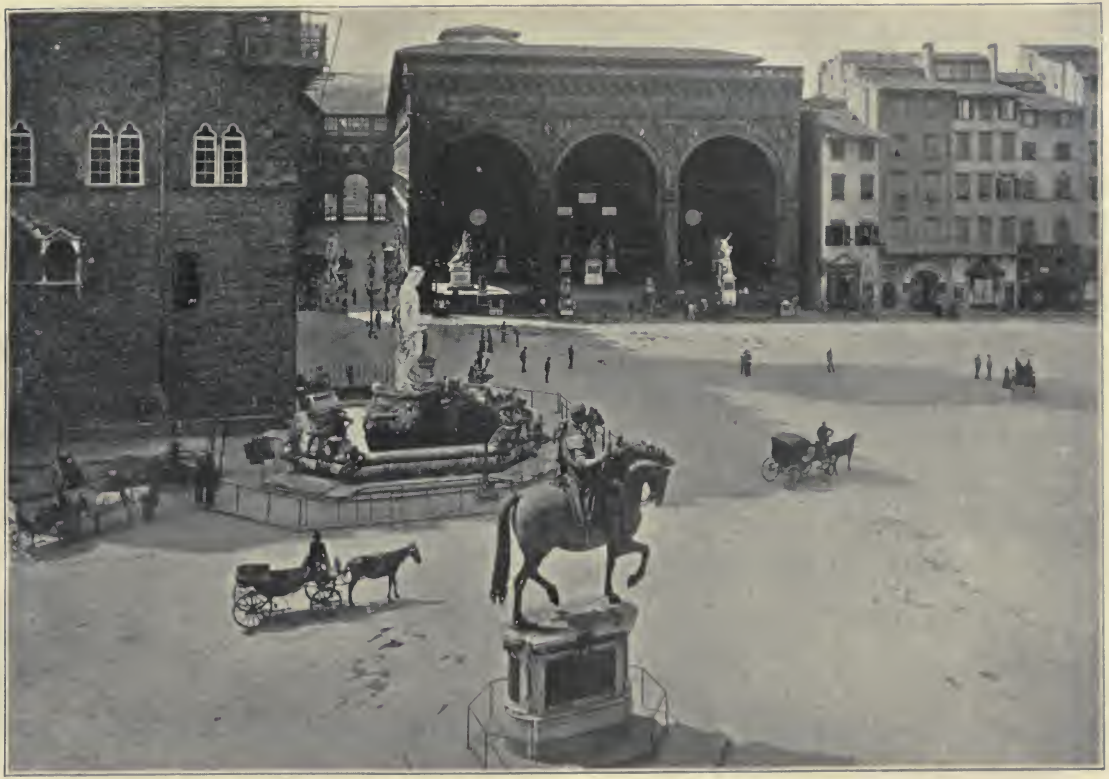
(From "Romola.")

In 1493 the rumor spread and became louder and louder that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ears of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies, coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French King, Charles VIII., was the instrument elected by God as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy, let Florence above all — Florence beloved of God, since to its ear the warning voice had been specially sent — repent and turn from its ways like Nineveh of old, and the storm cloud would roll over it and leave only refreshing rain-drops.

Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines clearly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine yoke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle everything when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guest were not entirely those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners, symbolical of joy, there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms duly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor for fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, they having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and metaphorically speaking, a piece



PIAZZA DEL GRAN DUCA

Florence

of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as creditable historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

And this was the temper of Florence on the morning of the 17th of November, 1494.

. . . .

The sky was gray, but that made little difference in the Piazza del Duomo, which was covered with its holiday sky of blue drapery, and its constellations of yellow lilies and coats of arms. The sheaves of banners were unfurled at the angles of the Baptistery, but there was no carpet yet on the steps of the Duomo, for the marble was being trodden by numerous feet that were not at all exceptional. It was the hour of the Advent sermons, and the very same reasons which had flushed the streets with holiday color were reasons why the preaching in the Duomo could least of all be dispensed with.

But not all the feet in the Piazza were hastening towards the steps. People of high and low degree were moving to and fro with the brisk pace of men who had errands before them; groups of talkers were thickly scattered, some willing to be late for the sermon, and others content not to hear it at all.

The expressions on the faces of these apparent loungers was not that of men who are enjoying the pleasant laziness of an opening holiday. Some were in close and eager discussion; others were listening with keen interest to a single spokesman, and yet from time to time turned round with a scanning glance at any new passer-by. At the corner looking towards the Via de' Cerrettani — just where the artificial rainbow light of the Piazza ceased, and the gray morning fell on the somber stone houses — there was a remarkable cluster of the working-people, most of them bearing on their dress or persons the signs of their daily labor, and almost all of them carrying some weapon, or some tool which might serve as a weapon upon occasion. Standing in the gray light of the street, with bare brawny arms and soiled garments, they made all the more striking the transition from the brightness of the Piazza. They were listening to the thin notary, Ser Cioni, who had just passed on his way to the Duomo. His biting words could get only a contemptuous reception two years and a half before in the Mercato;

but now he spoke with the more complacent humor of a man whose party is uppermost, and who is conscious of some influence with the people.

"Never talk to me," he was saying in his incisive voice, "never talk to me of bloodthirsty Swiss or fierce French infantry; they might as well be in the narrow passes of the mountains as in our streets; and peasants have destroyed the finest armies of our condottieri in time past, when they had once got them between steep precipices. I tell you, Florentines need be afraid of no army in their own streets."

"That's true, Ser Cioni," said a man whose arms and hands were discolored by crimson dye, which looked like blood-stains, and who had a small hatchet stuck in his belt; "and those French cavaliers who came in squaring themselves in their smart doublets the other day, saw a sample of the dinner we could serve up for them. I was carrying my cloth in Ognissanti, when I saw my fine Messeri going by, looking round as if they thought the houses of the Vespucci and the Agli a poor pick of loadings for them, and eying us Florentines, like top-knotted cocks as they are, as if they pitied us because we didn't know how to strut. 'Yes, my fine *Galli*,' says I, 'stick out your stomachs; I've got a meat-ax in my belt that will go inside you all the easier;' when presently the old cow lowed,[1] and I knew something had happened — no matter what. So I threw my cloth in at the first doorway, and took hold of my meat-ax and ran after my fine cavaliers towards the Vigna Nuova. And 'What is it, Guccio?' said I, when he came up with me. 'I think it's the Medici coming back,' said Guccio. *Bembè!* I expected so! And up we reared a barricade, and the Frenchmen looked behind and saw themselves in a trap; and up comes a good swarm of our *Ciompi*,[2] and one of them with a big scythe he had in his hand mowed off one of the fine cavaliers' feathers: — it's true! And the lasses peppered a few stones down to frighten them. However, Piero de' Medici wasn't come after all; and it was a pity; for we'd have left him neither legs nor wings to go away with again."

"Well spoken, Oddo," said a young butcher, with his knife at his belt; "and it's my belief Piero will be a good while before he wants to come back, for he looked as frightened as a hunted chicken when we hustled and pelted him in the piazza. He's a coward, else he might have made a better stand when he'd got his horsemen. But we'll swallow no Medici any more, whatever else the French king wants to make us swallow."

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[1] "*La vacca muglia*" was the phrase for the sounding of the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

[2] The poorer artisans connected with the wool trade — wool-beaters, carders, washers, etc.

"But I like not those French cannon they talk of," said Goro, none the less fat for two years' additional grievances. "San Giovanni defend us! If Messer Domeneddio means so well by us as your Frate says he does, Ser Cioni, why shouldn't he have sent the French another way to Naples?"

"Ay, Goro," said the dyer; "that's a question worth putting. Thou art not such a pumpkin-head as I took thee for. Why, they might have gone to Naples by Bologna, eh, Ser Cioni? — or if they'd gone to Arezzo — we wouldn't have minded their going to Arezzo."

"Fools! It will be for the good and glory of Florence," Ser Cioni began. But he was interrupted by the exclamation, "Look there!" which burst from several voices at once, while the faces were all turned to a party who were advancing along the Via de' Cerrettani.

"It's Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and one of the French noblemen who are in his house," said Ser Cioni, in some contempt at this interruption. "He pretends to look well satisfied — that deep Tornabuoni — but he's a Medicean in his heart; mind that."

The advancing party was rather a brilliant one, for there was not only the distinguished presence of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and the splendid costume of the Frenchman with his elaborately displayed white linen and gorgeous embroidery; there were two other Florentines of high birth, in handsome dresses donned for the coming procession, and on the left hand of the Frenchman was a figure that was not to be eclipsed by any amount of intention or brocade — a figure we have often seen before. He wore nothing but black, for he was in mourning; but the black was presently to be covered by a red mantle, for he too was to walk in procession as Latin Secretary to the Ten. Tito Melema had become conspicuously serviceable in the intercourse with the French guests, from his familiarity with Southern Italy and his readiness in the French tongue, which he had spoken in his early youth; and he had paid more than one visit to the French camp at Signa. The luster of good fortune was upon him; he was smiling, listening, and explaining, with his usual graceful unpretentious ease, and only a very keen eye bent on studying him could have marked a certain amount of change in him which was not to be accounted for by the lapse of eighteen months. It was that change which comes from the final departure of moral youthfulness — from the distinct self-conscious adoption of a part in life. The lines of the face were as soft as ever, the eyes as pellucid; but something was gone — something as indefinable as the changes in the morning twilight.

The Frenchman was gathering instructions concerning ceremonial before riding back to Signa, and now he was going to have a final survey of the Piazza del Duomo, where the royal procession was to pause for religious purposes. The distinguished party attracted the notice of all eyes as it entered the Piazza, but the gaze was not entirely cordial and admiring; there were remarks not altogether allusive and mysterious to the Frenchman's hoof-shaped shoes — delicate flattery of royal superfluity in toes; and there was no care that certain snarlings at "Mediceans" should be strictly inaudible. But Lorenzo Tornabuoni possessed that power of dissembling annoyance which is demanded in a man who courts popularity, and Tito, besides his natural disposition to overcome ill-will by good-humor, had the unimpassioned feeling of the alien towards names and details that move the deepest passions of the native.

Arrived where they could get a good oblique view of the Duomo, the party paused. The festoons and devices placed over the central doorway excited some demur, and Tornabuoni beckoned to Piero di Cosimo, who, as was usual with him at this hour, was lounging in front of Nello's shop. There was soon an animated discussion, and it became highly amusing from the Frenchman's astonishment at Piero's odd pungency of statement, which Tito translated literally. Even snarling onlookers became curious, and their faces began to wear the half-smiling, half-humiliated expression of people who are not within hearing of the joke which is producing infectious laughter. It was a delightful moment for Tito, for he was the only one of the party who could have made so amusing an interpreter, and without any disposition to triumphant self-gratulation he reveled in the sense that he was an object of liking — he basked in approving glances. The rainbow light fell about the laughing group, and the grave church-goers had all disappeared within the walls. It seemed as if the Piazza had been decorated for a real Florentine holiday.

Meanwhile in the gray light of the unadorned streets there were on-comers who made no show of linen and brocade, and whose humor was far from merry. Here too the French dress and hoofed shoes were conspicuous, but they were being pressed upon by a large and larger number of non-admiring Florentines. In the van of the crowd were three men in scanty clothing; each had his hands bound together by a cord, and a rope was fastened round his neck and body in such a way that he who held the extremity of the rope might easily check any rebellious movement by the threat of throttling. The men who held the ropes were French soldiers, and by broken Italian phrases and strokes from the knotted end of the rope, they from time to time stimulated their prisoners to beg. Two of them were obedient, and to every Florentine they had encountered had held out their bound hands and said in piteous tones: —

"For the love of God and the Holy Madonna, give us something towards our ransom! We are Tuscans; we were made prisoners in Lunigiana."

But the third man remained obstinately silent under all the strokes of the knotted cord. He was very different in aspect from his two fellow prisoners. They were young and hardy, and in the scant clothing which the avarice of their captors had left them, looked like vulgar, sturdy mendicants. But he had passed the boundary of old age, and could hardly be less than four or five and sixty. His beard, which had grown long in neglect, and the hair which fell thick and straight round his baldness, were nearly white. His thick-set figure was still firm and upright, though emaciated, and seemed to express energy in spite of age — an expression that was partly carried out in the dark eyes and strong dark eyebrows, which had a strangely isolated intensity of color in the midst of his yellow, bloodless, deep-wrinkled face with its lank gray hairs. And yet there was something fitful in the eyes which contradicted the occasional flash of energy; after looking round with quick fierceness at windows and faces, they fell again with a lost and wandering look. But his lips were motionless, and he held his hands resolutely down. He would not beg.

This sight had been witnessed by the Florentines with growing exasperation. Many standing at their doors or passing quietly along had at once given money — some in half-automatic response to an appeal in the name of God, others in that unquestioning awe of the French soldiery which had been created by the reports of their cruel warfare, and on which the French themselves counted as a guaranty of immunity in their acts of insolence. But as the group had proceeded farther into the heart of the city, that compliance had gradually disappeared, and the soldiers found themselves escorted by a gathering troop of men and boys, who kept up a chorus of exclamations sufficiently intelligible to foreign ears without any interpreter. The soldiers themselves began to dislike their position, for with a strong inclination to use their weapons, they were checked by the necessity for keeping a secure hold on their prisoners, and they were now hurrying along in the hope of finding shelter in a hostelry.

"French dogs!" "Bullock-feet!" "Snatch their pikes from them!" "Cut the cords and make them run for their prisoners. They'll run as fast as geese — don't you see they're web-footed?" These were the cries which the soldiers vaguely understood to be jeers, and probably threats. But every one seemed disposed to give invitations of this spirited kind rather than to act upon them.

"Santiddio! here's a sight!" said the dyer, as soon as he had divined the meaning of the advancing tumult; "and the fools do nothing but hoot. Come along!" he added, snatching his ax from his belt, and running to join the crowd, followed by the butcher and all the rest of his companions except Goro, who hastily retreated up a narrow passage.

The sight of the dyer, running forward with blood-red arms and ax uplifted, and with his cluster of rough companions behind him, had a stimulating effect on the crowd. Not that he did anything else than pass beyond the soldiers and thrust himself well among his fellow-citizens, flourishing his ax; but he served as a stirring symbol of street-fighting, like the waving of a well-known gonfalon. And the first sign that fire was ready to burst out was something as rapid as a little leaping tongue of flame; it was an act of the conjurer's impish lad Lollo, who was dancing and jeering in front of the ingenuous boys that made the majority of the crowd. Lollo had no great compassion for the prisoners, but being conscious of an excellent knife which was his unfailing companion, it had seemed to him from the first that to jump forward, cut a rope, and leap back again before the soldier who held it could use his weapon, would be an amusing and dexterous piece of mischief. And now, when the people began to hoot and jostle more vigorously, Lollo felt that his moment was come: he was close to the eldest prisoner; in an instant he had cut the cord.

"Run, old one!" he piped in the prisoner's ear, as soon as the cord was in two; and himself set the example of running as if he were helped along with wings, like a scared fowl.

The prisoner's sensations were not too slow for him to seize the opportunity; the idea of escape had been continually present with him, and he had gathered fresh hope from the temper of the crowd. He ran at once; but his speed would hardly have sufficed for him if the Florentines had not instantaneously rushed between him and his captor. He ran on into the Piazza, but he quickly heard the tramp of feet behind him, for the other two prisoners had been released, and the soldiers were struggling and fighting their way after them, in such tardigrade fashion as their hoof-shaped shoes would allow — impeded, but not very resolutely attacked, by the people. One of the two younger prisoners turned up the Borgo di San Lorenzo, and thus made a partial diversion of the hubbub; but the main struggle was still towards the Piazza, where all eyes were turned on it with alarmed curiosity. The cause could not be precisely guessed, for the French dress was screened by the impending crowd.

"An escape of prisoners," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, as he and his party turned round just against the steps of the Duomo, and saw a prisoner rushing by them. "The people are not content with having emptied the Bargello the other day. If there is no other authority in sight they must fall on the *sbirri* and secure freedom to thieves. Ah! there is a French soldier; that is more serious."

The soldier he saw was struggling along on the north side of the Piazza, but the object of his pursuit had taken the other direction. That object was the eldest prisoner, who had wheeled round the Baptistery and was running towards the Duomo, determined to take refuge in that sanctuary rather than trust to his speed. But in mounting the steps, his foot received a shock; he was precipitated towards the group of signori, whose backs were turned to him, and was only able to recover his balance as he clutched one of them by the arm.

It was Tito Melema who felt that clutch. He turned his head and saw the face of his adoptive father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own.

The two men loooked at each other, silent as death: Baldassarre, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled worn hands on the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them — it was but a moment.

The first sound Tito heard was the short laugh of Piero di Cosimo, who stood close by him and was the only person that could see his face.

"Ha, ha! I know what a ghost should be now."

"This is another escaped prisoner," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni. "Who is he, I wonder?"

"*Some madman, surely*," said Tito.

He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips: there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of premeditation.

The two men had not taken their eyes off each other, and it seemed to Tito, when he had spoken, that some magical poison had darted from Baldassarre's eyes, and that he felt it rushing through his veins. But the next instant the grasp on his arm had relaxed, and Baldassarre had disappeared within the church.

Death of Casaubon.

(From "Middlemarch.")

It happened to be on a Saturday evening that Will Ladislaw had that little discussion with Lydgate. Its effect when he went to his own rooms was to make him sit up half the night, thinking over again, under a new irritation, all that he had before thought of his having settled in Middlemarch and harnessed himself with Mr. Brooke. Hesitations before he had taken the step had since turned into susceptibility to every hint that he would have been wiser not to take it; and hence came his heat toward Lydgate — a heat which still kept him restless. Was he not making a fool of himself? and at a time when he was more than ever conscious of being something better than a fool? And for what end?

Well, for no definite end. True, he had dreamy visions of possibilities: there is no human being, who, having both passions and thoughts, does not think in consequence of his passions — does not find images rising in his mind which soothe the passion with hope or sting it with dread. But this, which happens to us all, happens to some with a wide difference; and Will was not one of those whose wit "keeps the roadway." He had his by-paths where there were little joys of his own choosing, such as gentlemen cantering on the high-road might have thought rather idiotic. The way in which he made a sort of happiness for himself out of his feeling for Dorothea was an example of this. It may seem strange, but it is the fact, that the ordinary vulgar vision of which Mr. Casaubon suspected him — namely, that Dorothea might become a widow, and that the interest he had established in her mind might turn into acceptance of him as a husband — had no tempting, arresting power over him; he did not live in the scenery of such an event, and follow it out, as we all do with that imagined "otherwise" which is our practical heaven. It was not only that he was unwilling to entertain thoughts which could be accused of baseness, and was already uneasy in the sense that he had to justify himself from the charge of ingratitude — the latent consciousness of many other barriers between himself and Dorothea, besides the existence of her husband, had helped to turn away his imagination from speculating on what might befall Mr. Casaubon. And there were yet other reasons. Will, we know, could not bear the thought of any flaw appearing in his crystal: he was at once exasperated and delighted by the calm freedom with which Dorothea looked at him and spoke to him, and there was something so exquisite in thinking of her just as she was, that he could not long for a change which must somehow change her. Do we not shun the street vision of a fine melody? or shrink from the news that the rarity — some bit of chiseling or engraving perhaps — which we have dwelt on even with exultation in the trouble it has cost us to snatch glimpses of it, is really not an uncommon thing, and may be obtained as an every-day possession? Our good depends on the quality and breadth of our emotion; and to Will, a creature who cared little for what are called the solid things of life and greatly for its subtler influences, to have within him such a feeling as he had toward Dorothea, was like the inheritance of a fortune. What others might have called the futility of his passion made an additional delight for his imagination: he was conscious of a generous movement, and of verifying in his own experience that higher love-poetry which had charmed his fancy. Dorothea, he said to himself, was forever enthroned in his soul: no other woman could sit higher than her footstool; and if he could have written out in immortal syllables the effect she wrought within him, he might have boasted, after the example of old Drayton, that:

> "Queens hereafter might be glad to live
> Upon the alms of her superfluous praise."

But this result was questionable. And what else could he do for Dorothea? What was his devotion worth to her? It was impossible to tell. He would not go out of her reach. He saw no creature among her friends to whom he could believe that she spoke with the same simple confidence as to him. She had once said that she would like him to stay; and stay he would, whatever fire-breathing dragons might hiss around her.

This had always been the conclusion of Will's hesitations. But he was not without contradictoriness and rebellion even toward his own resolve. He had often got irritated, as he was on this particular night, by some outside demonstration that his public exertions with Mr. Brooke as a chief could not seem so heroic as he would like them to be, and this was always associated with the other gound of irritation—that notwithstanding his sacrifice of dignity for Dorothea's sake, he could hardly ever see her. Whereupon, not being able to contradict these unpleasant facts, he contradicted his own strongest bias, and said: "I am a fool."

Nevertheless, since the inward debate necessarily turned on Dorothea, he ended, as he had done before, only by getting a livelier sense of what her presence would be to him; and, suddenly reflecting that the morrow would be Sunday, he determined to go to Lowick Church and see her. He slept upon that idea, but when he was dressing in the rational morning light, Objection said:

"That will be a virtual defiance of Mr. Casaubon's prohibition to visit Lowick, and Dorothea will be displeased."

"Nonsense!" argued Inclination; "it would be too monstrous for him to hinder me from going out to a pretty country church on a Spring morning. And Dorothea will be glad."

"It will be clear to Mr. Casaubon that you have come hither to annoy him or to see Dorothea."

"It is not true that I go to annoy him, and why should I not go to see Dorothea? Is he to have everything to himself and be always comfortable? Let him smart a little, as other people are obliged to do. I have always liked the quaintness of the church and congregation; besides, I know the Tuckers: I shall go into their pew."

Having silenced Objection by force of unreason, Will walked to Lowick as if he had been on the way to Paradise, crossing Halsell Common and skirting the wood, where the sunlight fell broadly under the budding boughs, bringing out the beauties of moss and lichen, and fresh green growths piercing the brown. Everything seemed to know that it was Sunday, and to approve of his going to Lowick Church. Will easily felt happy when nothing crossed his humor, and by this time the thought of vexing Mr. Casaubon had become rather amusing to him, making his face break into its merry smile, pleasant to see as the breaking of sunshine on the water — though the occasion was not exemplary. But most of us are apt to settle within ourselves that the man who blocks our way is odious, and not to mind causing him a little of the disgust which his personality excites in ourselves. Will went along with a small book under his arm and a hand in each side-pocket, never reading, but chanting a little, as he made scenes of what would happen in church and coming out. He was experimenting in tunes to suit some words of his own, some times trying a ready-made melody, some times improvising. The words were not exactly a hymn, but they certainly fitted his Sunday experience:

"O me, O me, what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!
A touch, a ray, that is not here,
A shadow that is gone:

A dream of breath that might be near,
An inly-echoed tone,
The thought that one may think me dear,
The place where one was known.

The tremor of a banished fear,
An ill that was not done —
O me, O me, what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!".

Some times when he took off his hat, shaking his head backward, and showing his delicate throat as he sang, he looked like an incarnation of the Spring whose spirit filled the air — a bright creature, abundant in uncertain promises.

The bells were still ringing when he got to Lowick, and he went into the curate's pew before any one else arrived there. But he was still left alone in it when the congregation had assembled. The curate's pew was opposite the rector's at the entrance of the small chancel, and Will had time to fear that Dorothea might not come, while he looked round at the group of rural faces which made the congregation from year to year within the whitewashed walls and dark old pews hardly with more change than we see in the boughs of a tree which breaks here and there with age, but yet has young shoots. Mr. Rigg's frog-face was something alien and unaccountable, but notwithstanding this shock to the order of things, there were still the Waules and the rural stock of the Powderells in their pews side by side, brother Samuel's cheek had the same purple round as ever, and the three generations of decent cottagers came as of old with a sense of duty to their betters generally — the smaller children regarding Mr. Casaubon, who wore the black gown and mounted to the highest box, as probably the chief of all betters, and the one most awful if offended. Even in 1831 Lowick was at peace, not more agitated by Reform than by the solemn tenor of the Sunday sermon. The congregation had been used to seeing Will at church in former days, and no one took much note of him except the choir, who expected him to make a figure in the singing.

Dorothea did at last appear on this quaint background, walking up the short aisle in her white beaver bonnet and gray cloak — the same she had worn in the Vatican. Her face being, from her entrance, toward the chancel, even her short-sighted eyes soon discerned Will, but there was no outward show of her feeling except a slight paleness and a grave bow as she passed him. To his own surprise, Will felt suddenly uncomfortable, and dared not look after they had bowed to each other. Two minutes later, when Mr. Casaubon came out of the vestry, and entering the pew, seated himself in face of Dorothea, Will felt his paralysis more complete. He could look nowhere except at the choir in the little gallery over the vestry door; Dorothea was perhaps pained, and he had made a wretched blunder. It was no longer amusing to vex Mr. Casaubon, who had the advantage probably of watching him and seeing that he dare not turn his head. Why had he not imagined this beforehand? — but he could not expect that he should sit in that square pew alone, unrelieved by any Tuckers, who had apparently departed from Lowick altogether, for a new clergyman was in the desk. Still he called himself stupid now for not foreseeing that it would be impossible for him to look toward Dorothea — nay, that she might feel his coming an impertinence. There was no delivering himself from his cage, however; and Will found his places and looked at his book as if he had been a school-mistress, feeling that the morning service had never been so immeasurably long before, that he was utterly ridiculous, out of temper, and miserable. This was what a man got for worshiping the sight of a woman! The clerk observed with surprise that Mr. Ladislaw did not join in the tune of "Hanover," and reflected that he might have a cold.

Mr. Casaubon did not preach that morning, and there was no change in Will's situation until the blessing had been pronounced, and every one rose. It was the fashion at Lowick for "the betters" to go out first. With a sudden determination to break the spell that was upon him, Will looked straight at Mr. Casaubon. But that gentleman's eyes were on the button of the pew door, which opened, allowing Dorothea to pass, and following her immediately without raising his eyelids. Will's glance had caught Dorothea's as she turned out of the pew, and again she bowed, but this time with a look of agitation, as if she were repressing tears. Will walked out after them, but they went on toward the little gate leading out of the church-yard into the shrubbery, never looking round.

It was impossible for him to follow them, and he could only walk back sadly at mid-day along the same road which he had trodden hopefully in the morning. The lights were all changed for him both without and within.

Dorothea's distress when she was leaving the church came chiefly from the perception that Mr. Casaubon was determined not to speak to his cousin, and that Will's presence at church had served to mark more strongly the alienation between them. Will's coming seemed to her quite excusable — nay, she thought it an amiable movement in him toward a reconciliation which she herself had been constantly wishing for. He had probably imagined, as she had, that if Mr. Casaubon and he could meet easily, they would shake hands, and friendly intercourse might return. But now Dorothea felt quite robbed of that hope. Will was banished further than ever, for Mr. Casaubon must have been newly imbittered by this thrusting upon him of a presence which he refused to recognize.

He had not been very well that morning, suffering from some difficulty in breathing, and had not preached in consequence. She was not surprised, therefore, that he was nearly silent at luncheon, still less that he made no allusion to Will Ladislaw. For her own part, she felt that she could never again introduce that subject. They usually spent apart the hours between luncheon and dinner on a Sunday: Mr. Casaubon in the library dozing chiefly, and Dorothea in her boudoir, where she was wont to occupy herself with some of her favorite books. There was a little heap of them on the table in the bow-window, of various sorts, from Herodotus, which she was learning to read with Mr. Casaubon, to her old companion Pascal, and Keble's "Christian Year." But to-day she opened one after another, and could read none of them. Everything seemed dreary: the portents before the birth of Cyrus — Jewish antiquities — oh dear! — devout epigrams — the sacred chime of favorite hymns — all alike were as flat as tunes beaten on wood: even the spring flowers and the grass had a dull shiver in them under the afternoon clouds that hid the sun fitfully; even the sustaining thoughts which had become habits seemed to have in them the weariness of long future days in which she would still live with them for her sole companions. It was another, or rather a fuller, sort of companionship that poor Dorothea was hungering for, and the hunger had grown from the perpetual effort demanded by her married life. She was always trying to be what her husband wished, and never able to repose on his delight in what she was. The thing that she liked, that she spontaneously cared to have, seemed to be always excluded from her life; for if it was only granted, and not shared by her husband, it might as well have been denied. About Will Ladislaw there had been a difference between them from the first, and it had ended, since Mr. Casaubon had so severely repulsed Dorothea's strong feeling about his claims on the family property, by her being convinced that she was in the right and her husband in the wrong, but that she was helpless. This afternoon the helplessness was more wretchedly benumbing than ever: she longed for objects who could be dear to her, and to whom she could be dear. She longed for work which would be directly beneficent, like the sunshine and the rain, and now it appeared that she was to live more and more in a virtual tomb, where there was the apparatus of a ghastly labor producing what would never see the light. To-day she had stood at the door of the tomb and seen Will Ladislaw receding into the distant world of warm activity and fellowship — turning his face toward her as he went.

Books were of no use. Thinking was of no use. It was

Sunday, and she could not have the carriage to go to Celia, who had lately had a baby. There was no refuge now from spiritual emptiness and discontent, and Dorothea had to bear her bad mood as she would have borne a headache.

After dinner, at the hour when she usually began to read aloud, Mr. Casaubon proposed that they should go into the library, where, he said, he had ordered a fire and lights. He seemed to have revived, and to be thinking intently.

In the library Dorothea observed that he had newly arranged a row of his note books on a table, and now he took up and put into her hand a well-known volume, which was a table of contents to all the others.

"You will oblige me, my dear," he said, seating himself, "if, instead of other reading this evening, you will go through this aloud, pencil in hand, and at each point where I say 'mark' will make a cross with your pencil. This is the first step in a sifting process which I have long had in view, and as we go on I shall be able to indicate to you certain principles of selection whereby you will, I trust, have an intelligent participation in my purpose."

This proposal was only one more sign added to many since his memorable interview with Lydgate that Mr. Casaubon's original reluctance to let Dorothea work with him had given place to the contrary disposition, namely, to demand much interest and labor from her.

After she had read and marked for two hours, he said, "We will take the volume up-stairs — and the pencil, if you please — and in case of reading in the night, we can pursue this task. It is not wearisome to you, I trust, Dorothea?"

"I prefer always reading what you like best to hear," said Dorothea, who told the simple truth; for what she dreaded was to exert herself in reading or anything else which left him as joyless as ever.

It was a proof of the force with which certain characteristics in Dorothea impressed those around her that her husband, with all his jealousy and suspicion, had gathered implicit trust in the integrity of her promises, and her power of devoting herself to her idea of right and best. Of late he had begun to feel that these qualities were a peculiar possession for himself, and he wanted to engross them.

The reading in the night did come. Dorothea in her young weariness had slept soon and fast: she was awakened by a sense of light, which seemed to her first like a sudden vision of sunset after she had climbed a steep hill; she opened her eyes, and saw her husband wrapped in his warm gown seating himself in the arm-chair near the fireplace, where the embers were still glowing. He had lit two candles, expecting that Dorothea would wake, but not liking to rouse her by more direct means.

"Are you ill, Edward?" she said, rising immediately.

"I felt some uneasiness in a reclining posture. I will sit here for a time." She threw wood on the fire, wrapped herself up, and said, "You would like me to read to you?"

"You would oblige me greatly by doing so, Dorothea," said Mr. Casaubon, with a shade more meekness than usual in his polite manner. "I am wakeful; my mind is remarkably lucid."

"I fear that the excitement may be too great for you," said Dorothea, remembering Lydgate's cautions.

"No, I am not conscious of undue excitement. Thought is easy." Dorothea dared not insist, and she read for an hour or more on the same plan as she had done in the evening, but getting over the pages with more quickness. Mr. Casaubon's mind was more alert, and he seemed to anticipate what was coming after a very slight verbal indication, saying, "That will do — mark that" — or "Pass on to the next head — I omit the second excursus on Crete." Dorothea was amazed to think of the bird-like speed with which his mind was surveying the ground where it had been creeping for years. At last he said,

"Close the book now, my dear. We will resume our work to-morrow. I have deferred it too long, and would gladly see it completed. But you observe that the principle on which my selection is made is to give adequate and not disproportionate illustration of each of the theses enumerated in my introduction, as at present sketched. You have perceived that distinctly, Dorothea?"

"Yes," said Dorothea, rather tremulously. She felt sick at heart.

"And now I think that I can take some repose," said Mr. Casaubon. He lay down again, and begged her to put out the lights. When she had lain down too, and there was a darkness only broken by a dull glow on the hearth, he said,

"Before I sleep I have a request to make, Dorothea."

"What is it?" said Dorothea, with dread in her mind.

"It is that you will let me know, deliberately, whether, in case of my death, you will carry out my wishes: whether you will avoid doing what I should deprecate, and apply yourself to do what I should desire."

Dorothea was not taken by surprise: many incidents had been leading her to the conjecture of some intention on her husband's part which might make a new yoke for her. She did not answer immediately.

"You refuse?" said Mr. Casaubon, with more edge in his tone.

"No, I do not yet refuse," said Dorothea, in a clear voice, the need of freedom asserting itself within her; "but it is too solemn — I think it is not right — to make a promise when I am ignorant what it will bind me to. Whatever affection prompted I would do without promising."

"But you would use your own judgment: I ask you to obey mine; you refuse."

"No, dear, no!" said Dorothea beseechingly, crushed by opposing fears. "But may I wait and reflect a little while? I desire with my whole soul to do what will comfort you; but I cannot give any pledge suddenly — still less a pledge to do I know not what."

"You cannot, then, confide in the nature of my wishes?"

"Grant me till to-morrow," said Dorothea beseechingly.

"Till to-morrow, then," said Mr. Casaubon.

Soon she could hear that he was sleeping, but there was no more sleep for her. While she constrained herself to lie still lest she should disturb him, her mind was carrying on a conflict in which imagination ranged its forces first on one side and then on the other. She had no presentiment that the power which her husband wished to establish over her future action had relation to anything else than his work. But it was clear enough to her that he would expect her to devote herself to sifting those mixed heaps of material, which were to be the doubtful illustration of principles still more doubtful. The poor child had become altogether unbelieving as to the trustworthiness of that key which had made the ambition and the labor of her husband's life. It was not wonderful that, in spite of her small instruction, her judgment in this matter was truer than his; for she looked with unbiased comparison and healthy sense at probabilities on which he had risked all his egoism. And now she pictured to herself the days and months and years which she must spend in sorting what might be called shattered mummies, and fragments of a tradition which was itself a mosaic, wrought from crushed ruins — sorting them as food for a theory which was already withered in the birth like an elfin child. Doubtless a vigorous error vigorously pursued has kept the embryos of truth a-breathing: the quest of gold being at the same time a questioning of substances, the body of chemistry is prepared for its soul, and Lavoisier is born. But Mr. Casaubon's theory of the elements which made the seed of all tradition was not likely to bruise itself unawares against discoveries: it floated among flexible conjectures no more solid than those etymologies which seemed strong because of likeness in sound, until it was shown that likeness in sound made them impossible: it was a method of interpretation which was not tested by the necessity of forming anything which had sharper collisions than an elaborate notion of Gog and Magog: it was as free from interruption as a plan for threading the stars together. And Dorothea had so often had to check her weariness and impatience over this questionable riddle guessing, as it revealed itself to her instead of the fellowship in high knowledge which was to make life worthier! She could understand well enough now why her husband had come to cling to her as possibly the only hope left that his labors would ever take a shape in which they could be given to the world. At first it had seemed that he wished to keep even her aloof from any close knowledge of what he was doing; but gradually the terrible stringency of human need, the prospect of a too speedy death —

And here Dorothea's pity turned from her own future to her husband's past — nay to his present hard struggle with a lot which had grown out of that past: the lonely labor, the ambition breathing hardly under the pressure of self-distrust; the goal receding, and the heavier limbs; and now at last the sword visibly trembling above him! And had she not wished to marry him that she might help him in his life's labor? But she had thought the work was to be something greater, which she could serve in devoutly for its own sake. Was it right, even to soothe his grief — would it be possible, even if she promised — to work as in a tread-mill fruitlessly?

And yet, could she deny him? Could she say, "I refuse to content this pining hunger?" It would be refusing to do for him dead what she was almost sure to do for him living. If he lived, as Lydgate had said he might, for fifteen years or more, her life would certainly be spent in helping him and obeying him.

Still there was a deep difference between that devotion to the living and that indefinite promise of devotion to the dead. While he lived he could claim nothing that she would not still be free to remonstrate against, and even to refuse. But — the thought passed through her mind more than once, though she could not believe in it — might he not mean to demand something more from her than she had been able to imagine, since he wanted her pledge to carry out his wishes without telling her exactly what they were? No; his heart was bound up in his work only: that was the end for which his failing life was to be eked out by hers.

And now, if she were to say, "No! if you die, I will put no finger to your work," it seemed as if she would be crushing that bruised heart.

For four hours Dorothea lay in this conflict, till she felt ill and bewildered, unable to resolve, praying mutely. Helpless as a child which has sobbed and sought too long, she fell into a late morning sleep, and when she waked, Mr. Casaubon was already up. Tantripp told her that he had read prayers, breakfasted, and was in the library.

"I never saw you look so pale, madam," said Tantripp, a solid-figured woman who had been with the sisters at Lausanne.

"Was I ever high-colored, Tantripp?" said Dorothea, smiling faintly.

"Well, not to say high-colored, but with a bloom like a Chiny rose. But always smelling those leather books, what can be expected? Do rest a little this morning, madam. Let me say you are ill and not able to go into that close library."

"Oh, no, no! let me make haste," said Dorothea. "Mr. Casaubon wants me particularly."

When she went down she felt sure that she should promise to fulfill his wishes; but that would be later in the day — not yet.

As Dorothea entered the library Mr. Casaubon turned round from the table where he had been placing some books, and said,

"I was waiting for your appearance, my dear. I had hoped to set to work at once this morning, but I find myself under some indisposition, probably from too much excitement yesterday. I am going to take a turn in the shrubbery, since the air is milder."

"I am glad to hear that," said Dorothea. "Your mind, I feared, was too active last night."

"I would fain have set it at rest on the point I last spoke of, Dorothea. You can now, I hope, give me an answer."

"May I come out to you in the garden presently?" said Dorothea, winning a little breathing space in that way.

"I shall be in the Yew-tree Walk for the next half hour," said Mr. Casaubon, and then he left her.

Dorothea, feeling very weary, rang and asked Tantripp to bring her some wraps. She had been sitting still for a few minutes, but not in any renewal of the former conflict: she simply felt that she was going to say "Yes" to her own doom; she was too weak, too full of dread at the thought of inflicting a keen-edged blow on her husband, to do anything but to submit completely. She sat still and let Tantripp put on her bonnet and shawl, a passivity which was unusual with her, for she liked to wait on herself.

"God bless you, madam!" said Tantripp, with an irrepressible movement of love toward the beautiful, gentle creature for whom she felt unable to do anything more, now that she had finished tying the bonnet.

This was too much for Dorothea's highly strung feeling, and she burst into tears, sobbing against Tantripp's arm. But soon she checked herself, dried her eyes, and went out at the glass door into the shrubbery.

"I wish every book in that library was built into a caticom for your master," said Tantripp to Pratt, the butler, finding him in the breakfast-room. She had been at Rome, and visited the antiquities, as we know; and she always declined to call Mr. Casaubon anything but "your master," when speaking to the other servants.

Pratt laughed. He liked his master very well, but he liked Tantripp better.

When Dorothea was out on the gravel walks she lingered among the nearer clumps of trees, hesitating, as she had done once before, though from a different cause. Then she had feared lest her effort at fellowship should be unwelcome; now she dreaded going to the spot where she foresaw that she must bind herself to a fellowship from which she shrank. Neither law nor the world's opinion compelled her to this — only her husband's nature and her own compassion, only the idea, and not the real yoke of marriage. She saw clearly enough the whole situation, yet she was fettered: she could not smite the stricken soul that entreated hers. If that were weakness, Dorothea was weak. But the half-hour was passing, and she must not delay longer. When she entered the Yew-tree Walk she could not see her husband; but the walk had bends, and she went, expecting to catch sight of his figure wrapped in a blue cloak, which, with a warm velvet cap, was his outer garment on chill days for the garden. It occurred to her that he might be resting in the summer-house, toward which the path diverged a little. Turning the angle, she could see him seated on the bench close to a stone table. His arms were resting on the table, and his brow was bowed down on them, the blue cloak being dragged forward and screening his face on each side.

"He exhausted himself last night," Dorothea said to herself, thinking at first that he was asleep, and that the summer-house was too damp a place to rest in. But then she remembered that of late she had seen him take that attitude when she was reading to him, as if he found it easier than any other; and that he would sometimes speak, as well as listen, with his head down in that way. She went into the summer-house and said, "I am come, Edward; I am ready."

He took no notice, and she thought that he must be fast asleep. She laid her hand on his shoulder and repeated, "I am ready!" Still he was motionless; and with a sudden confused fear she leaned down to him, took off his velvet cap, and leaned her cheek close to his head, crying in a distressed tone,

"Wake, dear, wake! Listen to me. I am come to answer."

But Dorothea never gave her answer.

Later in the day Lydgate was seated by her bedside, and she was talking deliriously, thinking aloud, and recalling what had gone through her mind the night before. She knew him, and called him by his name, but appeared to think it right that she should explain everything to him; and again and again begged him to explain everything to her husband.

"Tell him I shall go to him soon: I am ready to promise. Only thinking about it was so dreadful — it has made me ill. Not very ill. I shall soon be better. Go and tell him."

But the silence in her husband's ear was never more to be broken.

. . . .

UNITED.

On the second morning after Dorothea's visit to Rosamond she had had two nights of sound sleep, and had not only lost all traces of fatigue, but felt as if she had a great deal of superfluous strength — that is to say, more strength than she could manage to concentrate on any occupation. The day before, she had taken long walks outside the grounds, and had paid two visits to the parsonage; but she never in her life told any one the reason why she spent her time in that fruitless manner, and this morning she was rather angry with herself for her childish restlessness. To-day was to be spent quite differently. What was there to be done in the village? Oh dear! nothing. Everybody was well and had flannel; nobody's pig had died; and it was Saturday morning, when there was a general scrubbing of floors and door-stones, and when it was useless to go into the school. But there were various subjects that Dorothea was trying to get clear upon, and she resolved to throw herself energetically into the gravest of all. She sat down in the library before her particular little heap of books on political economy and kindred matters, out of which she was trying to get light as to the best way of spending money so as not to injure one's neighbors, or — what comes to the same thing — so as to do them the most good. Here was a weighty subject which, if she could but lay hold of it, would certainly keep her mind steady. Unhappily her mind slipped off it for a whole hour; and at the end she found herself reading sentences twice over with an intense consciousness of many things, but not of any one thing contained in the text. This was hopeless. Should she order the carriage and drive to Tipton? No; for some reason or other she preferred staying at Lowick. But her vagrant mind must be reduced to order: there was an art in self-discipline; and she walked round and round the brown library considering by what sort of maneuver she could arrest her wandering thoughts. Perhaps a mere task was the best means — something to which she must go doggedly. Was there not the geography of Asia Minor, in which her slackness had often been rebuked by Mr. Casaubon? She went to the cabinet of maps and unrolled one: this morning she might make herself finally sure that Paphlagonia was not on the Levantine coast, and fix her total darkness about the Chalybes firmly on the shores of the Euxine. A map was a fine thing to study when you were disposed to think of something else, being made up of names that would turn into a chime if you went back upon them. Dorothea set earnestly to work, bending close to her map, and uttering the names in an audible, subdued tone, which often got into a chime. She looked amusingly girlish after all her deep experience — nodding her head and marking the names off on her fingers, with a little pursing of her lip, and now and then breaking off to put her hands on each side of her face and say, "Oh dear! oh dear!"

There was no reason why this should end any more than a merry-go-round; but it was at last interrupted by the opening of the door and the announcement of Miss Noble.

The little old lady, whose bonnet hardly reached Dorothea's shoulder, was warmly welcomed, but while her hand was being pressed she made many of her beaver-like noises, as if she had something difficult to say.

"Do sit down," said Dorothea, rolling a chair forward. "Am I wanted for anything? I shall be so glad if I can do anything."

"I will not stay," said Miss Noble, putting her hand into her small basket, and holding some article inside it nervously; "I have left a friend in the church-yard." She lapsed into her inarticulate sounds, and unconsciously drew forth the article which she was fingering. It was the tortoise-shell lozenge-box, and Dorothea felt the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Mr. Ladislaw," continued the timid little woman. "He fears he has offended you, and has begged me to ask if you will see him for a few minutes?"

Dorothea did not answer on the instant: it was crossing her mind that she could not receive him in this library, where her husband's prohibition seemed to dwell. She looked toward the window. Could she go out and meet him in the grounds? The sky was heavy, and the trees had begun to shiver as at a coming storm. Besides, she shrank from going out to him.

"Do see him, Mrs. Casaubon," said Miss Noble, pathetically; "else I must go back and say No, and that will hurt him."

"Yes, I will see him," said Dorothea. "Pray tell him to come."

What else was there to be done? There was nothing that she longed for at that moment except to see Will: the possibility of seeing him had thrust itself insistently between her and every other object; and yet she had a throbbing excitement like an alarm upon her — a sense that she was doing something daringly defiant for his sake.

When the little lady had trotted away on her mission, Dorothea stood in the middle of the library with her hands falling clasped before her, making no attempt to compose herself in an attitude of dignified unconsciousness. What she was least conscious of just then was her own body: she was thinking of what was likely to be in Will's mind, and of the hard feelings that others had had about him. How could any duty bind her to hardness? Resistance to unjust dispraise had mingled with her feeling for him from the very first, and now in the rebound of her heart after her anguish the resistance was stronger than ever. "If I love him too much it is because he has been used so ill": — there was a voice within her saying that to some imagined audience in the library, when the door was opened, and she saw Will before her.

She did not move, and he came toward her with more doubt and timidity in his face than she had ever seen before. He was in a state of uncertainty, which made him afraid lest some look or word of his should condemn him to a new distance from her, and Dorothea was afraid of her own emotion. She looked as if there was a spell upon her, keeping her motionless, and hindering her from unclasping her hands, while some intense, grave yearning was imprisoned within her eyes. Seeing that she did not put out her hand as usual, Will paused a yard from her, and said with embarrassment, "I am so grateful to you for seeing me."

"I wanted to see you," said Dorothea, having no other words at command. It did not occur to her to sit down, and Will did not give a cheerful interpretation to this queenly way of receiving him; but he went on to say what he had made up his mind to say.

"I fear you think me foolish and perhaps wrong for coming back so soon. I have been punished for my impatience. You know — every one knows now — a painful story about my parentage. I knew of it before I went away, and I always meant to tell you of it if — if we ever met again."

There was a slight movement in Dorothea, and she unclasped her hands, but immediately folded them one over the other.

"But the affair is matter of gossip now," Will continued. "I wished you to know that something connected with it — something which happened before I went away — helped to bring me down here again. At least, I thought it excused my coming. It was the idea of getting Bulstrode to apply some money to a public purpose — some money which he had thought of giving me. Perhaps it is rather to Bulstrode's credit that he privately offered me compensation for an old injury; he offered to give me a good income to make amends; but I suppose you know the disagreeable story?"

Will looked doubtfully at Dorothea, but his manner was gathering some of the defiant courage with which he always thought of this fact in his destiny. He added, "You know that it must be altogether painful to me."

"Yes — yes — I know," said Dorothea, hastily.

"I did not choose to accept an income from such a source. I was sure that you would not think well of me if I did so," said Will. Why should he mind saying anything of that sort to her now! She knew that he had avowed his love for her. "I felt that"— He broke off nevertheless.

"You acted as I should have expected you to act," said Dorothea, her face brightening, and her head becoming a little more erect on its beautiful stem.

"I did not believe that you would let any circumstance of my birth create a prejudice in you against me, though it was sure to do so in others," said Will, shaking his head backward in his old way, and looking with a grave appeal into her eyes.

"If it were a new hardship, it would be a new reason for me to cling to you," said Dorothea, fervidly. "Nothing could have changed me but" — her heart was swelling and it was difficult to go on; she made a great effort over herself to say, in a low, tremulous voice — "but thinking that you were different — not so good as I had believed you to be."

"You are sure to believe me better than I am in everything but one," said Will, giving way to his own feeling in the evidence of hers. "I mean, in my truth to you. When I thought you doubted of that, I didn't care about any thing that was left. I thought it was all over with me, and there was nothing to try for — only things to endure."

"I don't doubt you any longer," said Dorothea, putting out her hand — a vague fear for him impelling her unutterable affection.

He took her hand and raised it to his lips, with something like a sob. But he stood with his hat and gloves in the other hand, and might have done for the portrait of a Royalist. Still, it was difficult to loose the hand, and Dorothea, withdrawing it in a confusion that distressed her, looked and moved away.

"See how dark the clouds have become, and how the trees are tossed," she said, walking toward the window, yet speaking and moving with only a dim sense of what she was doing.

Will followed her at a little distance, and leaned against the tall back of a leather chair, on which he ventured now to lay his hat and gloves, and free himself from the intolerable durance of formality to which he had been for the first time condemned in Dorothea's presence. It must be confessed that he felt very happy at that moment leaning on the chair. He was not much afraid of anything that she might feel now.

They stood silent, not looking at each other but looking at the evergreens which were being tossed, and were showing the pale under side of their leaves against the blackening sky. Will never enjoyed the prospect of a storm so much: it delivered him from the necessity of going away. Leaves and little branches were hurled about, and the thunder was getting nearer. The light was more and more somber, but there came a flash of lightning which made them start and look at each other, and then smile. Dorothea began to say what she had been thinking of.

"That was a wrong thing for you to say, that you would have had nothing to try for. If we have lost our own chief good, other people's good would remain, and that is worth trying for. Some can be happy. I seemed to see that more clearly than ever when I was the most wretched. I can hardly think how I could have borne the trouble, if that feeling had not come to me to make strength."

"You have never felt the sort of misery I felt," said Will, "the misery of knowing that you must despise me."

"But I have felt worse — it was worse to think ill" — Dorothea had begun impetuously, but broke off.

Will colored. He had the sense that whatever she said was uttered in the vision of a fatality that kept them apart. He was silent a moment, and then said, passionately,

"We may at least have the comfort of speaking to each other without disguise. Since I must go away — since we must always be divided — you may think of me as one on the brink of the grave."

While he was speaking there came a vivid flash of lightning which lit each of them up for the other — and the light seemed to be the terror of a hopeless love. Dorothea darted instantaneously from the window; Will followed her, seizing her hand with a spasmodic movement; and so they stood, with their hands clasped, like two children, looking out on the storm, while the thunder gave a tremendous crack and roll above them, and the rain began to pour down. Then they turned their faces toward each other, with the memory of his last words in them, and they did not loose each other's hands.

"There is no hope for me," said Will. "Even if you loved me as well as I love you — even if I were everything to you — I shall most likely always be very poor — on a sober calculation, one can count on nothing but a creeping lot. It is impossible for us ever to belong to each other. It is perhaps base of me to have asked for a word from you. I meant to go away into silence, but I have not been able to do what I meant."

"Don't be sorry," said Dorothea, in her clear, tender tones. "I would rather share all the trouble of our parting."

Her lips trembled and so did his. It was never known which lips were the first to move toward the other; but they kissed tremblingly, and then they moved apart.

The rain was dashing against the window-panes as if an angry spirit were within it, and behind it was the great swoop of the wind; it was one of those moments in which both the busy and the idle pause with a certain awe.

Dorothea sat down in the seat nearest to her, a long, low ottoman in the middle of the room, and, with her hands folded over each other in her lap, looked at the drear outer world. Will stood still an instant looking at her, then seated himself beside her, and laid his hand on hers, which turned itself upward to be clasped. They sat in that way without looking at each other, until the rain abated and began to fall in stillness. Each had been full of thoughts which neither of them could begin to utter.

But when the rain was quiet, Dorothea turned to look at Will. With passionate exclamation, as if some torture-screw were threatening him, he started up, and said, "It is impossible!"

He went and leaned on the back of the chair again, and seemed to be battling with his own anger, while she looked toward him sadly.

"It is as fatal as a murder or any other horror that divides people," he burst out again; "it is more intolerable — to have our life maimed by petty accidents."

"No — don't say that — your life need not be maimed," said Dorothea, gently.

"Yes, it must," said Will, angrily. "It is cruel of you to speak in that way — as if there were any comfort. You may see beyond the misery of it, but I don't. It is unkind — it is throwing back my love for you as if it were a trifle, to speak in that way in the face of the fact. We can never be married."

"Some time — we might," said Dorothea, in a trembling voice.

"When?" said Will, bitterly. "What is the use of counting on any success of mine? It is a mere toss-up whether I shall ever do more than keep myself decently, unless I choose to sell myself as a mere pen and mouth-piece. I can see that clearly enough. I could not offer myself to any woman, even if she had no luxuries to renounce."

There was silence. Dorothea's heart was full of something that she wanted to say, and yet the words were too difficult. She was wholly possessed by them: at that moment debate was mute within her. And it was very hard that she could not say what she wanted to say. Will was looking out of the window angrily. If he would have looked at her and not gone away from her side, she thought everything would have been easier. At last he turned, still resting against the chair, and, stretching his hand automatically toward his hat, said, with a sort of exasperation, "Good-by."

"Oh, I cannot bear it — my heart will break," said Dorothea, starting from her seat, the flood of her young passion bearing down all the obstructions which had kept her silent — the great tears rising and falling in an instant: "I don't mind about poverty — I hate my wealth."

In an instant Will was close to her and had his arms round her; but she drew her head back and held his away gently, that she might go on speaking, her large tear-filled eyes looking at his very simply, while she said in a sobbing, child-like way, "We could live quite well on my own fortune — it is too much — seven hundred a year — I want so little — no new clothes — and I will learn what everything costs."

"Oh, May I Join the Choir Invisible."

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child, —
Poor anxious penitence, — is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air;
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love —
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion even more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

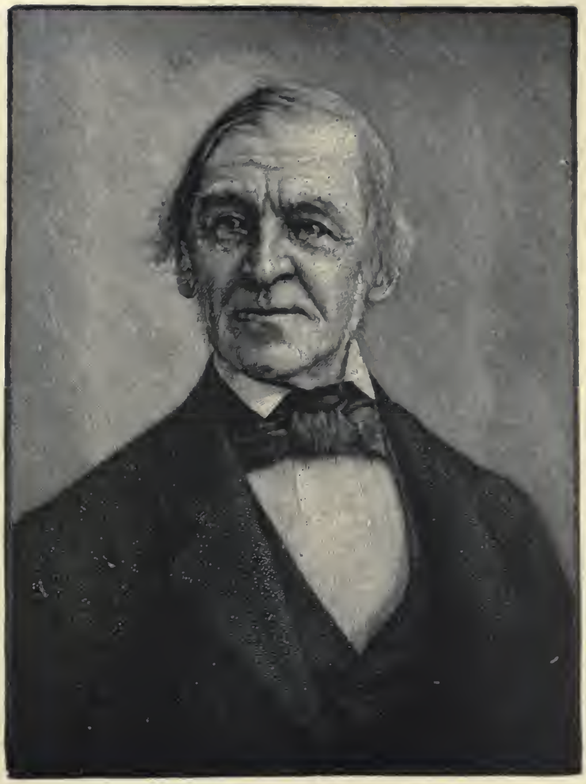
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, an eminent American philosopher, essayist, lecturer and poet, born in Boston, May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. He entered Harvard College at thirteen. He made much use of the college library. "He read and re-read the early English dramatists, and knew Shakspeare almost by heart."

His brother, William, had established in Boston a school for girls, in which Ralph was a teacher for several years, during which he also studied in theology. In 1826 he was "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association (Unitarian), and in 1829 he became colleague to Henry Ware in the pastorate of the Second Church (Unitarian) in Boston. In the following year Mr. Ware resigned, and Emerson became sole pastor. Emerson's career as a clergyman lasted about four years. Near the close of December, 1832, he resigned his charge, and set out upon his first visit to Europe, which lasted nearly a year. Most of the time was passed in Italy. But near the close he went to England; his main purpose being to see some half-dozen men — such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Carlyle. His meeting with Thomas Carlyle was in many ways an important epoch in the lives of the two men. The interview lasted only a few hours; but it resulted in a friendship which continued until both were old men. The two men never met again for some twenty years, when Emerson went to England upon a lecturing tour.

The system of lecturing, which came to be known as the "Lyceum," had now begun to develop itself. It gave scope for any man who had anything to say upon any subject which anybody wished to hear about. Emerson availed himself of the opening. In 1835 he married Lidian Jackson, and took up his residence at Concord, Mass., which was his home during the remainder of his life. From this time his profession was that of delivering lectures in all parts of the United States. For forty successive years he lectured before the Lyceum of Salem, Mass.

Emerson's first book, entitled "Nature," was published in 1836. It was some twelve years before the first edition of five hundred copies was disposed of. Considering that there were forty years



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between the date of "Nature," his first book, and "Letters and Social Aims," his last, Emerson was by no means a voluminous writer. The following is a list of his books arranged in the order of their dates of publication:

"Nature" (1836); "Essays" (first series, 1841; second series, 1844); "Poems" (1847); "Miscellanies," consisting mainly of addresses, most of which had already been printed in *The Dial* (1856); "Representative Men" (1850); several chapters in James Freeman Clarke's "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," not included in Emerson's collected works (1852); "English Traits" (1856); "Conduct of Life" (1860); "May-day and Other Poems" (1867); "Society and Solitude" (1870); "Letters and Social Aims" (1875). All of the prose works after 1847, with the exception of "English Traits," are properly so many new series of the "Essays." To these should be added the "Letters to Thomas Carlyle," extending through many years, and first published some years after the death of Emerson.

In 1847 Emerson again went to England to deliver lectures in the principal towns; the results of his observations are embodied in the "English Traits." He went again in 1868; but did not write anything in regard to this visit.

HISTORY.[1]

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And where it cometh all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

. . . .

I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.

THERE is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think; what a saint has felt, he may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, he can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent.

Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history. Without hurry, without rest, the human spirit goes forth from the beginning to embody every faculty, every thought, every emotion which belongs to it, in appropriate events. But always the thought is prior to the fact; all the facts of history preëxist in the mind as laws. Each law in turn is made by circumstances predominant, and the limits of nature give power to but one at a time. A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world.

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[1] The following selections are used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This human mind wrote history, and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a star a hundred millions of miles distant, as the poise of my body depends on the equilibrium of centrifugal and centripetal forces, so the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages explained by the hours. Of the universal mind each individual man is one more incarnation. All its properties consist in him. Every step in his private experience flashes a light on what great bodies of men have done, and the crises of his life refer to national crises. Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, and when the same thought occurs to another man, it is the key to that era. Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age. The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible or intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner; must fasten these images to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall see nothing, learn nothing, keep nothing. What befell Asdrubal or Cæsar Borgia is as much an illustration of the mind's powers and depravations as what has befallen us. Each new law and political movement has meaning for you. Stand before each of its tablets and say, "Here is one of my coverings; under this fantastic, or odious, or graceful mask did my Proteus nature hide itself." This remedies the defect of our too great meanness to ourselves. This throws our own actions into perspective; and as crabs, goats, scorpions, the balance and the water-pot lose all their meanness when hung as signs in the zodiac, so I can see my own vices without heat in the distant persons of Solomon, Alcibiades, and Catiline.

It is the universal nature which gives worth to particular men and things. Human life, as containing this, is mysterious and inviolable, and we hedge it round with penalties and laws. All laws derive hence their ultimate reason; all express at last reverence for some command of this supreme, illimitable essence. Property also holds of the soul, covers great spiritual facts, and instinctively we at first hold to it with swords and laws and wide and complex combinations. The obscure consciousness of this fact is the light of all our day, the claim of claims; the plea for education, for justice, for charity; the foundation of friendship and love and of the heroism and grandeur which belong to acts of self-reliance. It is remarkable that involuntarily we always read as superior beings. Universal history, the poets, the romancers, do not in their stateliest pictures, — in the sacerdotal, the imperial palaces, in the triumphs of will or of genius, — anywhere lose our ear, anywhere make us feel that we intrude, that this is for our betters; but rather is it true that in their grandest strokes we feel most at home. All that Shakspeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself. We sympathize in the great moments of history, in the great discoveries, the great resistances, the great prosperities of men; — because there law was enacted, the sea was searched, the land was found, or the blow was struck, *for us*, as we ourselves in that place would have done or applauded.

So it is in respect to condition and character. We honor the rich because they have externally the freedom, power, and grace which we feel to be proper to man, proper to us. So all that is said of the wise man by stoic or oriental or modern essayist, describes to each reader his own idea, describes his unattained but attainable self. All literature writes the character of the wise man. All books, monuments, pictures, conversation, are portraits in which he finds the lineaments he is forming. The silent and the loud praise him and accost him, and he is stimulated wherever he moves, as by personal allusions. A wise and good soul therefore never needs look for allusions personal and laudatory in discourse. He hears the commendation, not of himself, but, more sweet, of that character he seeks, in every word that is said concerning character, yea, further, in every fact that befalls, — in the running river and the rustling corn. Praise is looked, homage tendered, love flows, from mute nature, from the mountains and the lights of the firmament.

These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in broad day. The student is to read history actively and not passively; to esteem his own life the text, and books the commentary. Thus compelled, the muse of history will utter oracles, as never to those who do not respect themselves. I have no expectation that any man will read history aright who thinks that what was done in a remote age, by men whose names have resounded far, has any deeper sense than what he is doing to-day.

The world exists for the education of each man. There is no age or state of society or mode of action in history to which there is not somewhat corresponding in his life. Everything tends in a wonderful manner to abbreviate itself and yield its whole virtue to him. He should see that he can live all history in his own person. He must sit at home with might and main and not suffer himself to be bullied by kings or empires, but know that he is greater than all the geography and all the government of the world; he must transfer the point of view from which history is commonly read, from Rome and Athens and London, to himself, and not deny his conviction that he is the Court, and if England or Egypt have anything to say to him he will try the case; if not, let them forever be silent. He must attain and maintain that lofty sight where facts yield their secret sense, and poetry and annals are alike. The instinct of the mind, the purpose of nature, betrays itself in the use we make of signal narrations of history. Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity of facts. No anchor, no cable, no fences avail to keep a fact a fact. Babylon, and Troy, and Tyre, and even early Rome, are passing already into fiction. The Garden of Eden, the Sun standing still in Gibeon, is poetry thenceforward to all nations. Who cares what the fact was, when we have thus made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign? London and Paris and New York must go the same way. "What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court, and Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments grave and gay. I will not make more account of them.

I believe in Eternity. I can find Greece, Palestine, Italy, Spain, and the Islands, — the genius and creative principle of each and of all eras, in my own mind.

We are always coming up with the facts that have moved us in history in our private experience and verifying them here. All history becomes subjective; in other words, there is properly no History, only Biography. Every mind must know the whole lesson for itself, — must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know. What the former age has epitomized into a formula or rule for manipular convenience, it will lose all the good of verifying for itself, by means of the wall of that rule. Somewhere or other, some time or other, it will demand and find compensation for that loss by doing the work itself. Ferguson discovered many things in astronomy which had long been known. The better for him.

History must be this or it is nothing. Every law which the state enacts indicates a fact in human nature; that is all. We must in our own nature see the necessary reason for every fact, — see how it could and must be. So stand before every public, every private work; before an oration of Burke, before a victory of Napoleon, before a martyrdom of Sir Thomas More, of Sidney, of Marmaduke Robinson; before a French Reign of Terror, and a Salem hanging of witches; before a fanatic Revival and the Animal Magnetism in Paris, or in Providence. We assume that we under like influence should be alike affected, and should achieve the like; and we aim to master intellectually the steps and reach the same height or the same degradation that our fellow, our proxy, has done.

All inquiry into antiquity, — all curiosity respecting the pyramids, the excavated cities, Stonehenge, the Ohio Circles, Mexico, Memphis, is the desire to do away this wild, savage, and preposterous There or Then, and introduce in its place the Here and the Now. It is to banish the *not me* and supply the *me*. It is to abolish difference and restore unity. Belzoni digs and measures in the mummy-pits and pyramids of Thebes until he can see the end of the difference between the monstrous work and himself. When he has satisfied himself, in general and in detail, that it was made by such a person as himself, so armed and so motived, and to ends to which he himself in given circumstances should also have worked, the problem is solved; his thought lives along the whole line of temples and sphinxes and catacombs, passes through them all like a creative soul with satisfaction, and they live again to the mind, or are *now*.

A Gothic cathedral affirms that it was done by us and not done by us. Surely it was by man, but we find it not in our man. But we apply ourselves to the history of its production. We put ourselves into the place and historical state of the builder. We remember the forest dwellers, the first temples, the adherence to the first type, and the decoration of it as the wealth of the nation increased; the value which is given to wood by carving led to the carving over the whole mountain of stone of a cathedral. When we have gone through this process, and added thereto the Catholic Church, its cross, its music, its processions, its Saints' days and image worship, we have as it were been the man that made the minster; we have seen how it could and must be. We have the sufficient reason.

The difference between men is in their principle of association. Some men classify objects by color and size and other accidents of appearance; others by intrinsic likeness, or by the relation of cause and effect. The progress of the intellect consists in the clearer vision of causes, which overlooks surface differences. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance. Every chemical substance, every plant, every animal in its growth, teaches the unity of cause, the variety of appearance.

Why, being as we are, surrounded by this all-creating nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, should we be such hard pedants, and magnify a few forms? Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of figure? The soul knows them not, and genius, obeying its law, knows how to play with them as a young child plays with graybeards and in churches. Genius studies the casual thought, and far back in the womb of things sees the rays parting from one orb, that diverge, ere they fall, by infinite diameters. Genius watches the monad through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature. Genius detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant type of the individual; through countless individuals the fixed species; through many species the genus; through all genera the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life the eternal unity. Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never the same. She casts the same thought into troops of forms, as a poet makes twenty fables with one moral. Beautifully shines a spirit through the bruteness and toughness of matter. Alone omnipotent, it converts all things to its own end. The adamant streams into softest but precise form before it, but whilst I look at it its outline and texture are changed altogether. Nothing is so fleeting as form. Yet never does it quite deny itself. In man we still trace the rudiments or hints of all that we esteem badges of servitude in the lower races; yet in him they enhance his nobleness and grace; as Io, in Æschylus, transformed to a cow, offends the imagination, but how changed when as Isis in Egypt she meets Jove, a beautiful woman with nothing of the metamorphosis left but the lunar horns as the splendid ornament of her brows.

The identity of history is equally intrinsic, the diversity equally obvious. There is, at the surface, infinite variety of things; at the center there is simplicity and unity of cause. How many are the acts of one man in which we recognize the same character. See the variety of the sources of our information in respect to the Greek genius. Thus at first we have the *civil history* of the people, as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, have given it — a very sufficient account of what manner of persons they were and what they did. Then we have the same soul expressed for us again in their *literature;* in poems, drama, and philosophy: a very complete form. Then we have it once more in their *architecture* — the purest sensuous beauty — the perfect medium never over-stepping the limit of charming propriety and grace. Then we have it once more in *sculpture*, — the "tongue on the balance of expression," those forms in every action at every age of life, ranging through all the scale of condition, from god to beast, and never transgressing the ideal serenity, but in convulsive exertion, the liege of order and of law. Thus, of the genius of one remarkable people we have a fourfold representation — the most various expression of one moral thing: and to the senses what more unlike than an ode of Pindar, a marble Centaur, the peristyle of the Parthenon, and the last actions of Phocion? Yet do these varied external expressions proceed from one national mind.

Every one must have observed faces and forms which, without any resembling feature, make a like impression on the beholder. A particular picture or copy of verses, if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet superinduce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk, although the resemblance is nowise obvious to the senses, but is occult and out of the reach of the understanding. Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws. She hums the old well-known air through innumerable variations.

Nature is full of a sublime family likeness throughout her works. She delights in startling us with resemblances in the most unexpected quarters. I have seen the head of an old sachem of the forest which at once reminded the eye of a bald mountain summit, and the furrows of the brow suggested the strata of the rock. There are men whose manners have the same essential splendor as the simple and awful sculpture on the friezes of the Parthenon and the remains of the earliest Greek art. And there are compositions of the same strain to be found in the books of all ages. What is Guido's Rospigliosi Aurora but a morning thought, as the horses in it are only a morning cloud. If any one will but take pains to observe the variety of actions to which he is equally inclined in certain moods of mind, and those to which he is averse, he will see how deep is the chain of affinity.

A painter told me that nobody could draw a tree without in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outlines of its form merely, — but, by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature and can then draw him at will in every attitude. So Roos "entered into the inmost nature of a sheep." I knew a draughtsman employed in a public survey who found that he could not sketch the rocks until their geological structure was first explained to him.

What is to be inferred from these facts but this : that in a certain state of thought is the common origin of very diverse works? It is the spirit and not the fact that is identical. By descending far down into the depths of the soul, and not primarily by a painful acquisition of many manual skills, the artist attains the power of awakening other souls to a given activity.

It has been said that "common souls pay with what they do, nobler souls with that which they are." And why? Because a soul living from a great depth of being, awakens in us by its actions and words, by its very looks and manners, the same power and beauty that a gallery of sculpture or of pictures are wont to animate.

Civil history, natural history, the history of art and the history of literature, — all must be explained from individual history, or must remain words. There is nothing but is related to us, nothing that does not interest us, — kingdom, college, tree, horse, or iron shoe, the roots of all things are in man. It is in the soul that architecture exists. Santa Croce and the dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the ship-builder. In the man, could we lay him open, we should see the reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work, as every spine and tint in the sea-shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy. A man of fine manners shall pronounce your name with all the ornament that titles of nobility could ever add.

The trivial experience of every day is always verifying some old prediction to us and converting into things for us also the words and signs which we had heard and seen without heed. Let me add a few examples, such as fall within the scope of every man's observation, of trivial facts which go to illustrate great and conspicuous facts.

A lady with whom I was riding in the forest said to me that the woods always seemed to her *to wait*, as if the genii who inhabited them suspended their deeds until the wayfarer had passed onward. This is precisely the thought which poetry has celebrated in the dance of the fairies, which breaks off on the approach of human feet. The man who has seen the rising moon break out of the clouds at midnight, has been present like an archangel at the creation of light and of the world. I remember that being abroad one summer day in the fields, my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches, — a round block in the center, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning which at once revealed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunderbolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift along the sides of the stone wall which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower.

By simply throwing ourselves into new circumstances we do continually invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. "The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock" (says Heeren in his "Researches on the Ethiopians"), "determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which it assumed. In these caverns, already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen or lean on the pillars of the interior?"

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees, with all their boughs, to a festal or solemn arcade; as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the barrenness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window, with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce.

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aërial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

In like manner all public facts are to be individualized, all private facts are to be generalized. Then at once History becomes flûid and true, and Biography deep and sublime. As the Persian imitated in the slender shafts and capitals of his architecture the stem and flower of the lotus and palm, so the Persian court in its magnificent era never gave over the Nomadism of its barbarous tribes, but traveled from Ecbatana, where the spring was spent, to Susa in summer and to Babylon for the winter.

In the early history of Asia and Africa, Nomadism and Agriculture are the two antagonist facts. The geography of Asia and of Africa necessitated a nomadic life. But the nomads were the terror of all those whom the soil or the advantages of a market had induced to build towns. Agriculture therefore was a religious injunction, because of the perils of the state from nomadism. And in these late and civil countries of England and America these propensities still fight out the old battle in each individual. We are all rovers and all fixtures by turns, and pretty rapid turns. The nomads of Africa are constrained to wander, by the attacks of the gad-fly, which drives the cattle mad, and so compels the tribe to emigrate in the rainy season and drive off the cattle to the higher sandy regions. The nomads of Asia follow the pasturage from month to month. In America and Europe the nomadism is of trade and curiosity. A progress certainly, from the gad-fly of Astaboras to the Anglo- and Italo-mania of Boston Bay. The difference between men in this respect is the faculty of rapid domestication, the power to find his chair and bed everywhere, which one man has and another has not. Some men have so much of the Indian left, have constitutionally such habits of accommodation that at sea, or in the forest, or in the snow, they sleep as warm, and dine with as good appetite, and associate as happily as in their own house. And to push this old fact still one degree nearer, we may find it a representative of a permanent fact in human nature. The intellectual nomadism is the faculty of objectiveness or of eyes which everywhere feed themselves. Who hath such eyes everywhere falls into easy relations with his fellow-men. Every man, every thing is a prize, a study, a property to him, and this love smooths his brow, joins him to men, and makes him beautiful and beloved in their sight. His house is a wagon; he roams through all latitudes as easily as a Calmuc.

Everything the individual sees without him corresponds to his states of mind, and everything is in turn intelligible to him, as his onward thinking leads him into the truth to which that fact or series belongs.

The primeval world, the Fore-World, as the Germans say, I can dive to it in myself as well as grope for it with researching fingers in catacombs, libraries, and the broken reliefs and torsos of ruined villas.

What is the foundation of that interest all men feel in Greek history, letters, art, and poetry, in all its periods from the Heroic or Homeric age down to the domestic life of the Athenians and Spartans, four or five centuries later? This period draws us because we are Greeks. It is a state through which every man in some sort passes. The Grecian state is the era of the bodily nature, the perfection of the senses, — of the spiritual nature unfolded in strict unity with the body. In it existed those human forms which supplied the sculptor with his models of Hercules, Phœbus, and Jove; not like the forms abounding in the streets of modern cities, wherein the face is a confused blur of features, but composed of incorrupt, sharply defined, and symmetrical features, whose eye-sockets are so formed that it would be impossible for such eyes to squint and take furtive glances on this side and on that, but they must turn the whole head.

The manners of that period are plain and fierce. The reverence exhibited is for personal qualities, courage, address, self-command, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a broad chest. Luxury is not known, nor elegance. A sparse population and want make every man his own valet, cook, butcher, and soldier, and the habit of supplying his own needs educates the body to wonderful performances. Such are the Agamemnon and Diomed of Homer, and not far different is the picture Xenophon gives of himself and his compatriots in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. "After the army had crossed the river Teleboas in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops lay miserably on the ground covered with it. But Xenophon arose naked, and taking an ax, began to split wood; whereupon others rose and did the like." Throughout his army seemed to be a boundless liberty of speech. They quarrel for plunder, they wrangle with the generals on each new order, and Xenophon is as sharp-tongued as any and sharper-tongued than most, and so gives as good as he gets. Who does not see that this is a gang of great boys, with such a code of honor and such lax discipline as great boys have?

The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and indeed of all the old literature, is that the persons speak simply, — speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it, before yet the reflective habit has become the predominant habit of the mind. Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old, but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective, but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They made vases, tragedies, and statues, such as healthy senses should, — that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists; but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. Our reverence for them is our reverence for childhood. Nobody can reflect upon an unconscious act with regret or contempt. Bard or hero cannot look down on the word or gesture of a child. It is as great as they. The attraction of these manners is that they belong to man and are known to every man in virtue of his being once a child; besides that there are always individuals who retain these characteristics. A person of childlike genius and inborn energy is still a Greek, and revives our love of the Muse of Hellas. A great boy, a great girl with good sense is a Greek. Beautiful is the love of nature in the Philoctetes. But in reading those fine apostrophes to sleep, to the stars, rocks, mountains, and waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea. I feel the eternity of man, the identity of his thought. The Greek had, it seems, the same fellow-beings as I. The sun and moon, water and fire, met his heart precisely as they meet mine. Then the vaunted distinction between Greek and English, between Classic and Romantic schools, seems superficial and pedantic. When a thought of Plato becomes a thought to me, — when a truth that fired the soul of Pindar fires mine, time is no more. When I feel that we two meet in a perception, that our two souls are tinged with the same hue, and do as it were run into one, why should I measure degrees of latitude, why should I count Egyptian years?

The student interprets the age of chivalry by his own age of chivalry, and the days of maritime adventure and circumnavigation by quite parallel miniature experiences of his own. To the sacred history of the world he has the same key. When the voice of a prophet out of the deeps of antiquity merely echoes to him a sentiment of his infancy, a prayer of his youth, he then pierces to the truth through all the confusion of tradition and the caricature of institutions.

Rare, extravagant spirits come by us at intervals, who disclose to us new facts in nature. I see that men of God have always from time to time walked among men and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer. Hence evidently the tripod, the priest, the priestess inspired by the divine afflatus.

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite Him to history, or reconcile Him with themselves. As they come to revere their intuitions and aspire to live holily, their own piety explains every fact, every word.

How easily these old worships of Moses, of Zoroaster, of Menu, of Socrates, domesticate themselves in the mind. I cannot find any antiquity in them. They are mine as much as theirs.

Then I have seen the first monks and anchorets, without crossing seas or centuries. More than once some individual has appeared to me with such negligence of labor and such commanding contemplation, a haughty beneficiary begging in the name of God, as made good to the nineteenth century Simeon the Stylite, the Thebais, and the first Capuchins.

The priestcraft of the East and West, of the Magian, Brahmin, Druid, and Inca, is expounded in the individual's private life. The cramping influence of a hard formalist on a young child, in repressing his spirits and courage, paralyzing the understanding, and that without producing indignation, but only fear and obedience, and even much sympathy with the tyranny, — is a familiar fact, explained to the child when he becomes a man, only by seeing that the oppressor of his youth is himself a child tyrannized over by those names and words and forms of whose influence he was merely the organ to the youth. The fact teaches him how Belus was worshiped and how the Pyramids were built, better than the discovery by Champollion of the names of all the workmen and the cost of every tile. He finds Assyria and the Mounds of Cholula at his door, and himself has laid the courses.

Again, in that protest which each considerate person makes against the superstition of his times, he repeats step for step the part of old reformers, and in the search after truth finds, like them, new perils to virtue. He learns again what moral vigor is needed to supply the girdle of a superstition. A great licentiousness treads on the heels of a reformation. How many times in the history of the world has the Luther of the day had to lament the decay of piety in his own household. "Doctor," said his wife to Martin Luther, one day, "how is it that whilst subject to papacy we prayed so often and with such fervor, whilst now we pray with the utmost coldness and very seldom?"

The advancing man discovers how deep a property he hath in literature, — in all fable as well as in all history. He finds that the poet was no odd fellow, who described strange and impossible situations, but that universal man wrote by his pen a confession, true for one and true for all. His own secret biography he finds in lines wonderfully intelligible to him, dotted down before he was born. One after another he comes up in his private adventures with every fable of Æsop, of Homer, of Hafiz, of Ariosto, of Chaucer, of Scott, and verifies them with his own head and hands.

The beautiful fables of the Greeks, being proper creations of the Imagination and not of the Fancy, are universal verities. What a range of meanings and what perpetual pertinence has the story of Prometheus! Beside its primary value as the first chapter of the history of Europe (the mythology thinly veiling authentic facts, the invention of the mechanic arts and the migration of colonies), it gives the history of religion, with some closeness to the faith of later ages. Prometheus is the Jesus of the old mythology. He is the friend of man; stands between the unjust "justice" of the Eternal Father and the race of mortals, and readily suffers all things on their account. But where it departs from the Calvinistic Christianity and exhibits him as the defier of Jove, it represents a state of mind which readily appears wherever the doctrine of Theism is taught in a crude, objective form, and which seems the self-defense of man against this untruth, namely, a discontent with the believed fact that a God exists, and a feeling that the obligation of reverence is onerous. It would steal if it could the fire of the Creator, and live apart from Him and independent of Him. The Prometheus Vinctus is the romance of skepticism. Not less true to all time are the details of that stately apologue. Apollo kept the flocks of Admetus, said the poets. Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns and they mope and wallow like dogs. When the gods come among men they are not known. Jesus was not; Socrates and Shakspeare were not. Antæus was suffocated by the gripe of Hercules, but every time he touched his mother earth his strength was renewed. Man is the broken giant, and in all his weakness both his body and his mind are invigorated by habits of conversation with nature. The power of music, the power of poetry, to unfix and as it were clap wings to all solid nature, interprets the riddle of Orpheus, which was to his childhood an idle tale. The philosophical perception of identity through endless mutations of form makes him know the Proteus. What else am I who laughed or wept yesterday, who slept last night like a corpse, and this morning stood and ran? And what see I on any side but the transmigrations of Proteus? I can symbolize my thought by using the name of any creature, of any fact, because every creature is man agent or patient. Tantalus is but a name for you and me. Tantalus means the impossibility of drinking the waters of thought which are always gleaming and waving within sight of the soul. The transmigration of souls; that too is no fable. I would it were; but men and women are only half human. Every animal of the barnyard, the field and the forest, of the earth and of the waters that are under the earth, has contrived to get a footing and to leave the print of its features and form in some one or other of these upright, heaven-facing speakers. Ah, brother, hold fast to the man and awe the beast; stop the ebb of thy soul, — ebbing downward into the forms into whose habits thou hast now for many years slid. As near and proper to us is also that old fable of the Sphinx, who was said to sit in the roadside and put riddles to every passenger. If the man could not answer, she swallowed him alive. If he could solve the riddle, the Sphinx was slain. What is our life but an endless flight of winged facts or events! In splendid variety these changes come, all putting questions to the human spirit. Those men who cannot answer by a superior wisdom these facts or questions of time, serve them. Facts encumber them, tyrannize over them, and make the men of routine, the men of *sense*, in whom a literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man. But if the man is true to his better instincts or sentiments, and refuses the dominion of facts, as one that comes of a higher race; remains fast by the soul and sees the principle, then the facts fall aptly and supple into their places; they know their master, and the meanest of them glorifies him.

See in Goethe's Helena the same desire that every word should be a thing. These figures, he would say, these Chirons, Griffins, Phorkyas, Helen and Leda, are somewhat, and do exert a specific influence on the mind. So far then are they eternal entities, as real to-day as in the first Olympiad. Much revolving them he writes out freely his humor, and gives them body to his own imagination. And although that poem be as vague and fantastic as a dream, yet it is much more attractive than the more regular dramatic pieces of the same author, for the reason that it operates a wonderful relief to the mind from the routine of customary images, — awakens the reader's invention and fancy by the wild freedom of the design, and by the unceasing succession of brisk shocks of surprise.

The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand; so that when he seems to vent a mere caprice and wild romance, the issue is an exact allegory. Hence Plato said that "poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand." All the fictions of the Middle Age explain themselves as a masked or frolic expression of that which in grave earnest the mind of that period toiled to achieve. Magic and all that is ascribed to it is manifestly a deep presentiment of the powers of science. The shoes of swiftness, the sword of sharpness, the power of subduing the elements, of using the secret virtues of minerals, of understanding the voices of birds, are the obscure efforts of the mind in a right direction. The preternatural prowess of the hero, the gift of perpetual youth, and the like, are alike the endeavor of the human spirit "to bend the shows of things to the desires of the mind."

In Perceforest and Amadis de Gaul a garland and a rose bloom on the head of her who is faithful, and fade on the brow of the inconstant. In the story of the Boy and the Mantle even a mature reader may be surprised with a glow of virtuous pleasure at the triumph of the gentle Genelas; and indeed all the postulates of elfin annals, that the fairies do not like to be named; that their gifts are capricious and not to be trusted; that who seeks a treasure must not speak; and the like, I find true in Concord, however they might be in Cornwall or Bretagne.

Is it otherwise in the newest romance? I read the Bride of Lammermoor. Sir William Ashton is a mask for a vulgar temptation, Ravenswood Castle, a fine name for proud poverty, and the foreign mission of state only a Bunyan disguise for honest industry. We may all shoot a wild bull that would toss the good and beautiful, by fighting down the unjust and sensual. Lucy Ashton is another name for fidelity, which is always beautiful and always liable to calamity in this world.

But along with the civil and metaphysical history of man, another history goes daily forward, — that of the external world, — in which he is not less strictly implicated. He is the compend of time; he is also the correlative of nature. The power of man consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is intertwined with the whole chain of organic and inorganic being. In the age of the Cæsars out from the Forum at Rome proceeded the great highways north, south, east, west, to the center of every province of the empire, making each market-town of Persia, Spain and Britain pervious to the soldiers of the capital: so out of the human heart go as it were highways to the heart of every object in nature to reduce it under the dominion of man. A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world. All his faculties refer to natures out of him and predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of the fish foreshow that water exists, or the wings of an eagle in the egg presuppose air. Insulate and you destroy him. He cannot live without a world. Put Napoleon in an island prison, let his faculties find no men to act on, no Alps to climb, no stake to play for, and he would beat the air, and appear stupid. Transport him to large countries, dense population, complex interests and antagonist power, and you shall see that the man Napoleon, bounded that is by such a profile and outline, is not the virtual Napoleon. This is but Talbot's shadow:

> "His substance is not here.
> For what you see is but the smallest part
> And least proportion of humanity;
> But were the whole frame here,
> It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,
> Your roof were not sufficient to contain it."
> *Henry VI.*

Columbus needs a planet to shape his course upon. Newton and Laplace need myriads of age and thick-strown celestial areas. One may say a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind. Not less does the brain of Davy or of Gay Lussac, from childhood exploring the affinities and repulsions of particles, anticipate the laws of organization. Does not the eye of the human embryo predict the light? the ear of Händel predict the witchcraft of harmonic sound? Do not the constructive fingers of Watt, Fulton, Whittemore, Arkwright, predict the fusible, hard and temperable texture of metals, the properties of stone, water and wood? the lovely attributes of the maiden child predict the refinements and decorations of civil society? Here also we are reminded of the action of man on man. A mind might ponder its thought for ages and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day. Who knows himself before he has been thrilled with indignation at an outrage, or has heard an eloquent tongue, or has shared the throb of thousands in a national exultation or alarm? No man can antedate his experience, or guess what faculty or feeling a new object shall unlock, any more than he can draw to-day the face of a person whom he shall see to-morrow for the first time.

I will not now go behind the general statement to explore the reason of this correspondency. Let it suffice that in the light of these two facts, namely, that the mind is One, and that nature is its correlative, history is to be read and written.

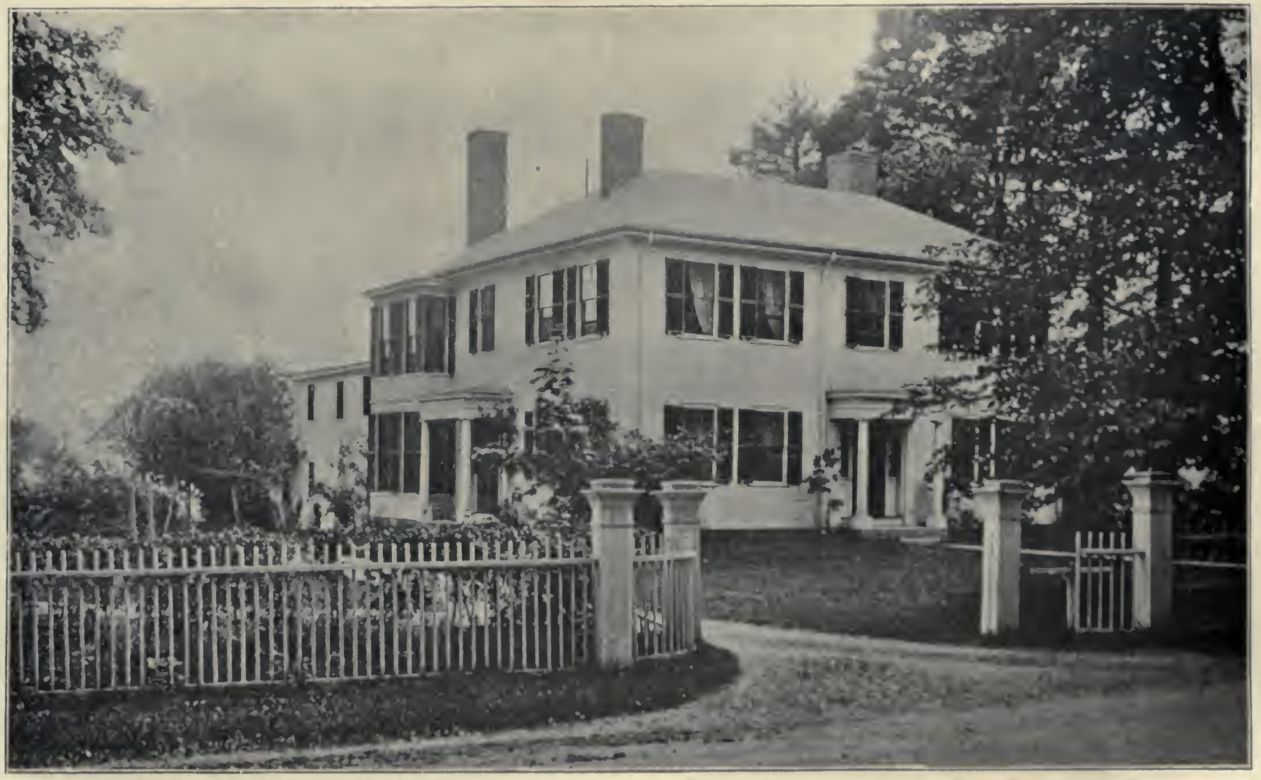
Thus in all ways does the soul concentrate and reproduce its treasures for each pupil, for each new-born man. He too shall pass through the whole cycle of experience. He shall collect into a focus the rays of nature. History no longer shall be a dull book. It shall walk incarnate in every just and wise man. You shall not tell me by languages and titles a catalogue of the volumes you have read. You shall make me feel what periods you have lived. A man shall be the Temple of Fame. He shall walk, as the poets have described that goddess, in a robe painted all over with wonderful events and experiences; — his own form and features by their exalted intelligence shall be that variegated vest. I shall find in him the Foreworld; in his childhood the Age of Gold, the Apples of Knowledge, the Argonautic Expedition, the calling of Abraham, the building of the Temple, the Advent of Christ, Dark Ages, the Revival of Letters, the Reformation, the discovery of new lands, the opening of new sciences and new regions in man. He shall be the priest of Pan, and bring with him into humble cottages the blessings of the morning stars, and all the recorded benefits of heaven and earth.

Is there somewhat overweening in this claim? Then I reject all I have written, for what is the use of pretending to know what we know not? But it is the fault of our rhetoric that we cannot strongly state one fact without seeming to belie some other. I hold our actual knowledge very cheap. Hear the rats in the wall, see the lizard on the fence, the fungus under foot, the lichen on the log. What do I know sympathetically, morally, of either of these worlds of life? As long as the Caucasian man, — perhaps longer, — these creatures have kept their counsel beside him, and there is no record of any word or sign that has passed from one to the other. Nay, what does history yet record of the metaphysical annals of man? What light does it shed on those mysteries which we hide under the names Death and Immortality? Yet every history should be written in a wisdom which divined the range of our affinities and looked at facts as symbols. I am ashamed to see what a shallow village-tale our so-called History is. How many times must we say Rome, and Paris, and Constantinople? What does Rome know of rat and lizard? What are Olympiads and Consulates to these neighboring systems of being? Nay, what food of experience or succor have they for the Eskimo seal-hunter, for the Kanaka in his canoe, for the fisherman, the stevedore, the porter?

Broader and deeper we must write our annals, — from an ethical reformation, from an influx of the ever new, ever sanative conscience, — if we would trulier express our central and wide-related nature, instead of this old chronology of selfishness and pride to which we have too long lent our eyes. Already that day exists for us, shines in on us at unawares, but the path of science and of letters is not the way into nature, but from it, rather. The idiot, the Indian, the child and unschooled farmer's boy come much nearer to these — understand them better than the dissector or the antiquary.

Compensation.

Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject Life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn, charmed my fancy by



THE HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm and the dwelling-house; the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, "We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now";—or to push it to its extreme import,—"You sin now, we shall sin by-and-by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow."

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle.

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the systole and diastole of the heart; in the undulations of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of men. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him? — nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes.

To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? — he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing.

This Law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari.* Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same, — in Turkey and New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies, and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity, — all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil; if the affinity, so the repulsion; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspirations; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal, but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Οἱ κῦβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίτουσι. The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner: first, in the things, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example, — to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated to the solution of one problem, — how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end*, without an *other end.* The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it, — power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody; to set up for himself; to truck and higgle for a private good; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride; to dress that he may be dressed; to eat that he may eat; and to govern that he may be seen. Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature, — the sweet, without the other side, — the bitter.

Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. "Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back."

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, brags that they do not touch him; — but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried, — since to try it is to be mad, — but for the circumstance that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurement of an object and not see the sensual hurt; he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have. "How secret art Thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to Reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them:

"Of all the gods, I only know the keys
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults
His thunders sleep."

A plain confession of the in-working of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so, though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable; for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the Dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it always is. There is a crack in everything God has made. Always it would seem there is this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws, — this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the Universe and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies they said are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theogenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it; that is the best part of each which he does not know; that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakspeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of Reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the Intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. — Give, and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch. — Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing.— He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor, and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base, — and that is the one base thing in the universe,— to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening ; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation ; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving ; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power ; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

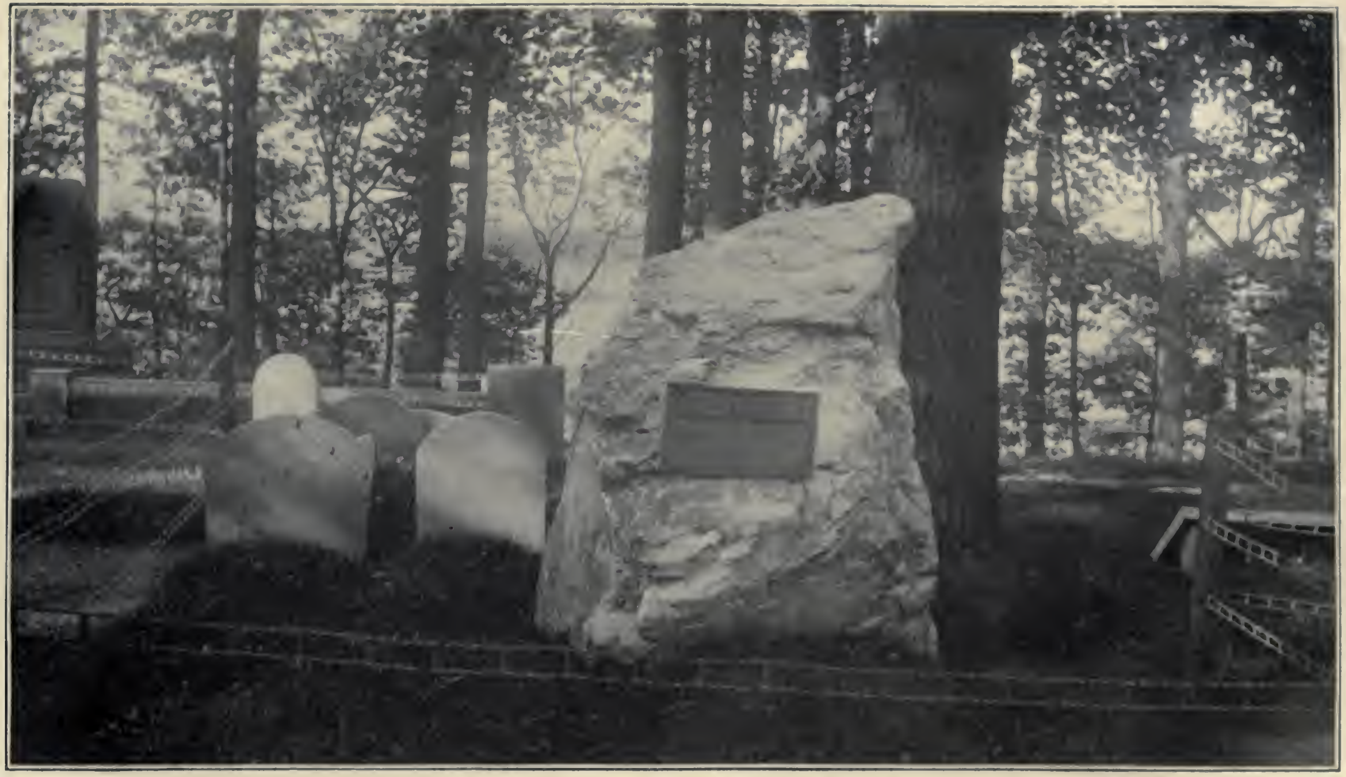
Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors.

"Winds blow and waters roll
Strength to the brave and power and deity,
Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended



EMERSON'S GRAVE

(Concord)

against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up-hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own and malice finds all her work in vain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a back-ground the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am;* in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less than the fool and knave. There is therefore no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God Himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. All external good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new responsibility. I do not wish more external goods, — neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists, and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly, and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakspeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue, — is not that mine? His wit, — if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing; resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith "Up and onward forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

NATURE.

THE rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery:
Though baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its laboring heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin;
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes.

THERE are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of in the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours, seems longevity enough. The solitary places do not seem quite lonely. At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. How willingly we would escape the barriers which render them comparatively impotent, escape the sophistication and second thought, and suffer nature to entrance us. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks, almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. Here no history, or church, or state, is interpolated on the divine sky and the immortal year. How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature.

These enchantments are medicinal, they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own, and make friends with matter, which the ambitious chatter of the schools would persuade us to despise. We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home; as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes, and hands, and feet. It is firm water: it is cold flame: what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother, when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influence, from these quarantine powers of nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and the soul. There is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the wood-fire to which the chilled traveler rushes for safety, — and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon. We nestle in nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains, and we receive glances from the heavenly bodies, which call us to solitude, and foretell the remotest future. The blue zenith is the point in which romance and reality meet. I think, if we should be rapt away into all that we dream of heaven, and should converse with Gabriel and Uriel, the upper sky would be all that would remain of our furniture.

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air preserving to each crystal its perfect form; the blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains, the waving rye-field, the mimic waving of acres of houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in glassy lakes; the musical steaming odorous south wind, which converts all trees to windharps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames; or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting-room, — these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms. A holiday, a villeggiatura, a royal revel, the proudest, most heart-rejoicing festival that valor and beauty, power and taste, ever decked and enjoyed, establishes itself on the instant. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars, with their private and ineffable glances, signify it and proffer it. I am taught the poorness of our invention, the ugliness of towns and palaces. Art and luxury have early learned that they must work as enchantment and sequel to this original beauty. I am over-instructed for my return. Henceforth I shall be hard to please. I cannot go back to toys. I am grown expensive and sophisticated. I can no longer live without elegance: but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows the most, he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man. Only as far as the masters of the world have called in nature to their aid, can they reach the height of magnificence. This is the meaning of their hanging-gardens, villas, garden-houses, islands, parks, and preserves, to back their faulty personality with these strong accessories. I do not wonder that the landed interest should be invincible in the state with these dangerous auxiliaries. These bribe and invite; not kings, not palaces, not men, not women, but these tender and poetic stars, eloquent of secret promises. We heard what the rich man said, we knew of his villa, his grove, his wine, and his company, but the provocation and point of the invitation came out of these beguiling stars. In their soft glances, I see what men strove to realize in some Versailles, or Paphos, or Ctesiphon. Indeed, it is the magical lights of the horizon, and the blue sky for the background, which save all our works of art, which were otherwise baubles. When the rich tax the poor with servility and obsequiousness, they should consider the effect of men reputed to be the possessors of nature, on imaginative minds. Ah! if the rich were rich as the poor fancy riches! A boy hears a military band play on the field at night, and he has kings and queens, and famous chivalry palpably before him. He hears the echoes of a horn in a hill country, in the Notch Mountains, for example, which converts the mountains into an Æolian harp, and this supernatural *tiralira* restores to him the Dorian mythology, Apollo, Diana, and all divine hunters and huntresses. Can a musical note be so lofty, so haughtily beautiful! To the poor young poet, thus fabulous is his picture of society; he is loyal; he respects the rich; they are rich for the sake of his imagination; how poor his fancy would be, if they were not rich! That they have some high-fenced grove, which they call a park; that they live in larger and better-garnished saloons than he has visited, and go in coaches, keeping only the society of the elegant, to watering-places, and to distant cities, are the groundwork from which he has delineated estates of romance, compared with which their actual possessions are shanties and paddocks. The muse herself betrays her son, and enhances the gifts of wealth and well-born beauty, by a radiation out of the air, and clouds, and forests that skirt the road, — a certain haughty favor, as if from patrician genii to patricians, a kind of aristocracy in nature, a prince of the power of the air.

The moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily, may not always be found, but the material landscape is never far off. We can find these enchantments without visiting the Como Lake, or the Madeira Islands. We exaggerate the praises of local scenery. In every landscape, the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and the earth, and that is seen from the first hillock as well as from the top of the Alleghanies. The stars at night stoop down over the brownest, homeliest common, with all the spiritual magnificence which they shed on the Campagna, or on the marble deserts of Egypt. The uprolled clouds and the colors of morning and evening will transfigure maples and alders. The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is great difference in the beholders. There is nothing so wonderful in any particular landscape, as the necessity of being beautiful under which every landscape lies. Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

But it is very easy to outrun the sympathy of readers on this topic, which schoolmen called *natura naturata*, or nature passive. One can hardly speak directly of it without excess. It is as easy to broach in mixed companies what is called "the subject of religion." A susceptible person does not like to indulge his tastes in this kind, without the apology of some trivial necessity: he goes to see a wood-lot, or to look at the crops, or to fetch a plant or a mineral from a remote locality, or he carries a fowling-piece, or a fishing-rod. I suppose this shame must have a good reason. A dilettantism in nature is barren and unworthy. The fop of fields is no better than his brother of Broadway. Men are naturally hunters and inquisitive of wood-craft, and I suppose that such a gazetteer as wood-cutters and Indians should furnish facts for, would take place in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms of all the "Wreaths" and "Flora's Chaplets" of the book-shops; yet ordinarily, whether we are too clumsy for so subtle a topic, or from whatever cause, as soon as men begin to write on nature, they fall into euphuism. Frivolity is a most unfit tribute to Pan, who ought to be represented in the mythology as the most continent of gods. I would not be frivolous before the admirable reserve and prudence of time, yet I cannot renounce the right of returning often to this old topic. The multitude of false churches accredits the true religion. Literature, poetry, science, are the homage of man to this unfathomed secret, concerning which no sane man can affect an indifference or incuriosity. Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the city of God, although, or rather because there is no citizen. The sunset is unlike anything that is underneath it: it wants men. And the beauty of nature must always seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape has human figures, that are as good as itself. If there were good men, there would never be this rapture in nature. If the king is in the palace, nobody looks at the walls. It is when he is gone and the house is filled with grooms and gazers, that we turn from the people, to find relief in the majestic men that are suggested by the pictures and the architecture. The critics who complain of the sickly separation of the beauty of nature from the thing to be done, must consider that our hunting of the picturesque is inseparable from our protest against false society. Man is fallen; nature is erect and serves as a differential thermometer, detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in man. By fault of our dullness and selfishness, we are looking up to nature, but when we are convalescent, nature will look up to us. We see the foaming brook with compunction: if our own life flowed with the right energy, we should shame the brook. The stream of zeal sparkles with real fire, and not with reflex rays of sun and moon. Nature may be as selfishly studied as trade. Astronomy to the selfish becomes astrology. Psychology, mesmerism (with intent to show where our spoons are gone); and anatomy and physiology become phrenology and palmistry.

But taking timely warning, and leaving many things unsaid on this topic, let us not longer omit our homage to the Efficient Nature, *natura naturans*, the quick cause, before which all forms flee as the driven snows, itself secret, its works driven before it in flocks and multitudes (as the ancients represented nature by Proteus, a shepherd), and in undescribable variety. It publishes itself in creatures, reaching from particles and spicula, through transformation on transformation to the highest symmetries, arriving at consummate results without a shock or a leap. A little heat, that is, a little motion, is all that differences the bald, dazzling white, and deadly cold poles of the earth from the prolific tropical climates. All changes pass without violence, by reason of the two cardinal conditions of boundless space and boundless time. Geology has initiated us into the secularity of nature, and taught us to disuse our dame-school measures, and exchange our Mosaic and Ptolemaic schemes for her large style. We knew nothing rightly, for want of perspective. Now we learn what patient periods must round themselves before the rock is formed, then before the rock is broken, and the first lichen race has disintegrated the thinnest external plate into soil, and opened the door for the remote Flora, Fauna, Ceres, and Pomona, to come in. How far off yet is the trilobite! how far the quadruped! how inconceivably remote is man! All duly arrive, and then race after race of men. It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides.

Motion or change, and identity or rest, are the first and second secrets of nature: Motion and Rest. The whole code of her laws may be written on the thumbnail, or the signet of a ring. The whirling bubble on the surface of a brook admits us to the secret of the mechanics of the sky. Every shell on the beach is a key to it. A little water made to rotate in a cup explains the formation of the simpler shells; the addition of matter from year to year arrives at last at the most complex form; and yet so poor is nature with all her craft, that from the beginning to the end of the universe, she has but one stuff, — but one stuff with its two ends, to serve up all her dream-like variety. Compound it how she will, star, sand, fire, water, tree, man, it is still one stuff, and betrays the same properties.

Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and seems to transcend them. She arms and equips an animal to find its place and living in the earth, and, at the same time, she arms and equips another animal to destroy it. Space exists to divide creatures; but by clothing the sides of a bird with a few feathers, she gives him a petty omnipresence. The direction is forever onward, but the artist still goes back for materials, and begins again with the first elements on the most advanced stage: otherwise, all goes to ruin. If we look at her work, we seem to catch a glance of a system in transition. Plants are the young of the world, vessels of health and vigor; but they grope ever upward toward consciousness; the trees are imperfect men, and seem to bemoan their imprisonment, rooted in the ground. The animal is the novice and probationer of a more advanced order. The men, though young, having tasted the first drop from the cup of thought, are already dissipated: the maples and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt, when they come to consciousness, they too will curse and swear. Flowers so strictly belong to youth, that we adult men soon come to feel, that their beautiful generations concern not us: we have had our day; now let the children have theirs. The flowers jilt us, and we are old bachelors with our ridiculous tenderness.

Things are so strictly related, that according to the skill of the eye, from any one object the parts and properties of any other may be predicted. If we had eyes to see it, a bit of stone from the city wall would certify us of the necessity that man must exist, as readily as the city. That identity makes us all one, and reduces to nothing great intervals on our customary scale. We talk of deviations from natural life, as if artificial life were not also natural. The smoothest curled courtier in the boudoirs of a palace has an animal nature, rude and aboriginal as a white bear, omnipotent to its own ends, and is directly related, there amid essences and billets-doux, to Himmaleh mountain-chains, and the axis of the globe. If we consider how much we are nature's, we need not be superstitious about towns, as if that terrific or benefic force did not find us there also, and fashion cities. Nature who made the mason, made the house. We may easily hear too much of rural influences. The cool disengaged air of natural objects makes them enviable to us, chafed and irritable creatures with red faces, and we think we shall be as grand as they, if we camp out and eat roots; but let us be men instead of woodchucks, and the oak and the elm shall gladly serve us, though we sit in chairs of ivory on carpets of silk.

This guilding identity runs through all the surprises and contrasts of the piece, and characterizes every law. Man carries the world in his head, the whole astronomy and chemistry suspended in a thought. Because the history of nature is charactered in his brain, therefore is he the prophet and discoverer of her secrets. Every known fact in natural science was divided by the presentiment of somebody, before it was actually verified. A man does not tie his shoe without recognizing laws which bind the farthest regions of nature: moon, plant, gas, crystal, are concrete geometry and numbers. Common sense knows its own, and recognizes the fact at first sight in chemical experiment. The common sense of Franklin, Dalton, Davy, and Black, is the same common sense which made the arrangements which now it discovers.

If the identity expresses organized rest, the counter action runs also into organization. The astronomers said, "Give us matter, and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass, and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew." — "A very unreasonable postulate," said the metaphysicians, "and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection, as well as the continuation of it?" Nature, meanwhile, had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in making much of it, for there is no end to the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball, through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the course of things. Nature sends no creature, no man into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so, to every creature nature added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its way; in every instance, a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction, which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark, to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played, and refuses to play, but blabs the secret; — how then? is the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold them fast to their several aims; makes them a little wrong-headed in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game again with new whirl, for a generation or two more. The child with his sweet pranks, the fool of his senses, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to a whistle or a painted ship, to a lead dragoon, or a gingerbread-dog, individualizing everything, generalizing nothing, delighted with every new thing, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue, which this day of continual pretty madness had incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty, and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame, by all these attitudes and exertions, — an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline luster plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to insure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good. We are made alive and kept alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the good of living, but because the meat is savory and the appetite is keen. The vegetable life does not content itself with casting from the flower or the tree a single seed, but it fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that, if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, that, at least, one may replace the parent. All things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake, or at a sudden noise, protects us, through a multitude of groundless alarms, from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

But the craft with which the world is made, runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart. Great causes are never tried on their merits; but the cause is reduced to particulars to suit the size of the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest on minor matters. Not less remarkable is the overfaith of each man in the importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for what he utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. The strong, self-complacent Luther declares with an emphasis, not to be mistaken, that "God Himself cannot do without wise men." Jacob Behmen and George Fox betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their controversial tracts, and James Naylor once suffered himself to be worshiped as the Christ. Each prophet comes presently to identify himself with his thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. However this may discredit such persons with the judicious, it helps them with the people; as it gives heat, pungency, and publicity to their words. A similar experience is not infrequent in private life. Each young and ardent person writes a diary, in which, when the hours of prayer and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The pages thus written are, to him, burning and fragrant: he reads them on his knees by midnight and by the morning star; he wets them with his tears: they are sacred; too good for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the dearest friend. This is the manchild that is born to the soul, and her life still circulates in the babe. The umbilical cord has not yet been cut. After some time has elapsed, he begins to wish to admit his friend to this hallowed experience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, exposes the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? The friend coldly turns them over, and passes from the writing to conversation, with easy transition, which strikes the other party with astonishment and vexation. He cannot suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of fervid life, of communion with angels of darkness and of light, have engraved their shadowy characters on that tear-stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the heart of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot yet credit that one may have impressive experience, and yet may not know how to put his private fact into literature; and perhaps the discovery that wisdom has other tongues and ministers than we, that though we should hold our peace, the truth would not the less be spoken, might check injuriously the flames of our zeal. A man can only speak, so long as he does not feel his speech to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he does not see it to be so, whilst he utters it. As soon as he is released from the instinctive and particular, and sees its partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For, no man can write anything, who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do anything well, who does not esteem his work to be of importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

In like manner, there is throughout nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us. All promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations. Every end is prospective of some other end, which is also temporary; a round and final success nowhere. We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. Hunger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink; but bread and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave us hungry and thirsty, after the stomach is full. It is the same with all our arts and performances. Our music, our poetry, our language itself, are not satisfactions, but suggestions. The hunger for wealth, which reduces the planet to a garden, fools the eager pursuer. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty, from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But what an operose method! What a train of means to secure a little conversation! This palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses and equipage, this bank-stock, and file of mortgages; trade to all the world, country-house and cottage by the waterside, all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, all these things came from successive efforts of these beggars to remove friction from the wheels of life, and give opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends; wealth was good as it appeased the animal cravings, cured the smoky chimney, silenced the creaking door, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in a different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends; but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily, in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention has been diverted to this object; the old aims have been lost sight of, and to remove friction has come to be the end. That is the ridicule of rich men, and Boston, London, Vienna, and now the governments generally of the world, are cities and governments of the rich, and the masses are not men, but *poor men*, that is, men who would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that they arrive with pains and sweat and fury nowhere; when all is done, it is for nothing. They are like one who has interrupted the conversation of a company to make his speech, and now has forgotten what he went to say. The appearance strikes the eye everywhere of an aimless society, of aimless nations. Were the ends of nature so great and cogent, as to exact this immense sacrifice of men?

Quite analogous to the deceits in life, there is, as might be expected, a similar effect on the eye from the face of external nature. There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as forelooking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is an odd jealousy: but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine-tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere. This or this is but outskirt and far-off reflection and echo of the triumph that has passed by, and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighboring fields, or, if you stand in the field, then in the adjacent woods. The present object shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pageant which has just gone by. What splendid distance, what recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness in the sunset! But who can go where they are, or lay his hand or plant his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round world forever and ever. It is the same among the men and women, as among the silent trees, always a referred existence and absence, never a presence and satisfaction. Is it, that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and in landscape is equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star: she cannot be heaven, if she stoops to such a one as he.

What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, of this flattery and balking of so many well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery and derision? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us?

Are we tickled trout, and fools of nature? One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an Œdipus arrives: he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it, and report of the return of the curve. But it also appears, that our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us. We cannot bandy words with Nature, or deal with her as we deal with persons. If we measure our individual forces against hers, we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an insuperable destiny. But if, instead of identifying ourselves with the work, we feel that the soul of the workman streams through us, we shall find the peace of the morning dwelling first in our hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and, over them, of life, preëxisting within us in their highest form.

The uneasiness which the thought of our helplessness in the chain of causes occasions us, results from looking too much at one condition of nature, namely, Motion. But the drag is never taken from the wheel. Wherever the impulse exceeds, the Rest or Identity insinuates its compensation. All over the wide fields of earth grows the prunella or self-heal. After every foolish day we sleep off the fumes and furies of its hours; and though we are always engaged with particulars, and often enslaved to them, we bring with us to every experiment the innate universal laws. These, while they exist in the mind as ideas, stand around us in nature forever embodied, a present sanity to expose and cure the insanity of men. Our servitude to particulars betrays into a hundred foolish expectations. We anticipate a new era from the invention of a locomotive, or a balloon; the new engine brings with it the old checks. They say that by electro-magnetism, your salad shall be grown from the seed, whilst your fowl is roasting for dinner: it is a symbol of our modern aims and endeavors, — of our condensation and acceleration of objects: but nothing is gained: nature cannot be cheated: man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow. In these checks and impossibilities, however, we find our advantage, not less than in the impulses. Let the victory fall where it will, we are on that side. And the knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the center to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime luster to death, which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The reality is more excellent than the report. Here is no ruin, no discontinuity, no spent ball. The divine circulations never rest nor linger. Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought, again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. Hence the virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind, of natural objects, whether inorganic or organized. Man imprisoned, man crystallized, man vegetative, speaks to man impersonated. That power which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel, delegates its smile to the morning, and distills its essence into every drop of rain. Every moment instructs, and every object: for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time.

Each and All.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
  Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;

He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone —
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth:
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

The Rhodora.

On Being Asked, Whence is the Flower?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
  Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
  And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
  I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

The Humble-Bee.

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
  Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
  Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets, —
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,

The green silence dost displace,
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me, thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
  Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
  Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Thomas Dunn English, an American physician, prose-writer, and poet, born at Philadelphia, June 29, 1819. He took his degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1839; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1842, and became connected with various periodicals. In 1856 he established himself as a physician in New Jersey, near the city of Newark. He has written several novels under pseudonyms, and three under his own name: "Walter Woolfe" (1842); "MDCCCXLIV.," and "Ambrose Fecit" (1867). He has brought out upon the stage twenty or more dramatic pieces, of which only "The Mormons" has been printed. His numerous poems appeared originally in periodicals. Of these he published a volume in 1855, "American Ballads" in 1880, and "Boy's Book of Battle Lyrics" in 1885. His ballad "Ben Bolt," first published in 1855, had a wide popularity for several years, and was then almost forgotten, until the publication, in 1894, of George Du Maurier's "Trilby," in which the piece had been incorporated, when it again sprang into popular favor as an old comrade returned from abroad, and doubtless had much to do with the success of "Trilby" in America.

Ben Bolt.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt —
   Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
   And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
   In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
   And Alice lies under the stone

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
   Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
   And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
   The rafters have tumbled in,

And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
  Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
  At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
  Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
  The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
  Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
  With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
  Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
  The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who went to school,
  There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
  They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
  There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
  Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
  Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

The Fight at Lexington.

Tugged the patient, panting horses, as the coulter keen and thorough
By the careful farmer guided, cut the deep and even furrow;
Soon the mellow mold in ridges, straightly pointing as an arrow,
Lay to wait the bitter vexing of the fierce, remorseless harrow,
Lay impatient for the seeding, for the growing and the reaping,
All the richer and the readier for the quiet winter sleeping.

At his loom the pallid weaver, with his feet upon the treddles,
Watched the threads alternate rising, with the lifting of the heddles —
Not admiring that, so swiftly, at his eager fingers urging,
Flew the bobbin-loaded shuttle 'twixt the filaments diverging,
Only labor dull and cheerless in the work before him seeing,
As the warp and woof uniting brought the figures into being.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

Roared the fire before the bellows; glowed the forge's dazzling crater;
Rang the hammer on the anvil, both the lesser and the greater;
Fell the sparks around the smithy, keeping rhythm to the clamor,
To the ponderous blows and clanging of each unrelenting hammer;
While the diamonds of labor, from the curse of Adam borrowed,
Glittered in a crown of honor on each iron-beater's forehead.

Through the air there came a whisper, deepening quickly into thunder,
How the deed was done that morning that would rend the realm asunder;
How at Lexington the Briton mingled causeless crime with folly,
And a king endangered empire by an ill-considered volley.
Then each heart beat quick for vengeance, as the anger-stirring story
Told of brethren and of neighbors lying corses stiff and gory.

Stops the plow and sleeps the shuttle, stills the blacksmith's noisy hammer,
Come the farmer, smith, and weaver, with a wrath too deep for clamor;
What they fiercely purposed doing every glance they give avouches,
As they handle rusty firelocks, powder-horns and bullet-pouches;
As they hurry from the workshops, from the fields, and from the forges,
Venting curses deep and bitter on the latest of the Georges. . . .

I was but a beardless stripling on that chilly April morning,
When the church-bells backward ringing, to the minute-men gave warning;
But I seized my father's weapons — he was dead who one time bore them —
And I swore to use them stoutly, or to never more restore them;
Bade farewell to sister, mother, and to one than either dearer,
Then departed as the firing told of red-coats drawing nearer.

On the Britons came from Concord — 'twas a name of mocking omen;
Concord never more existed twixt our people and the foemen —
On they came in haste from Concord, where a few had stood to fight them;
Where they failed to conquer Buttrick, who had stormed the bridge despite them;
On they came, the tools of tyrants, 'mid a people who abhorred them;
They had done their master's bidding, and we purposed to reward them. . . .

'Twas a goodly sight to see them; but we heeded not its splendor,
For we felt their martial bearing hate within our hearts engender,
Kindling fire within our spirits, though our eyes a moment watered,
As we thought on Moore and Hadley, and their brave companions slaughtered;
And we swore to deadly vengeance for the fallen to devote them,
And our rage grew hotter, hotter, as our well-aimed bullets smote them. . . .

When to Hardy's Hill their weary, waxing-fainter footsteps brought them,
There again the stout Provincials brought the wolves to bay and fought them;
And though often backward beaten, still returned the foe to follow,
Making forts of every hill-top, and redoubts of every hollow.
Hunters came from every farm-house, joining eagerly to chase them —
They had boasted far too often that we ne'er would dare to face them. . . .

With nine hundred came Lord Percy, sent by startled Gage to meet them,
And he scoffed at those who suffered such a horde of boors to beat them.
But his scorn was changed to anger, when on front and flank were falling,
From the fences, walls, and roadsides, drifts of leaden hail appalling:
And his picked and chosen soldiers, who had never shrunk in battle,
Hurried quicker in their panic when they heard the firelocks rattle.

Into Boston marched their forces, musket-barrels brightly gleaming,
Colors flying, sabers flashing, drums were beating, fifes were screaming.
Not a word about their journey; from the General to the Drummer,
Did you ask about their doings, than a statue each was dumber;
But the wounded in their litters, lying pallid, weak and gory,
With a language clear and certain, told the sanguinary story. . . .

On the day the fight that followed, neighbor met and talked with neighbor;
First the few who fell they buried, then returned to daily labor.
Glowed the fire within the forges, ran the plowshare down the furrow,
Clicked the bobbin-shuttle — both our fight and toil was thorough;
If we labored in the battle, or the shop, or forge, or fallow,
Still came an honest purpose, casting round our deeds a halo.

Though they strove again, these minions of Germaine, and North, and Gower,
They could never make the weakest of our band before them cower;
Neither England's bribes nor soldiers, force of arms, nor titles splendid,
Could deprive of what our fathers left as rights to be defended.
And the flame from Concord spreading, kindled kindred conflagrations,
Till the Colonies United took their place among the nations.

MOMMA PHŒBE.

Ef my hah is de colo' o' silbah,
I ain't mo' d'n fifty yea' ole;
It tuck all dat whiteness f'om mo'nin',
An' weepin' an' tawtah o' soul.
Faw I los' bofe my darlin' men-child'en —
De two hev done gone to deh res' —
My Jim, an' my mist'ess' Mahs' William,
De pah dat hev nussed at my breas'.

Miss' Lucy she mawied in Ap'il,
An' I done got mawied in May;
An' bofe o' our beautiful child'n
Wah bo'n de same time to a day.
But while I got bettah an' strongah,
Miss' Lucy got weakah an' wuss;
Den she died, an' dey guv me de baby,
De leetle Mahs' William, to nuss.

De two boys weh fotch up togeddah,
Miss' Lucy's alongside o' mine;
Ef one got hisse'f into mischief,
De uddah wer not fuh behine.
When Mahs' William, he went to de college,
Why, nuffin on ahf den won' do,
But Jeems, his milk-bruddah, faw sahbent,
Mus' git an' mus' go wid him too.

Dey come back in fo' yea' faw to stay yeh —
I allow 'twas the makin' o' Jim;
Setch a gemplum, the young colo'd weeman
Got pullin' deh caps dah faw him.
But he wasn't a patch to Mahs' William,

Who'd grown up so gran' an' so tall;
An' he hadn't fo'got his ole momma,
Faw he hugged me, he did, fo' dem all.

Den Mahs' Dudley was tuck wid de fevah,
An' I nussed him, po' man, to de las';
An' my husban', Ben Prossah, he cotch it,
An' bofe f'om dis life dey done pas'.
Mahs' William, he run de plantation,
But de niggahs could easy fool him;
An' de place would have all come to nuffin',
Ef 'twant faw old momma an' Jim.

Well at las' — I dunno how dey done it,
An' jes' what the fightin' was faw —
But the No'f an' de Souf got a quarlin',
An' Mahs' William 'd go to de waw.
De folks roun' 'bout raised a squad'on,
An' faw capen de men 'lected him.
I prayed he'd stay home wid his people;
But he went, an' o' co'se he tuck Jim. . . .

We hea' 'bout dem two sets a-fightin',
I reckon faw mo' d'n fo' yea';
An' bimeby we lahnt dat de Yankees
Wid deh ahmy was a comin' quite neah.
An' den deh was fit a great battle,
Jes' ovah dat hill dat you sees;
We could hea' all de cannon a-roa'in',
An' see de smoke obah dem trees.

I sot in my cabin a-prayin' —
I t'ought o' my two boys dat day —
An' de noise it went fudda an' fudda,
Till all o' it melted away.
An' de sun it sot awfully an' bloody
An' a great pile of fi' in de sky;
An' beyon' was de dead men a-lyin',
An' de wounded a-gwine for to die.

Den I riz an' I call for ole Lem'el,
An' a couple o' mo' o' de boys;
An' s' I: "Now you saddle de hosses,
An' be kehful an' don't make no noise,
An' we'll go to de fiel' o' de battle
Afo' de las' bit o' de beams

O' daylight is gone, an' we'll look dah
  Faw our young Mahs' William an' Jeemes."

An' oh! what a sight deh wah, honey;
  A sight you could nevvah fo'git;
De piles o' de dead an' de dyin' —
  I see um afo' my eyes yit.
An' de blood an' de gashes was ghas'ly,
  An' shibbe'd de soul to see,
Like de fiel' o' de big Ahmageddon,
  Which yit is a-gwine for to be.

Den I hea'd a voice cryin' faw "wahtah!"
  An' I toted de gode to de place,
An' den, as I guv him de drink dah,
  My teahs dey fell ober his face.
Faw he was shot right froo de middle,
  An' his mahstah lay dead dah by him;
An' he *sed*, s'e, "Is *dat* you dah, momma?"
  An' I *sed*, s' I, "Is *dat* you dah, Jim?"

"It's what deh is lef' o' me, momma;
  An' young Mahs' William's done gone;
But I foun' de chap dat done kill him,
  An' he lies dah all clove to de bone.
An' po' young Mahs' William, in dyin',
  Dese wah de wo'ds dat he sed —
'Jes' you tell you' Momma, Mom' Phœbe'" —
  Den I scream, faw de dahlin' fall — dead! . . .

Den on to de ole plantation
  We toted de cawpses dat night,
An' we guv um a beautiful beh'yum,
  De colo'd as well as de white.
An' I shall be jined to dem child'n
  When de Jegmen' Day comes on;
For God 'll be good to Mom' Phœbe
  When Gab'el is blowin' his ho'n.

BARON JOSEF EÖTVÖS.

Baron Josef Eötvös, Hungarian novelist, publicist, orator, and statesman, born at Budapest, Hungary, Sept. 3, 1813; died there Feb. 2, 1871. His education was obtained at Buda, where he studied law and philosophy. His first literary work was the translation, in 1830, of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen." This was shortly followed by two original comedies and a tragedy, "Revenge." At the age of twenty he began his official career as a vice-notary. He was afterward employed at the Hungarian Chancellery at Vienna, and later was appointed to a seat in the district court of justice at Eperies, which office he soon resigned and withdrew to his grandfather's estate at Salyi, and devoted himself to literary work. The highest point of his fame was reached in 1838, by the publication of his novel "Karthausi" (the Carthusian). Between 1838 and 1841 there was published at Pesth the "Arvizkönyo" (Inundation Book) for the benefit of the sufferers by the flood which had devastated the city in 1838. Eötvös was made editor of this work, which extended to five volumes, and contained contributions from various distinguished literary men. In 1839, in recognition of his literary merit, he was elected a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. In 1840 he took his seat in the upper house of the Hungarian Diet, and lent his voice and pen to the advanced political movement of the period. In advocacy of his reform ideas he wrote, in 1840, "A Falu Jegyzöje" (The Village Notary), in which he vividly portrayed the abuses of the old system of public administration in Hungary by county elections. In 1847 he published a historical romance entitled "Magyarország 1514 ben" (Hungary in 1514). The force and popularity of this work was the direct cause of the emancipation of the Hungarian peasantry, which was virtually effected in the following year. Upon the formation of the first responsible Hungarian ministry in 1848, Baron Eötvös was made Minister of Public Instruction, but within the year was obliged to resign his office and quit the country on account of the assassination of the Governor of Hungary. In 1851 he returned to Pesth and published another political work, "A XIX Század Uralkodó Eszméinek Befolyasa az Alladalomra" (The Influence of the Ruling Ideas of the Nineteenth Century on the State).

Viola in Court.

(From "The Village Notary.")

The appearance of the prisoner produced a profound sensation in the court. Kishlaki felt deep pity for his misfortunes, though he could not but admit that his fate was in part merited. Völgyeshy, who had heard enough to convince him that there was no hope of the court pronouncing in favor of Viola, shuddered to think that the man whom he saw was doomed to die before sunset. Mr. Catspaw showed great uneasiness when he heard the rattling of the chains; and Shoskuty, who had never seen the robber, was quite as much excited by his curiosity as Mr. Skinner by the feelings of ill-dissembled triumph with which he watched the prisoner's features and carriage. Zatonyi alone preserved his habitual composure.

"At last you've put your head in the snare, you precious villain!" cried Mr. Skinner. "Well, what do you say? Whose turn is it to be hanged? Yours or mine, eh?"

The president of the court looked amazed; but Mr. Skinner laughed, and said: —

"Perhaps you are not aware of my former acquaintance with Viola? There's a bet between us two, who is to hang first; for that fellow has sworn to hang me if ever I fall into his hands. Is it not so, Viola?"

"No," said the prisoner, "it's not so. If I swore I would be revenged, it is well known that I had good cause for it; I have to thank this gentleman for my wretched life and shameful death. But I never vowed to hang you!"

"Never mind!" shouted the justice. "You are humble enough, now that you are in the trap; but I am sure you would have kept your word if you had been able to put your hands upon me. I too have sworn an oath, to hang you where I find you — now tell me who has the worst of it?"

"I know that all is over with me," replied Viola, fixing his dark eyes upon the justice; "there is no one to take my part — I know I must die; but it is cruel to insult a dying man."

Völgyeshy, who was scarcely able to repress his feelings, interfered, and protested in Latin that there was a vendetta between the accused and one of the judges, and that another judge must be found. But his protest had no other effect than an admonition, which the president gave Mr. Skinner in very bad Latin, to eschew such light and irrelevant conversation; and the court commenced forthwith to examine the prisoner.

Viola replied calmly and simply to the questions which were put to him; and at last, as though wearied by the length of the examination, he said: —

"What is the use of all this questioning? It is a pity the gentlemen should lose their time with me. Mr. Skinner has told me that I am to be hanged; why then should I waste my words in an attempt to save my life? I'll confess anything you like, I don't care what it is; for believe me, if it had not been for my family, I would never have waited till this day. I would have hanged myself in the forest to make an end of it, I assure you."

"But how can you possibly confess, when you are ignorant of what you are accused of?" said Völgyeshy. "You stand before righteous judges. Speak out, man, honestly and freely, as you would speak to God; for believe me, the judges are by no means agreed upon your sentence."

"Thanks to you for your good-will," said the culprit; "but I know there is no help. I am a robber; I have been taken in arms; they will hang me. They may do it; but let them make haste; and spare me your questions!"

Mr. Catspaw, who showed some uneasiness, interposed, and said: —

"If he refuses to confess, we cannot force him: it is expressly set forth in the articles that no violence is to be used to obtain a confession. Our best plan is to read the questions to him, and if he refuses to answer them, why, it's his own business, not ours."

"No," said Völgyeshy; "this man ought to know that his fate does not depend on the decision of the worshipful Mr. Paul Skinner; that the court are prepared to listen to his defense, and that the verdict will be dictated neither by hate nor revenge, but by pure and impartial justice. If the prisoner knows all this, which it appears he does not, he may possibly be induced to reply to the charges."

He turned to Viola, and continued: —

"Speak out, my man. Your life is in the hands of these gentlemen, who have to answer for it to God, your Judge and theirs. Pray consider that unless you speak, there is no hope for you. Think of your family; and, tell us plainly, is there anything you have to say for yourself?"

Kishlaki was deeply moved; Mr. Catspaw cast an angry look at the speaker, and Zatonyi yawned.

"I will not speak in my own defense!" said the prisoner.

"Pray consider," urged the young lawyer; "the court will listen to anything you may say. These gentlemen have a painful duty to fulfill; but they are far from wishing to take your life. If you can give us any excuses, do so, by all means."

"It is provided in Chapter 6 of the Articles, that the prisoner shall not be wheedled into a confession," said Zatonyi, with an expression of profound wisdom.

"Gentlemen," said Viola at length, "may God bless you for your kindness, and for your wishing to help me! but you see it's all in vain. There are indeed many things I might say in defense; and when I go to my God, who knows all and everything, I am sure he'll judge me leniently; but there is no salvation for me in this world. You see, your worships, there is no use of my telling you that once upon a time I was an honest man, as every man in the village of Tissaret can prove. What is the use of my saying that I became a robber not from my own free will, but because I was forced to it; that I never harmed any poor man; that I never took more from the gentry, in the way of robbing, than what was necessary to keep life in my body; and that I never killed any one, unless it was in self-defense? Am I the less punishable for saying all this? No. Whatever my comrades may have done is scored down to *my* account. I am a robber and a dead man."

"All this may serve to modify the sentence. But what do you mean by saying that you were *forced* to be a robber?"

"Ask his worship, the justice of the district," said the prisoner, looking at Mr. Skinner; "he knows what made me a robber." And he proceeded to tell the tale of his first crime.

"It's true; it's true as gospel," sighed Kishlaki. "I came to Tissaret on the day after the thing had happened, when the sheriff told me all about it."

"*Nihil ad rem!*" said Zatonyi.

"But what does it avail me?" continued the prisoner, whose pale face became flushed as he spoke. "What can it avail me to tell you all the revolting cruelties which were practiced against me, and which to think of gives me pain? Am I the less a robber? Will these things cause you to spare me? No; I ought to have suffered the stripes, and kissed the hands of my tyrant; or I ought to have left my wife in her darkest hour, because nothing would serve my lady but that *I* should drive her to Dustbury. How then could I, a good-for-nothing peasant, dare to love my wife! How could I dare to resist when the justice told them to tie me to the whipping-post! But I dared to do it. I was fool enough to fancy that I, though a peasant, had a right to remain with my wife; I could not understand that a poor man is a dog, which anybody may beat and kick. Here I am, and you may hang me."

"I'll tell you what, you'll swing fast enough, my fine fellow!" said Zatonyi, whose cynicism was not proof against the prisoner's last words. "What, man! hanging's too good for you; that's all I have to say!"

"You see, sir," said Viola, appealing to Völgyeshy, "you see there is nothing that can excuse me in the eyes of mankind. But there's a request I have to address to the court."

Mr. Catspaw trembled as the prisoner went on.

"When I left the burning hut in which Ratz Andor shot himself, I held some papers in my hands, which were stolen from the house of the notary of Tissaret."

"So you confess to the robbery?" cried Zatonyi.

"No, sir; I do not. God knows I am guiltless of that robbery," cried Viola, raising his hands to heaven; "but that's no matter. All I say is that I had the papers, and that I took them away with me; and if you mean to prove by that that I committed the robbery, you may. I do not care: all I say is, that I took the papers with me."

"It's a lie!" murmured Mr. Skinner.

"No; it's not a lie! it's the truth, and nothing but the truth! When I left the hut I was blind and unarmed: I held the papers in my hands, and I felt some one snatch them away from me — I can take my oath on it! — and my senses left me; when I recovered I was bound, and in the hands of the Pandurs and peasants. They dragged me to St. Vilmosh. I asked for the papers, for they belong to Mr. Tengelyi: and it was for their sake I surrendered, because I did not wish them to be burned; for they are the notary's important papers. But I understand that when I left the hut there was no one by except the justice and Mr. Catspaw; and the justice says that I had no papers. I most humbly beseech the court to order the justice to give those papers to the rightful owner."

"May the devil take me by ounces, if I've seen the least rag of paper!" cried Mr. Skinner.

"Sir," said Viola, "I am in your power: you may do with me as you please; you may hang me if you like; but for God's sake do not deny me the papers. I am under great obligations to Mr. Tengelyi. He relieved my family in the time of their distress; and I wish to show my gratitude by restoring those papers to him. I have come to suffer a disgraceful death" —

"You impertinent dog!" cried Mr. Skinner: "how dare you insinuate? how dare you say? how dare you — I am insulted; I insist on the court giving me satisfaction."

"I am in the hands of the court," said the prisoner. "Beat me, kick me, torture me; but give me the papers!"

"I am sure it's a plot," whispered Mr. Catspaw to the assessor. "Tengelyi declares that his diplomas are gone. Who knows but he may be a patron of this fellow?"

"Nothing is more likely," replied the assessor.

"What, fellow! what, dog! do you mean to say that I *stole* the papers?"

"All I say is, that I *had* the papers in my hands, and that some person took them away. I wish the court would please to examine the Pandurs, who will tell you that nobody was near me but the justice and Mr. Catspaw."

"This is indeed strange," murmured Mr. Kishlaki. Mr. Skinner pushed his chair back, and cried: —

"The court cannot possibly suffer one of its members to be accused of theft!"

"Yes, too much is too much," said Zatonyi, with a burst of generous indignation ; "if you do not revoke your words, and if you do not ask their worships' pardon, we will send you to the yard and have you whipped!"

Viola answered quietly that he was in their worships' power, but that he would repeat what he had said to the last moment of his life; and Zatonyi was just about to send the prisoner away to be whipped, when Völgyeshy reminded him in Latin that the Sixth Chapter of the Articles made not only prohibition of what the assessor had been pleased to term "wheedling," but also of threats and ill-treatment.

Baron Shoskuty remarked that the young lawyer's explanation of the articles was sheer nonsense; for the prisoner would not be under restraint if Mr. Völgyeshy's commentaries were accepted as law. He might call the worshipful magistrates asses; nay, he might even go to the length of beating them, without suffering any other punishment than being hanged. This able rejoinder induced the judges to reconsider Mr. Zatonyi's proposition to inflict corporal punishment on the prisoner; and nobody can say what would have come of it but for the firmness of Völgyeshy, who protested that he would inform the lord-lieutenant and the government of any act of violence to which they might subject the culprit. This threat had its effect. Baron Shoskuty, indeed, was heard to murmur against the impertinence of young men, while Mr. Zatonyi made some edifying reflections about sneaking informers; but this was all. No further mention was made of the whipping.

While the above conversation was being carried on in a tongue of which he could but catch the sounds and not the meaning, Viola stood quietly by, although a lively interest in the words and motions of the speakers was expressed in his face. Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner conversed in a whisper. At length the attorney turned round and addressed the court: —

"As the prisoner has thought proper to accuse *me*," said he, "it is but right that I should be allowed to ask him a few questions. You said I was near you when you left the hut, did you not? Now tell me, did you see me at the time?"

"No, I did not; I was blind with the smoke and fire in the hut; but the peasants told me that the two gentlemen were near me, and I felt somebody snatch the papers from my hand."

"Do you mean to say that the smoke in the hut was very dense?"

"I could not see through it; at times the flames were so fierce that they nearly blinded me."

"But how did you manage to save the papers?"

"They lay by my side on my bunda. I seized them and took them out. They were wrapped in a blue handkerchief."

"He speaks the truth," said Mr. Catspaw, smiling; "or rather he tells us what he believes to be the truth. He held something in his hand, when he rushed from the hut more like a beast than like a human creature, I assure you, my honorable friends. I was not at all sure whether it was not a weapon of defense; I snatched it away, and on examination I identified it as a most harmless handkerchief, which certainly was wrapped round some soft substance. But," continued he, addressing the prisoner, "if you fancy you saved the papers, my poor fellow, you are much mistaken, indeed you are! My dear Mr. Skinner, pray fetch the parcel which we took from Viola at the time of his capture."

Mr. Skinner rose and left the room.

"The papers were in the handkerchief, I'll swear!" said Viola; but his astonishment and rage were unbounded when the judge returned with the parcel, which on examination was found to contain a pair of cotton drawers. He knew it was the handkerchief, the same in which he had wrapped the papers, and yet they were not there! How could he prove that they had been stolen?

"I trust my honorable friends are convinced," said Mr. Catspaw, "that the wretched man has no intention of imposing upon the court. I believe, indeed, nothing can be more probable than that he was possessed of Tengelyi's documents; and it is likewise very probable that he intended to save those papers; but according to his own statement, he was half blind with the fire and smoke, and instead of the papers he took another parcel — some other booty, perhaps. Nothing can be more natural" —

"Yes, indeed!" interposed Baron Shoskuty. "*Nemo omnibus!* — you know! Awkward mistakes *will* happen. Perhaps you will be pleased to remember the fire in the house of the receiver of revenues in the —— county. The poor man was so bewildered with fear that all he managed to get out of the house was a pair of old boots. The whole of the government money was burned. The visiting justices found the money-box empty — empty, I say! All the bank-notes were burned, and nothing was left but a small heap of ashes."

"Gentlemen!" — said Viola at length; but Mr. Catspaw interrupted him.

"I implore my honorable friends not to resent anything this wretched creature may say! I am sure he speaks from his conscience; nor is he deserving of chastisement. He is a prey to what we lawyers term '*Ignorantia invincibilis*'!"

"Of course! of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "It's a legal remedy, you know."

"Gentlemen!" said the prisoner, "I am a poor condemned criminal, but the judge and Mr. Catspaw are mighty men. And I am doomed to appear this day before God's judgment seat! What motive should I have for not telling you the truth? May I be damned now and forever — yes, and may God punish my children to the tenth generation — if the papers were not in this very cloth!"

"I told you so!" said Mr. Catspaw, still smiling. "I knew it. This man is doting — '*borné*,' to use a French term. He'd say the same if we were to put him on the rack! — It's all very natural," said he to the prisoner. "You've made a mistake, that's all. Pray be reasonable, and consider, if you had brought Mr. Tengelyi's papers from the hut, what reason could I or Mr. Skinner have for refusing to produce them?"

"Of course!" said Baron Shoskuty. "What reason could these gentlemen have? How is it possible to suppose such a thing?"

Viola was silent. He stood lost in deep and gloomy thoughts. At last he raised his head and asked that the attendants might be sent away, adding, "I am in chains, and there are no less than six of you. You are safe, I assure you."

The room was cleared. Viola looked at Mr. Catspaw, and said: —

"What I have to tell you will astonish you all, except Mr. Catspaw. I never wished to mention it, and I would not now allow the servants to hear it; for my wife and children live at Tissaret, and the Retys may perhaps be induced to pity the poor orphans. But if it is asked what reason the attorney can have for not producing the notary's papers, I will simply say that Mr. Catspaw is most likely to know his own mind and his own reasons — and good reasons they must be — to induce him to bribe somebody to steal the papers; for to tell you the truth, it was he who planned the robbery."

The attorney trembled.

"Really, this man is malicious!" cried he. "I am curious to know what can induce him to accuse an honest man of such a thing."

"Don't listen to his nonsense!" said Baron Shoskuty.

But Mr. Völgyeshy insisted on the prisoner's being heard, and Viola told them the history of the robbery, from the evening on which he had listened to the attorney's conversation with Lady Rety, to the night in which he seized the Jew in Tengelyi's house, knocking him down, and fled with the papers. The only circumstances which he did not mention were the fact of his having been hid in the notary's house when Messrs. Catspaw and Skinner pursued him in Tissaret, and his conversations with the Liptaka and Peti. Mr. Catspaw listened with a smile of mingled fear and contempt; and when Viola ceased speaking, he asked for permission to put a few questions to the prisoner.

"Not, indeed," said he, "for the purpose of defending myself or Lady Rety against so ridiculous an accusation; but merely to convince this fellow of the holes, nay, of the large gaps, in his abominable tissue of falsehoods." And turning to Viola he asked: —

"Did you inform anybody of the conversation which you pretend to have overheard between me and Lady Rety?"

"No, I did not."

"Pray consider my question. Is there any one to whom you said that some one wished to steal the notary's papers? We ought to know your associates. Now, did you not speak to Peti the gypsy, or to that old hag the Liptaka?"

Viola persisted in denying the fact. He was too well aware of the disastrous consequence this avowal would have for his friends.

Mr. Catspaw went on.

"Where did you hide at the time we pursued you at Tissaret?"

Viola replied that he was not in Tissaret.

"Do you mean to say that you were not in the village?"

"No!"

The attorney sent for the old Liptaka, to whom he read her depositions, from which it appeared that the prisoner attempted to inform Tengelyi of the intended robbery.

"What do you say to this evidence?" added he.

"That it is true, every word of it. I'll swear to the truth of my words!" said she.

"Viola has confessed," said Mr. Catspaw, "that he told you of the matter when hiding in the notary's house, while we pursued him through Tissaret. Is there any truth in this statement?"

The Liptaka, feeling convinced that Viola must have confessed as much, said it was quite true, but that Tengelyi was ignorant of the prisoner's presence. The old woman was sent away, and Mr. Catspaw, turning to the court, asked triumphantly: —

"Did you ever hear of such impertinence? The prisoner protests that he did not inform anybody of the alleged intended robbery; and the old woman swears that Viola did inform her, for the purpose of cautioning the notary. Then again, the old woman did not say anything to the notary, without having any ostensible reason for not doing what she alleges she promised to do. The prisoner will have it that he was not in Tissaret at the time we pursued him; and the witness — why, gentlemen, the witness deposes that the subject in question was mentioned to her at that very time. I say, you great fool! if you had time for another batch of lies, I would advise you to make out a better story. But let us go on. Who told you that the Jew and Tzifra intended to rob the notary?"

"I cannot answer that question," replied Viola.

"Indeed? What a pity! I'd like to know the gentleman who gives you such correct information; unless, indeed, you keep a '*familiaris,*' — a devil, I mean."

"The only thing I told you was that I knew of the robbery."

"But how did you know of it?"

"The Jew and Tzifra talked about it in the pot-house near Dustbury."

"Were you present? Did you hear them?"

"No; I had it from a friend."

"I'm sure it was your '*familiaris,*' your devil, — your artful dodger!" said Mr. Catspaw smiling; "but since you knew that the robbery was to take place, why did you not inform the justice of it?"

"I was outlawed; a prize was offered for my head."

"Indeed, so it was; but your friend — why did not he inform the proper authorities? Was he also *wanted?* and if so, why did he not inform Tengelyi, or Mr. Vandory, who I understand has likewise lost his papers?"

"I cannot tell you. Perhaps he did not find the notary. At all events, he knew that I would prevent the robbery, so he told me of it."

"A very extraordinary thing, this!" said Mr. Catspaw; "for a man to apply to a robber with a view to prevent a robbery! And you wanted to prevent the robbery, did you not? Now tell me, did you set about it by yourself? And what became of your comrade — I mean the man who told you about it? Did he too go to Tissaret?"

"There was no occasion for it."

"Still, it is very extraordinary that you should not have hunted in couples, knowing as you did that there were two men to commit the robbery. What a capital thing for you, if you could summon your comrades to explain it all! For if some went to Tissaret to prevent the robbery, there can be no harm in our knowing who your comrade is. He ought to be rewarded for his zeal."

"I had no comrade. I was alone," said Viola.

"Very well, you were alone; let it be so. Whom did you see in the notary's house?"

"No one but the Jew; he who is now waiting in the hall."

"Did you see Tzifra?"

"No. The Jew was alone in the house."

"But the Jew swears that you committed the robbery!"

"I don't care. I've said what I've said."

"Is there anything else you have to say?"

"No."

"Very well. I've done with you," said the attorney, as he rang for the servants.

"Take him away," said he, as the haiduks made their appearance. Viola turned round and left the room.

"THE HUNGARIAN'S JOY IN HIS TEARS."

THE peculiar gravity which characterizes the Magyars is partly an historical reminiscence, and partly the result of that gloomy tract of our country which is chiefly inhabited by the Magyar population. What traveler can traverse our vast plains, and keep his temper? The virgin forest, which at one time covered that plain, is gone: the impenetrable foliage which overshadowed this fertile soil has fallen under the ax. The many-voiced carol of birds, the merry spirits of the greenwood, where are they? The forest land has become a heath; but we have little cause at rejoicing at our victory over nature. The inhabitants of other countries see many things to gladden their hearts. Houses, trees, hedges, cornfields, reminding them of the thrift of their ancestors, spur them on to increased activity, and inspire them with a desire to fashion the land into a monument of their existence. Our Puztas have nothing of the kind. All is silent and desolate, filling the mind with sad thoughts. Many generations passed over them without leaving a trace of their existence; and the traveler, as he pursues his solitary way across the heath, feels the mournful conviction, that he, too, steps onward to his grave,—that the plain will cover him as a boundless ocean.

EPICTETUS.

Epictetus, a Greek Stoic philosopher, born at Hierapolis, in the southwest of Phrygia, about 50 A.D.; died at Nicopolis, a town of southern Epirus, not far from the scene of the battle of Actium, at the age of nearly one hundred years. He was in youth a slave of Epaphroditus, one of the favorites of Nero, by whom he was emancipated. It appears that while still a slave he attended the "classis" of Musonius Rufus, a famous teacher of the Stoic philosophy. About the year 90 the Emperor Domitian issued an edict banishing all philosophers from Rome. Epictetus took up his residence at Nicopolis, in what is now Albania, where he established a school for the study of philosophy, and acquired a high reputation. The essential tenets of Stoicism are nowhere more clearly or feelingly set forth than by him. No writings of his are known; but his maxims were gathered and published, probably from memory, by Flavius Arrianus (about 100–170 A.D.), his favorite pupil, and the historian of Alexander the Great, in the "Encheiridion," or "Handbook," and the "Commentaries," in eight books, of which four are lost. The latest English translation of the latter, Colonel Higginson's (1891), is entitled "The Discourses of Epictetus."

The Divine Supervision.

(From Higginson's "Discourses of Epictetus."[1])

When a person asked him how any one might be convinced that his every act is under the supervision of God: "Do you not think," said Epictetus, "that all things are mutually connected and united?"

"I do."

"Well, and do not you think that things on earth feel the influence of the Heavenly powers?"

"Yes."

"Else how is it that in their season, as if by express command, God bids the plants to blossom and they blossom, to bud and they bud, to bear fruit and they bear it, to ripen it and they ripen; and when again he bids them drop their leaves, and withdrawing into themselves to rest and wait, they rest and wait? Whence again are there seen, on the increase and decrease of the moon, and the approach and departure of the sun, so great changes and transformations in earthly things? Have then the very leaves, and our own bodies, this connection and sympathy with the whole; and have not our souls much more? But our souls are thus connected and intimately joined to God, as being indeed members and distinct portions of his essence; and must he not be sensible of every movement of them, as belonging and connatural to himself? Can even you think of the Divine administration, and every other Divine subject, and together with these of human affairs also; can you at once receive impressions on your senses and your understanding from a thousand objects; at once assent to some things, deny or suspend your judgment concerning others, and preserve in your mind impressions from so many and various objects, by whose aid you can revert to ideas similar to those which first impressed you? Can you retain a variety of arts and the memorials of ten thousand things? And is not God capable of surveying all things, and being present with all, and in communication with all? Is the sun capable of illuminating so great a portion of the universe, and of leaving only that small part of it unilluminated which is covered by the shadow of the earth; and cannot He who made and moves the sun, a small part of Himself if compared with the whole, — cannot He perceive all things?

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[1] By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

"'But I cannot,' say you, 'attend to all things at once.' Who asserts that you have equal power with Zeus? Nevertheless, he has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to that guardianship, — a director sleepless and not to be deceived. To what better and more careful guardian could he have committed each one of us? So that when you have shut your doors and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within, and your genius is within; and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? To this God you likewise ought to swear such an oath as the soldiers do to Cæsar. For they, in order to receive their pay, swear to prefer before all things the safety of Cæsar: and will you not swear, who have received so many and so great favors; or if you have sworn, will you not fulfill the oath? And what must you swear? Never to distrust, nor accuse, nor murmur at any of the things appointed by him; nor to shrink from doing or enduring that which is inevitable. Is this oath like the former? In the first oath persons swear never to dishonor Cæsar; by the last, never to dishonor themselves."

CONCERNING PROVIDENCE.

"ARE these the only works of Providence with regard to us? And what speech can fitly celebrate their praise? For if we had any understanding, ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to sing and praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig or plow or eat, to sing this hymn to God: — Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly, to breathe in sleep? These things we ought forever to celebrate; and to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God. This is my business; I do it; nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is permitted me: and I call on you to join in the same song."

CONCERNING PARENTAGE.

WHY do you, Epicurus, dissuade a wise man from bringing up children? Why are you afraid that upon their account he may fall into anxieties? Does he fall into any for a mouse that feeds within his house? What is it to him if a little mouse bewails itself there? But Epicurus knew that if once a child is born, it is no longer in our power not to love and be solicitous for it. On the same grounds he says that a wise man will not engage himself in public business, knowing very well what must follow. If men are only so many flies, why should he not engage in it?

And does he, who knows all this, dare to forbid us to bring up children? Not even a sheep or a wolf deserts its offspring; and shall man? What would you have, — that we should be as silly as sheep? Yet even these do not desert their offspring. Or as savage as wolves? Neither do these desert them. Pray, who would mind *you*, if he saw his child fallen upon the ground and crying? For my part, I am of opinion that your father and mother, even if they could have foreseen that you would have been the author of such doctrines, would not have thrown you away.

CONCERNING DIFFICULTIES.

DIFFICULTIES are things that show what men are. For the future, in case of any difficulty, remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror; and this cannot be without toil. No man, in my opinion, has a more profitable difficulty on his hands than you have, provided you will but use it as an athletic champion uses his antagonist.

Suppose we were to send you as a scout to Rome. But no one ever sends a timorous scout, who when he only hears a noise or sees a shadow runs back frightened, and says, "The enemy is at hand." So now if you should come and tell us: — "Things are in a fearful way at Rome; death is terrible, banishment terrible, calumny terrible, poverty terrible; run, good people, the enemy is at hand;" we will answer, Get you gone, and prophesy for yourself; our only fault is that we have sent such a scout. Diogenes was sent as a scout before you, but he told us other tidings. He says that death is no evil, for it is nothing base; that calumny is only the noise of madmen. And what account did this spy give us of pain, of pleasure, of poverty? He says that to be naked is better than a purple robe; to sleep upon the bare ground, the softest bed; and gives a proof of all he says by his own courage, tranquillity and freedom, and moreover by a healthy and robust body. "There is no enemy near," he says; "all is profound peace." How so, Diogenes? "Look upon me," he says. "Am I hurt? Am I wounded? Have I run away from any one?" This is a scout worth having. But you come and tell us one tale after another. Go back and look more carefully, and without fear.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

"PRAY, see how I compose dialogues."

Talk not of that, man, but rather be able to say: — See how I accomplish my purposes; see how I avert what I wish to shun.

Set death before me; set pain, a prison, disgrace, doom, and you will know me. This should be the pride of a young man come out from the schools. Leave the rest to others. Let no one ever hear you waste a word upon them, nor suffer it, if any one commends you for them; but admit that you are nobody, and that you know nothing. Appear to know only this, never to fail nor fall. Let others study cases, problems, and syllogisms. Do you rather contemplate death, change, torture, exile; and all these with courage, and reliance upon Him who hath called you to them, and judged you worthy a post in which you may show what reason can do when it encounters the inevitable.

OF TRANQUILLITY.

CONSIDER, you who are about to undergo trial, what you wish to preserve, and in what to succeed. For if you wish to preserve a mind in harmony with nature, you are entirely safe; everything goes well; you have no trouble on your hands. While you wish to preserve that freedom which belongs to you, and are contented with that, for what have you longer to be anxious? For who is the master of things like these? Who can take them away? If you wish to be a man of modesty and fidelity, who shall prevent you? If you wish not to be restrained or compelled, who shall compel you to desires contrary to your principles; to aversions contrary to your opinion? The judge, perhaps, will pass a sentence against you which he thinks formidable; but can he likewise make you receive it with shrinking? Since, then, desire and aversion are in your own power, for what have you to be anxious? Let this be your introduction; this your narration; this your proof; this your conclusion; this your victory; and this your applause. Thus said Socrates to one who put him in mind to prepare himself for his trial: — "Do you not think that I have been preparing myself for this very thing my whole life long?" By what kind of preparation? "I have attended to my own work." What mean you? "I have done nothing unjust, either in public or in private life."

But if you wish to retain possession of outward things too, — your body, your estate, your dignity, — I advise you immediately to prepare yourself by every possible preparation; and besides, to consider the disposition of your judge and of your adversary. In that case, if it be necessary to embrace his knees, do so; if to weep, weep; if to groan, groan. For when you have once made yourself a slave to externals, be a slave wholly; do not struggle, and be alternately willing and unwilling, but be simply and thoroughly the one or the other,— free or a slave; instructed or ignorant; a game-cock or a craven; either bear to be beaten till you die, or give out at once; and do not be soundly beaten first, and then give out at last.

The Basis of Philosophy.

(From the "Encheiridion.")

There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and in one word, whatever are not properly our own affairs.

Now, the things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien. Remember, then, that if you attribute freedom to things by nature dependent, and seek for your own that which is really controlled by others, you will be hindered, you will lament, you will be disturbed, you will find fault both with gods and men. But if you take for your own only that which is your own, and view what belongs to others just as it really is, then no one will ever compel you, no one will restrict you, you will find fault with no one, you will accuse no one, you will do nothing against your will; no one will hurt you, you will not have an enemy, nor will you suffer any harm.

Aiming therefore at such great things, remember that you must not allow yourself any inclination, however slight, towards the attainment of the others; but that you must entirely quit some of them, and for the present postpone the rest. But if you would have these greater things, and possess power and wealth likewise, you may miss the latter in seeking the former; and you will certainly fail of that by which alone happiness and freedom are procured.

Terrors.

Men are disturbed not by things, but by the views which they take of things. Thus death is nothing terrible, else it would have appeared so to Socrates. But the terror consists in our notion of death, that it is terrible. When therefore we are hindered, or disturbed, or grieved, let us never impute it to others, but to ourselves; that is, to our own views. It is the action of an uninstructed person to reproach others for his own misfortunes; of one entering upon instruction, to reproach himself; and of one perfectly instructed, to reproach neither others nor himself.

THE VOYAGE.

As in a voyage, when the ship is at anchor, if you go on shore to get water you may amuse yourself with picking up a shell-fish or a truffle in your way, but your thoughts ought to be bent towards the ship and perpetually attentive, lest the captain should call, and then you must leave all these things, that you may not have to be carried on board the vessel bound like a sheep; thus likewise in life, if instead of a truffle or shell-fish such a thing as a wife or a child be granted you, there is no objection; but if the captain calls, run to the ship, leave all these things, and never look behind. But if you are old, never go far from the ship, lest you should be missing when called for.

EVENTS.

DEMAND not that events should happen as you wish; but wish them to happen as they do happen, and you will go on well.

SURRENDER.

IF a person had delivered up your body to some passer-by, you would certainly be angry. And do you feel no shame in delivering up your own mind to any reviler, to be disconcerted and confounded?

INTEGRITY.

IF you have assumed any character beyond your strength, you have both demeaned yourself ill in that, and quitted one which you might have supported.

THE TEST.

NEVER proclaim yourself a philosopher, nor make much talk among the ignorant about your principles; but show them by actions. Thus, at an entertainment, do not discourse how people ought to eat; but eat as you ought. For remember that thus Socrates also universally avoided all ostentation. And when persons came to him, and desired to be introduced by him to philosophers, he took them and introduced them; so well did he bear being overlooked. So if ever there should be among the ignorant any discussion of principles, be for the most part silent.

The Two Handles.

Everything has two handles: one by which it may be borne, another by which it cannot. If your brother acts unjustly, do not lay hold on the affair by the handle of his injustice, for by that it cannot be borne; but rather by the opposite, that he is your brother, that he was brought up with you; and thus you will lay hold on it as it is to be borne.

Sweet and Bitter.

(From the "Fragments."[1])

It is scandalous that he who sweetens his drink by the gift of the bees, should by vice embitter reason, the gift of the gods.

Love of Man.

No one who is a lover of money, a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, is likewise a lover of mankind; but only he who is a lover of virtue.

Monuments.

If you have a mind to adorn your city by consecrated monuments, first consecrate in yourself the most beautiful monument, — of gentleness and justice and benevolence.

Civic Honor.

You will confer the greatest benefits on your city, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls. For it is better that great souls should live in small habitations, than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.

Healing.

It is more necessary for the soul to be healed than the body; for it is better to die than to live ill.

FOR HUMANITY.

A PERSON once brought clothes to a pirate who had been cast ashore and almost killed by the severity of the weather; then carried him to his house, and furnished him with all necessaries. Being reproached by some one for doing good to the evil, "I have paid this regard," answered he, "not to the man, but to humanity."

ASPIRATION.

THINK of God oftener than you breathe.

DIVINE PRESENCE.

IF you always remember that God stands by as a witness of whatever you do, either in soul or body, you will never err, either in your prayers or actions, and you will have God abiding with you.

THE FUNCTION OF THE WILL.

"WHEN ye enter the school of the philosopher, ye enter the room of a surgeon, and as ye are not whole when ye come in, you cannot leave it with a smile, but with pain." True education lies in learning to wish things to be as they actually are; it lies in learning to distinguish what is our own from what does not belong to us. But there is only one thing which is fully our own — that is our will or purpose. God, acting as a good king and a true father, has given us a will which cannot be restrained, compelled, or thwarted; he has put it wholly in our power to check or control it. Nothing can ever force us to act against our will. If we are conquered, it is because we have willed to be conquered. And thus, although we are not responsible for the ideas that present themselves to our consciousness, we are, absolutely and without any modification, responsible for the way in which we use them. Nothing is ours besides our will. And the Divine law bids us keep fast what is our own. "Two maxims," he says, "we must bear in mind: That apart from the will there is nothing either good or bad; and that we must not try to anticipate or direct events, but merely accept them with intelligence." We must, in short, resign ourselves to whatever fate fortune brings to us, believing, as the first article of our creed that there is a God, whose thought directs the universe, and that not merely in our acts, but even in our thoughts and plans, we cannot escape His eyes.

Position of Man in the Universe.

In the world, according to Epictetus, the true position of a man is that of a member of a great system, which comprehends God and man. Each human being is thus a denizen of two cities. He is, in the first instance, a citizen of his own nation or commonwealth in a corner of the world; but he is also a member of the great city of gods and men, whereof the city political is only a copy in miniature. All men are the sons of God, and kindred in nature with the divinity. For man, though a citizen of the world, is more than a merely subservient or instrument or part. He has also within him a reason which can guide and understand the movement of all the members; he can enter into the method of divine administration, and thus can learn — and this is the summit of his learning — the will of God, which is the will of Nature. Man is a rational animal; and in virtue of that rationality he is neither less nor worse than the gods: for the magnitude of Reason is estimated, not by length nor by height, but by its judgments. Each man has a guardian spirit — a god within him — who never sleeps; so that even in darkness and solitude we are never alone, because God is within, and our guardian spirit. The body which accompanies us is not strictly ours; it is a poor dead thing, which belongs to the things outside us. But by reason we are masters of those ideas and appearances which present themselves from without. We can combine them, and systematize, and can set up in ourselves an order of ideas corresponding with the order of Nature.

The Individual and the Universal.

The natural instinct of animated life, to which man also is originally subject, is self-preservation and self-interest. But men are so ordered and constituted that the individual cannot secure his own interests unless he contributes to the common welfare. We are bound up by the law of Nature with the whole fabric of the world. The aim of the philosopher, therefore, is to reach the position of a mind which embraces the whole world in its view; to grow into the mind of God, and to make the will of Nature our own. Such a sage agrees in this thought with God; he no longer blames either God or man; he fails of nothing which he purposes, and falls in with no misfortune unprepared; he indulges neither in anger nor envy nor jealousy; he is leaving manhood for godhead, and in his dead body his thoughts are concerned about his fellowship with God.

The Ideal Stoic or "Cynic" Philosopher.

"The Cynic is a messenger sent from God to men to show them the error of their ways about good and evil, and how they seek good and evil where they cannot be found." This messenger has neither country nor home, nor land nor slave; his bed is the ground; he is without wife or child; his only mansion is the earth and sky, and a shabby cloak. It must be that he suffer stripes; and, being beaten, he must love those who beat him as if he were a father or a brother. He must be perfectly unembarrassed in the service of God, not bound by the common ties of life, nor entangled by relationships, which, if he transgresses, he will lose the character of a man of honor; while if he upholds them he will cease to be the messenger, watchman, and herald of the gods. The perfect man thus described will not be angry with the wrong-doer; he will only pity his erring brother; for anger in such a case would only betray that he too thought the wrong-doer gained a substantial blessing by his wrongful act, instead of being, as he is, utterly ruined.

EPICURUS.

Epicurus, a Greek philosopher, born on the Island of Samos, in 342 B.C.; died at Athens in 270 B.C. In his eighteenth year he went to that city, where he began the study of the philosophy of Democritus; but in the following year he was one of the 12,000 residents of Athens who were banished by Antipater, who succeeded Alexander the Great in the rule of Macedonia and Greece. He went to Mitylene, and Lampsacus in Asia Minor, where he began to formulate his system, and gathered around him a circle of disciples. At the age of thirty-four he returned to Athens, which was his home for the remaining thirty-six years of his life. During his absence he must have accumulated some means, since he bought a garden at Athens, for which he paid 80 minæ (equivalent to about $8,000 in our day), and we find him possessed of other property at the time of his death. This garden was the scene of his teachings, and he gathered around him a body of enthusiastic disciples and personal friends, by whom the school was carried on there after his death. The term "Epicurean" has come popularly to denote a person given up to luxury, or even to voluptuous pleasure, but Epicurus and his associates led a simple and frugal life. Their food consisted mainly of the common barley bread of the country; their usual drink was water — a half-pint of the light wine of Greece being esteemed an ample day's allowance.

Epicurus was a voluminous writer. He is said to have been the author of about three hundred separate works, the purely literary merit of which seems to have been inconsiderable. Most of these now exist only in fragments; but their substance has been preserved in the abstract of his follower, Diogenes Laërtius (about 200 A.D.), and by the great Latin poet Lucretius (340–420 A.D.). His largest work, a "Treatise on Nature," is said to have consisted of thirty-seven books. Fragments of nine of these books were discovered, about 1740, in the overwhelmed city of Herculaneum, where they had been buried for nearly seventeen centuries. These charred manuscripts have been unrolled and transcribed, and the publication of them was commenced in 1793 in the "Volumina Herculanensia," of which eleven folio volumes had appeared in 1855; the publication was resumed in 1861, and is still going on.

The Physical Philosophy of Epicurus.

Everything that exists is material; the intangible is non-existent or is empty space. If a thing exists it must be felt, and to be felt it must exert resistance. But everything is not intangible which our senses are not subtle enough to perceive. We must indeed accept our senses; but we must also believe much which is not directly testified by sensation, if only it does not contravene our sensations, and serves to explain phenomena. We must believe that space is infinite, and that there is an infinite number of indivisible indestructible atoms in perpetual motion in this illimitable space. These atoms, differing in size, figure, and weight, move with equal and inconceivable velocities, and are forever giving rise to new worlds, which are perpetually tending toward dissolution, and toward a fresh series of creations. This universe of ours is only one section out of the innumerable worlds in infinite space. The soul of man is only a more subtle species of body diffused throughout every part of his frame. It pervades the human structure, and works with it; but it could not act as it does unless it were corporeal. The phenomena of vision for instance, are explained on the principle of materialism. From the surfaces of all objects are constantly flowing filmy images exactly copying the solid body from which they originate; and these images by direct impact on the organism, produce the phenomena of vision.

The Theosophy of Epicurus.

The gods do indeed exist; but they are themselves the products of the order of Nature; a higher species than humanity, but not the rulers of man, neither the makers nor upholders of the world. Men should worship them; but this worship is the reverence due to the ideals of perfect blessedness; and ought not to be inspired by either hope or fear. To exclude all possible reference of the great phenomena of nature to the action of a divine power, Epicurus proceeds to set forth numerous hypotheses by which they might have been produced. Thus after having enunciated several possible theories for the production of thunder, he adds: "Thunder may be explained in many other ways; only let us have no myths of divine action.

To assign only a single cause for phenomena, when the facts familiar to us suggest several, is insane, and is just the absurd conduct to be expected from people who dabble in the vanities of astronomy. We need not be too curious to inquire how these celestial phenomena actually *do* come about; we can learn how they *might* have been produced, and to go further is to trench on ground beyond the limits of human knowledge." He equally rejects the notion of an inevitable Fate, a necessary Order of Things, unchangeable and supreme. "Better were it," he says, "to accept all the legends of the gods than to make ourselves slaves to the Fate of the natural philosophers." In the sphere of human action, he affirms that there is no such thing as an absolutely controlling Necessity; there is much in our circumstances that springs from mere chance, but it does not overmaster man. And though there are evils in the world, still their domination is brief in any case; this present life is the only one; the death of the body is the end of everything for man; and hence the other world has lost all its terrors as well as all its hopes.

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

EPICURUS certainly makes Pleasure the end and aim of human life; but we must carefully note the sense in which he uses the term. He does not mean by it sensual pleasure of any kind. "Happiness" would better express his idea. His test of true pleasure is the removal and absorption from all that gives pain, whether of body or mind. His wise man is the rational and reflective seeker for happiness, who balances the claims of each pleasure against the evils which may possibly ensue, and treads the path of enjoyment cautiously, as befits "a sober reason which inquires diligently into the grounds of acting or refraining from action, and which banishes those prejudices from which spring the chief perturbations of soul." Prudential wisdom is therefore the only means by which a truly happy life may be attained; it is thus the chief excellence and the foundation of all the virtues. Pleasure still remains the chief end; but the natural instinct which prompts to any opportunity of enjoyment is held in check by the reflection on consequences. The Reason or Intellect measures pleasures, balances possible pleasures and pains, and constructs a scheme in which pleasures are the materials of a happy life. Feeling is the means of determining what is good; but it is subordinated to a Reason which adjudicates between competing pleasures with a view of securing tranquillity of mind and body. There is a necessary interdependency of virtue and happiness. "We cannot," he says, "live pleasantly without living wisely and nobly and righteously." Virtue is a means of happiness, though otherwise it is no good in itself, any more than are mere sensual enjoyments, which are good only because they may sometimes serve to secure health of body and tranquillity of mind.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF EPICURUS.

THE whole aim of the social philosophy of Epicurus is to secure the happiness of the individual. The only duties which he recognizes are those which have been accepted voluntarily and upon reasonable grounds, not from the urgency of appetite or the compulsion of circumstances. Friendship is one of these obligations. His ideal was the friendly circle. The domestic Family and the State he held to impose obligations which impaired the independence of a man, and subjected him to external things. "The wise man," he says, "will not marry and beget children, nor will he take part in state affairs. Though holding but little by many conventionalities, he will not assume a cynical or stoical indifference to others; he will not form hard and fast judgments; he will not believe all sinners to be equally depraved, nor all sages equally wise." Friendship — like the State in its first origin — is based upon utility; but in it our relations are less forced; and though its motive be utility, still one must begin the good work of well-doing, even as the husbandman first bestows his labor and wealth upon the soil from which he hopes one day to receive fruit in return. There being for a man no future state of existence, the system of Epicurus takes thought only for well-doing and well-being in the present life.

ERASMUS

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS.

Desiderius Erasmus, a Dutch scholar, born at Rotterdam, probably on Oct. 28, 1467; died at Basel, Switzerland, July 12, 1536. He originally bore his father's name of Gerhard; this was afterward changed to its Latin equivalent, *Desiderius;* this he subsequently rendered into its Greek equivalent *Erasmios*, which, Latinized into *Erasmus*, he assumed as his surname. He was sent to various schools, and finally he went to an Augustine convent near Gouda, where at the age of nineteen he entered upon his novitiate. He had no liking for a monastic life; but devoted himself to the study of the Schoolmen and of the Latin classics. In 1492 he became Secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, with whom he remained five years, and was ordained to the priesthood. He then went to the College of Montaigu, at Paris, where he supported himself by taking pupils. Among these was Lord Mountjoy, who invited him to England, with a pension of one hundred crowns. Erasmus was now thirty, and had come to be recognized as one of the foremost scholars in Europe. His first residence in England lasted two years.

For the ensuing twenty years Erasmus led the life of an itinerant scholar, going from country to country, wherever great libraries were to be found; and being everywhere received with distinguished honors. In 1514 he was invited by the Archduke Charles of Austria, to Germany, with the sinecure appointment of Councilor, and a moderate salary. For the remaining twenty years of his life Erasmus was occupied in literary work of various kinds. In 1521 he took up his residence at Basel, where he died, 1536.

The writings of Erasmus (nearly all in Latin) are very voluminous. An edition of them was published at Basel soon after his death (9 vols., folio, 1540–1541), a still more complete edition was brought out at Leyden (10 vols., folio, 1703–1706). Many of his works have been translated into English, either in whole or in part. The most important of these are the "Colloquia," the "Encomium Moriæ," the "Copia Verborum," the "Epigramata," the "Ecclesiastæ," the "Adagiorum Collectanea," and the "Paraclesis." Besides these there are an immense number of "Epistolæ" quite as valuable as any of the others. He also edited many of the most important Latin and Greek classics, translated several Greek authors into Latin and edited the first printed edition of the Greek New Testament.

"ENCOMIUM MORIÆ."

(From "The Praise of Folly.")

THE next to be placed in the "Regiment of Fools" are such as make a trade of telling or inquiring after incredible stories of miracles and prodigies. . . . And these absurdities do not only bring an empty pleasure and cheap diversion, but they are a good trade, and procure a comfortable income to such priests and friars as by this craft get their gain. To these, again, are nearly related such others as attribute strange virtues to the shrines and images of saints and martyrs, and so would make their credulous proselytes believe that if they pay their devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, they shall be guarded during the day following from all dangers and misfortunes. If soldiers when they first take arms shall come and mumble over a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara, they shall return safe from their engagements; or if any one pray to St. Erasmus on particular holidays, with wax candles and other fopperies, he shall shortly be rewarded with plentiful increase of wealth. The Christians have now their gigantic St. George, just as the pagans had their Hercules: they paint the saint on horseback, and drawing the horse very gloriously accoutered, they scarce refrain in a literal sense from worshiping the very beast.

What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? that by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons? . . . By this easy way of purchasing pardons, any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, any bribe-taking judge, shall disburse some part of his unjust gains and so think all his grossest impieties atoned for. So many perjuries, lusts, drunkennesses, quarrels, bloodsheds, cheats, treacheries, debaucheries, shall all be, as it were, struck a bargain for; and such a contract made as if they had paid off all arrears and might now begin a new score.

There are a thousand other more sublimated and refined niceties of notions, relations, quantities, formalities, quiddities, hæcceities, and such-like absurdities. . . . But alas! those notional divines, however condemned by the sober judgment of others, are yet mightily pleased with themselves, and are so laboriously intent upon prosecuting their crabbed studies that they cannot afford so much time as to read a single chapter in any one book of the Bible. And while they thus trifle away their misspent hours in trash and babble, they think that they support the Catholic Church.

Next to these are another sort of brain-sick fools, who style themselves monks and of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly. For as to the last, they have very little of religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies solitariness, or being alone; whereas they are so thick abroad that one cannot pass any street or alley without running against them. . . . Though this sort of men are so detested by every one that it is reckoned unlucky even to meet them by accident, they think nothing equal to themselves, and hold it a proof of consummate piety if they be so illiterate as not to be able to read. And when their asinine voices bray out in the churches their psalms, of which they understand the notes but not the words, then it is they fancy that the ears of the saints above are enraptured with the harmony.

Among these some make a good profitable trade of beggary, going abroad from house to house, not like the apostles to break their bread, but to beg it; nay, thrust themselves into all public houses, crowd into passage boats, get into travelers' wagons, and omit no chance of craving people's charity, and injuring common beggars by interloping in their traffic of alms.

All these orders are not so careful of becoming like Christ as to be unlike each other; they care less to be known as disciples of the Founder of our religion than as followers of the founders of their orders.

Some will not touch a piece of money, though they make no scruple of the sin of drunkenness and worse sins.

Now, as to the popes of Rome, who pretend themselves Christ's vicars: if they would but imitate his exemplary life by preaching incessantly, by taking up with poverty, nakedness, hunger, and contempt of the world; if they did but consider the import of the word pope, which signifies father,

. . . there would be no such vigorous making of parties and buying of votes in the conclave; . . . and those who by bribery should get themselves elected would never secure their sitting firm in the chair by pistol, poison, and violence. How much of their pleasure would be abated if they were endowed with one dram of wisdom? Wisdom, did I say? Nay, with one grain of that salt which our Savior bid them not lose the savor of. In place of their riches, honors, jurisdictions, Peter's pence, offices, dispensations, licenses, indulgences, would succeed watchings, fastings, tears, prayers, sermons, hard studies, repentant sighs, and a thousand such severe penalties; nay, what is yet more deplorable, it would follow that all their clerks, notaries, advocates, grooms, ostlers, lackeys, pimps, and some others whom for modesty's sake I shall not mention, . . . would all lose their employments. . . . But all this is upon the supposition only that the popes understood what circumstances they are placed in: whereas now, by a wholesome neglect of thinking, they live as well as heart can wish. Whatever of toil and drudgery belongs to their office, that they assign over to St. Peter or St. Paul, who have time enough to mind it; but if there be anything of pleasure and grandeur, that they assume to themselves as being thereunto called. . . . They think to serve their Master, our Lord and Savior, with their great state and magnificence, . . . with their titles of reverence and holiness, and with exercising their episcopal function only in blessing and cursing. The working of miracles is old and out of date; teaching the people is too laborious; interpreting the Scripture is to invade the prerogative of the schoolmen; to pray is too idle; to repent is too unmanly and cowardly; to fast is too mean and sordid. . . . Their only weapons ought to be those of the spirit; and of these indeed they are mighty liberal, as of their interdicts, their suspensions, their denunciations, their greater and lesser excommunications, and their bulls. . . . They give dispensations for the not preaching of Christ, make void the design and effect of our redemption by bribes and sales, adulterate the gospel by their forced interpretations and undermining traditions, and lastly, by their lusts and wickedness grieve the Holy Spirit and make the Savior's wounds bleed afresh. Farther, where the Christian Church hath been first planted, then confirmed and then established by the blood of martyrs, — as if Christ were not strong enough still to protect her, they invert the order, and propagate their religion now by arms and violence, which was formerly done only by patience and sufferings.

Colloquy of "The Shipwreck."

(From the "Colloquies.")

Some were spewing, some were praying. I remember one Englishman there. What mountains of gold did he promise to our Lady of Walsingham if he ever got safe ashore again! One made a vow to deposit a relic of the Cross in this place; another to put a relic of it in that; — some promised to turn monks; one vowed a pilgrimage, barefooted and bareheaded, in a coat of mail, and begging his bread all the way, to St. James of Compostella. I could not but laugh at one fellow there. He vowed as loud as he could bellow to the St. Christopher in the great church at Paris (that the saint might be sure to hear him) a wax candle as big as the saint himself. Now, you must know that the Paris St. Christopher is enormous, and rather a mountain than a statue. He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a friend of his gave him a touch on the elbow: "Take care what you promise," said he; "if you should sell yourself, you could not buy such a candle." "Hold your tongue, you fool," says the other (softly, so that St. Christopher might not hear). "Let me but set foot on land once more, and St. Christopher has good luck if he get even a tallow candle from me."

Adolphus — To which of the two saints did you pray?

Antony — To not one of them all, I assure you. I don't like your way of bargaining with the saints: "Do this and I'll do that. Here is so much for so much. Save me, and I will give you a taper or go on a pilgrimage." Just think of it! I should certainly have prayed to St. Peter if to any saint, for he stands at the door of heaven, and so would be likeliest to hear. But before he could go to the Almighty and tell him my condition, I might be fifty fathoms under water.

Adolphus — What did you do, then?

Antony — I went straight to God himself, and said my prayer to him. The saints neither hear so readily nor give so willingly.

COLLOQUY OF "THE RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE."

JUST before the chapel stood a little house, which the officer told us was conveyed thither through the air after a wonderful manner. . . . Upon strict observation of everything, I asked the officer how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages. "And yet methinks," said I, "the walls do not seem to be of that antiquity": and he did not much deny it. "Nor these pillars," said I. "No, sir," said he. "Then," said I, "methinks that straw, those reeds, and the whole thatch of it, look as if they had not been so long laid." "'Tis very right," said he. "And what do you think," said I, "of those cross-beams and rafters? They cannot be near so old." He confessed they were not. At last, when I had questioned him as to every part of this poor cottage, said I: — "How do you know that this is the house that was brought so far in the air so many years ago?" At that he laughed at us scornfully, as at people invincibly ignorant.

I had rather lose all Duns Scotus, and twenty more such as he, than one Cicero or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them, either: but from the reading of the one I find myself to become honester and better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, indifferent to virtue, but violently bent on cavil and contention.

[The seventh Colloquy is leveled mainly against monastic vows. The ninth is entitled "A Pleasant and Profitable Colloquy between two Franciscan Monks and a German Tavern-keeper." The eleventh is entitled "A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost, appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream." The twenty-first is entitled "Hell Broke Loose. The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies Strike the Fire and the Monks Blow the Coal."]

PASSAGES SHOWING HIS VIEWS OF LIFE AND CONDUCT.

(From Erasmus's Correspondence.)

READ first the best books. . . . The important thing for you is not how much you know, but the quality of what you know. Divide your day and give to each part of it a special occupation. . . . Never work at night. It dulls the brain and hurts the health.

I would not change my freedom for the best bishopric in the world.—*Letter to Peter Giles*, 1516.

I am now fifty-one years old. . . . I am not enamored of life, but it is worth while to continue a little longer with such a prospect of a golden age. . . . All looks brighter now. . . . I myself, insignificant I, have contributed something. I have at least stirred the bile of those who would not have the world grow wiser, and only fools now snarl at me. One of them said in a sermon lately, in a lamentable voice, that all was now over with the Christian faith.—*Letter to Capito*, *circa* 1518.

Old institutions cannot be rooted up in an instant. Quiet argument may do more than wholesale condemnation. Avoid all appearance of sedition. Keep cool. Do not get angry. Do not hate anybody. Do not get excited over the noise which you have made. . . . May Christ give you his spirit, for his own glory and the world's good.—*Letter to Luther*, *circa* 1519.

The world is waking out of a long, deep sleep. The old ignorance is still defended with tooth and claw, but we have kings and nobles now on our side.—*Letter to Sir Henry Guildford*, 1519.

For yourself, the intelligence of your country will preserve the memories of your virtues, and scholars will tell how a king once reigned there who in his own person revived the virtues of the ancient heroes.—*Letter to King Henry VIII.*, 1519.

The justest war can hardly approve itself to any reasonable person. . . . The people build cities, the princes destroy them, and even victory brings more ill than good.—*Letter to the Abbot of St. Bertin.*

My work has been to restore a buried literature, and recall divines from their hair-splittings to a knowledge of the New Testament.—*Letter Throwing Light on his Purpose in Presenting his Edition of the New Testament*, 1521.

PASSAGES RELATING TO THE MONKS.

HAPPY Epimenides, that he woke at last! Some divines never wake at all, and fancy themselves most alive when their slumber is deepest. . . . Do not mistake me. Theology itself I reverence and always have reverenced. I am speaking merely of the theologasters of our own time, whose brains are the rottenest, intellects the dullest, doctrines the thorniest, manners the brutalest, life the foulest, speech the spitefulest, hearts the blackest, that I have ever encountered in the world. — *Letter to his Pupil, Grey.*

A set of creatures who ought to be lamenting their sins, but who fancy they can please God by snorting in their throats.

You say that I cannot die better than among my brethren. I am not so sure of that. Your religion is in your dress; . . . your religious orders, as you call them, have done the Church small service. — *Letter to Servatius*, 1514.

I am delighted that you have stood up for Reuchlin. . . . What a fight he is having, and with what enemies! The Pope himself is afraid to provoke the monks. . . . Those wretches in the disguise of poverty are the tyrants of the Christian world. — *Letter to Pirkheimer*, 1517.

What a thing it is to cultivate literature! Better far to grow cabbages. Bishops have thanked me for my work, the Pope has thanked me; but these tyrants the mendicant friars never leave me alone with their railing. — *Letter to Cardinal Wolsey*, 1518.

PASSAGES RELATING TO SCHOLASTICISM AND THEOLOGY.

I WISH there could be an end of scholastic subtleties, . . . and Christ be taught plainly and simply. The reading of the Bible and the early Fathers will have this effect. — *Letter to Capito, circa* 1518.

. . . Wrangling about the nature of the Second Person of the Trinity, as if Christ were a malignant demon, ready to destroy you if you made a mistake about his nature! . . . Reduce the articles of faith to the fewest and simplest. . . . Let our divines show their faith by their works, and convert Turks by the beauty of their lives. — *Letter to Abbot Volzius, circa* 1518.

Heresy is held a deadly crime; so if you offend one of these gentlemen they all rush on you together, one grunting out "Heretic," the rest grunting in chorus and crying for stones to hurl at you. — *Letter to Laurinus, circa* 1518.

It would be well for us if we thought less of our dogmas and more of the gospel. — *Letter to Peter Barbirius*, 1521.

May not a man be a Christian, who cannot explain philosophically how the nativity of the Son differs from the procession of the Holy Spirit? . . . The sum of religion is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects. Our present problems are said to be waiting for the next Œcumenical Council. Better let them wait till the veil is removed, and we see God face to face. — *Letter to the Archbishop of Palermo*, 1522.

PASSAGES RELATING TO LUTHER.

LUTHER's party have urged me to join them, and Luther's enemies have done their best to drive me to it by their furious attacks on me in their sermons. Neither have succeeded. Christ I know; Luther I know not. . . . I have said nothing, except that Luther ought to be answered and not crushed. . . . We must bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion. . . . The actual facts of things are not to be blurted out at all times and places, and in all companies. . . . I was the first to oppose the publication of Luther's books. I recommended Luther himself to publish nothing revolutionary. I feared always that revolution would be the end, and I would have done more had I not been afraid that I might be found fighting against the Spirit of God. — *Letter to Bishop Marlianus*, 1520.

May Christ direct Luther's actions to God's glory! . . . In Luther's enemies I perceive more of the spirit of this world than of the Spirit of God. I wish Luther himself would be quiet for awhile. . . . What he says may be true, but there are times and seasons. Truth need not always be proclaimed from the house-tops. — *Letter to Spalatin*, 1520.

As to Luther himself, I perceived that the better a man was, the less he was Luther's enemy. . . . Can it be right to persecute a man of unblemished life, in whose writings distinguished and excellent persons have found so much to admire? . . . The Pope has no worse enemies than his foolish defenders. He can crush any man if he pleases, but empires based only on terror do not last. — *Letter to Cardinal Campeggio*, 1520.

By burning Luther's books you may rid your book-shelves of him, but you will not rid men's minds of him. — *Letter to Godschalk, Moderator of the University of Louvain*, 1520.

I told him that it was useless to burn Luther's books, unless you could burn them out of people's memories. — *Letter to Sir Thomas More*, *circa* 1520.

Curses and threats may beat the fire down for the moment, but it will burst out worse than ever. The Bull has lost Luther no friends, and gained none for the Pope. — *Letter to a Friend at Rome*, *circa* 1521.

All admit that the corruptions of the Church required a drastic medicine. But drugs wrongly given make the sick man worse. I said this to the king of Denmark lately. He laughed, and answered that small doses would be of no use; that the whole system needed purging. For myself, I am a man of peace and hate quarrels. — *Letter to Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury*, 1521.

It is easy to call Luther "a fungus;" it is not easy to answer him. — *Letter to Lord Mountjoy*, *circa* 1521.

They may chain the tongues of men: they cannot touch their minds. — *Letter to Pirkheimer*, *circa* 1521.

They call me a Lutheran. Had I but held out a little finger to Luther, Germany would have seen what I could do. But I would rather die ten times over than make a schism. — *Letter to Coronello*, *circa* 1522.

Christendom was being asphyxiated with formulas and human inventions. . . . Men needed waking. The gospel light had to be rekindled. Would that more wisdom had been shown when the moment came. . . . Your Highness sends me two books of Luther's, which you wish me to answer. I cannot read the language in which they are written. — *Letter to George, Duke of Saxony, circa* 1522.

I do not object generally to the evangelical doctrines, but there is much in Luther's teachings which I dislike. He runs everything which he touches into extravagance. . . . Do not fear that I shall oppose evangelical truth. I left many faults in him unnoticed, lest I should injure the gospel. I hope mankind will be the better for the acrid medicines with which he has dosed them. Perhaps we needed a surgeon who would use knife and cautery. — *Letter to Melanchthon*, 1524.

Luther could not have succeeded so signally if God had not been with him, especially when he had such a crew of admirers behind him. I considered that it was a case for compromise and argument. Had I been at Worms, I believe I could have brought it to that. — *Letter to Duke George of Saxony*, 1524.

Your Holiness requires my advice, and you wish to see me. I would go to you with pleasure if my health allowed. But the road over the Alps is long. The lodgings on the way are dirty and inconvenient. The smell from the stoves is intolerable. The wine is sour and disagrees with me. . . . As to writing against Luther, I have not learning enough. . . . One party says I agree with Luther because I do not oppose him. . . . The other finds fault with me because I do oppose him. I did what I could. I advised him to be moderate, and I only made his friends my enemies. . . . They quote this and that to show we are alike. I could find a hundred passages where St. Paul seems to teach the doctrines which they condemn in Luther. I did not anticipate what a time was coming. I did, I admit, help to bring it on; but I was always willing to submit what I wrote to the Church. . . . Those counsel you best who advise gentle measures. . . . Your Holiness wishes to set things right, and you say to me, "Come to Rome. Write a book against Luther. Declare war against his party." Come to Rome? Tell a crab to fly. The crab will say, "Give me wings." I say, "Give me back my youth and strength." . . . If I write anything at Rome, it will be thought that I am bribed. If I write temperately, I shall seem trifling. If I copy Luther's style, I shall stir a hornets' nest.

But you ask me what you are to do. Well, some think there is no remedy but force. That is not my opinion; for I think there would be frightful bloodshed. . . . Things have gone too far for cautery. Wyclif and his followers were put down by the English kings; but they were only crushed, not extinguished. . . . However that may be, if you mean to try prisons, lashes, confiscations, stake, and scaffold, you need no help from me. You yourself, I know, are for mild measures; but you have no one about you who cares for anything but himself; and if divines only think of their authority, monks of their luxuries, princes of their politics, and all take the bit between their teeth, what can we expect? For myself, I should say, discover the roots of the disease. Clean out those to begin with. Punish no one. Let what has taken place be regarded as a chastisement sent by Providence, and grant a universal amnesty. If God forgives so many sins, God's vicar may forgive. — *Letter to Pope Adrian VI.*

You ask me why I did not speak out at once. Because I regarded Luther as a good man, raised up by Providence to correct the depravity of the age. — *Letter to the Prince of Carpi*, 1525.

You see how fiercely Luther strikes at me, moderate though I was. . . . Ten editions of his reply have been published already. The great men in the Church are afraid to touch him, and you want poor me to do it again. . . . In France they are at work with gibbet and dungeon. It won't answer. . . . Let Catholics meanwhile reform the abuses which have provoked the revolt, and leave the rest to a general council. — *Letter to Faber*, 1525 (?).

The rival parties drag at the two ends of a rope. When it breaks, both will fall to the ground. — *Letter to the Archbishop of Cologne*, 1528.

The kings are fighting among themselves for objects of their own. The monks, instead of looking for a reign of Christ, want only to reign themselves. The theologians curse Luther. . . . Idiots that they are, they alienate with their foul speeches many who would have returned to the Church. — *Letter to the Bishop of Augsburg*, 1528.

Now, partly from superstition, partly from avarice, the saying of masses has become a trade like shoemaking or bricklaying. — *Letter to the Bishop of Hildesheim*, 1530.

STATUE OF ERASMUS AND HOUSE IN WHICH HE WAS BORN

(*Rotterdam*)

The problem is how to heal this fatal schism without rivers of blood. — *Letter to Mexia*, 1530.

To kill one's fellow-creatures needs no great genius; but to calm a tempest by prudence and judgment is a worthy achievement indeed. — *Letter to the Bishop of Trent*, 1530.

PASSAGES SHOWING VARIOUS MOODS, BUT GENERALLY HIS STRONG TENDENCY TOWARD BROAD-CHURCHMANSHIP.

OTHERS may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honor.

We have not all strength for martyrdom, and I fear that if trouble comes I shall act like Peter.

I have not condemned ceremonies. I have only insisted on a proper use of them. Christ did the same; so why find fault with me? . . . The Christian religion nowadays does not require miracles, and there are none; but you know what lying stories are set going by crafty knaves. — *Letter to an English Bishop*, 1528.

PASSAGE SHOWING A PLAYFUL SKEPTICISM.

(Referring to the tearing down of the Saints' images at Basle.)

STRANGE that none of them worked a miracle to avenge their dignity, when before they had worked so many at the slightest invitation. . . . At Basle not a saint stirred a finger. —*Letter to Pirkheimer*, *circa* 1529.

PASSAGES REVEALING HIS FEELINGS TOWARD THE END OF LIFE.

YOU talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me and which posterity is never to let die; . . . but I care nothing for fame and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favor with Christ. — *Letter to Pope Paul III. in* 1535 (the year before Erasmus's death).

ALONZO ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA.

Alonzo Ercilla Y Zuñiga, a Spanish soldier and poet, born at Madrid, Aug. 7, 1533; died there, Nov. 29, 1595. He was of a distinguished family, and was brought up as a page to Philip II., whom he accompanied to England upon occasion of his marriage, in 1554, to Queen Mary Tudor. While in London Ercilla obtained permission to join a Spanish expedition against the revolted Araucanians of Chili. He returned to Spain in 1562, and was received with great favor by Philip. About 1580 he fell into disgrace at Court, and the closing years of his life were passed in neglect and poverty. Ercilla is known by his poem "La Araucana," which is regarded as the best of the Spanish epics. The entire poem is in three parts, containing in all thirty-seven cantos. The first fifteen cantos appeared in 1569; the second, and much inferior part, in 1578; the third, and still more inferior part, in 1590. A continuation in thirty-seven cantos, written by Osorio, appeared in 1597, three years after the death of Ercilla. The latest and probably the best, edition of "La Araucana" was brought out at Madrid in 1851.

An Araucanian Hero.

(From "La Araucana.")

Without more argument, his gallant steed
  He spurred, and o'er the border led the way;
His troops, their limbs by one strong effort freed
  From terror's chill, followed in close array.
Onward they press. The opening hills recede,
  Spain's chief Araucan fortress to display;
Over the plain, in scattered ruins, lie
Those walls that seemed destruction to defy.

Valdivia, checking his impetuous course,
  Cried, "Spaniards! Constancy's our favorite race!
Fallen is the castle, in whose massive force
  My hopes had found their dearest resting-place.
The foe, whose treachery of this chief resource
  Has robbed us, on the desolated space

Before us lies; more wherefore should I say?
Battle alone to safety points the way!" . . .

Danger and present death's convulsive rage
Breed in our soldiers strength of such high strain,
That fear begins the fury to assuage
Of Araucanian bosoms; from the plain
With shame they fly, nor longer battle wage;
Whilst shouts arise of "Victory! Spain! Spain!"
When checking Spanish joy, stern destiny
By wondrous means fulfills her stern decree.

The son of a cacique, whom friendship's bands
Allied to Spain, had long in page's post
Attended on Valdivia, at his hands
Receiving kindness; in the Spanish host
He came. Strong passion suddenly expands
His heart, beholding troops, his country's boast,
Forsake the field. With voice and port elate,
Their valor thus he strives to animate: —

"Unhappy nation, whom blind terrors guide!
O whither turn ye your bewildered breasts?
How many centuries' honor and just pride
Perish upon this field with all your gests!
Forfeiting — what inviolate abide —
Laws, customs, rights, your ancestors' bequests:
From free-born men, from sovereigns feared by all,
Ye into vassalage and slavery fall!

"Ancestors and posterity ye stain,
Inflicting on the generous stock a wound
Incurable, an everlasting pain,
A shame whose perpetuity knows no bound.
Observe your adversaries' prowess wane;
Mark how their horses, late that spurned the ground,
Now drooping, pant for breath, whilst bathed all o'er,
Are their thick heaving flanks with sweat and gore. . . .

"On memory imprint the words I breathe,
Howe'er by loathsome terror ye're distraught;
A deathless story to the world bequeath:
Enslaved Arauco's liberation wrought!
Return! reject not victory's offered wreath,
When fate propitious calls, and prompts high thought!
Or in your rapid flight an instant pause,
To see me singly perish in your cause!" . . .

With that the youth a strong and mighty lance
 Against Valdivia brandishes on high;
And, yet more from bewildering terror's trance
 To rouse Arauco, rushes furiously
Upon the Spaniards' conquering advance.
 So eagerly the heated stag will fly
To plunge his body in the coolest stream,
Attempering thus the sun's meridian beam.

One Spaniard his first stroke pierces right through;
 Then at another's middle rib he aims;
And heavy though the weapon, aims so true,
 The point on the far side his force proclaims.
He springs at all with fury ever new:
 A soldier's thigh with such fierce blow he maims,
The huge spear breaks; his hand still grasps the heft,
Whilst quivering in the wound one half is left.

The fragment cast away, he from the ground
 Snatches a ponderous and dreadful mace;
He wounds, he slaughters, strikes down all around,
 Suddenly clearing the encumbered space.
In him alone the battle's rage is found.
 Turned all 'gainst him the Spaniards leave the chase;
But he so lightly moves — now here, now there —
That in his stead they wound the empty air.

Of whom was ever such stupendous deed
 Or heard, or read in ancient history,
As from the victor's party to secede,
 Joining the vanquished even as they fly!
Or that barbarian boy, at utmost need,
 By his unaided valor's energy,
Should from the Christian army rend away
A victory, guerdon of a hard-fought day!

A Storm at Sea.

(From "La Araucana.")

Now bursts with sudden violence the gale,
 Earth sudden rocks convulsively and fast;
Labors our ship, caught under press of sail,
 And menaces to break her solid mast.
The pilot, when he sees the storm prevail,
 Springs forward, shouting loud with looks aghast:
"Slacken the ropes there! Slack away! — Alack,
The gale blows heavily! Slack quickly! Slack!"

The roaring of the sea, the boisterous wind,
The clamor, uproar, grows confused and rash.
Untimely night, closing in darkness blind
Of black and sultry clouds, the lightning's flash,
The thunder's awful rolling, all combined
With pilot's shouts, and many a frightful crash,
Produced a sound, a harmony, so dire,
It seemed the world itself should now expire. . . .

Roars the tormented sea, open the skies,
The haughty wind groans while it fiercer raves;
Sudden the waters in a mountain rise
Above the clouds, and on the ship that braves
Their wrath pour thundering down; submerged she lies
A fearful minute's space, beneath the waves,
The crew, amidst their fears, with gasping breath,
Deemed in salt water's stead they swallowed death.

But by the clemency of Providence,
As, rising through the sea, some mighty whale
Masters the angry surges' violence,
Spouts then in showers against the vexing gale,
And lifts to sight his back's broad eminence,
Whilst in wide circles round the waters quail,
So from beneath the ocean rose once more
Our vessel, from whose side two torrents pour. .

Now Æolus — by chance if it befell,
Or through compassion for Castilian woes —
Recalled fierce Boreas, and, lest he rebel,
Would safely in his prison cave inclose
The door he opened. In the selfsame cell
Lay Zephyr unobserved, who instant rose,
Marked his advantage as the bolts withdrew,
And through the opening portal sudden flew.

Then with unlessening rapidity
Seizing on lurid cloud and fleecy rack,
He bursts on the already troubled sea,
Spreads o'er the midnight gloom a shade more black;
The billows from the northern blast that flee,
Assaults with irresistible attack,
Whirls them in boiling eddies from their course,
And angry ocean stirs with doubled force. . .

The vessel, beaten by the sea and gale,
Now on a mountain-ridge of water rides,
With keel exposed. Now her top-gallant sail

Dips in the threatening waves, against her sides
Over her deck, that break. Of what avail,
The beating of such storm whilst one abides,
Is pilot's skill? Now a yet fiercer squall
Half opens to the sea her strongest wall.

The crew and passengers wild clamors raise,
Deeming inevitable ruin near;
Upon the pilot anxiously all gaze,
Who knows not what to order — stunned by fear.
Then 'midst the terror that all bosoms craze,
Sound opposite commands: "The ship to veer!"
Some shout; some, "Make for land!" some, "Stand to sea!"
Some "Starboard!" some "Port the helm!" some "Helm a-lee!"

The danger grows; the terror, loud uproar,
And wild confusion, with the terror grow;
All rush in frenzy — these the sails to lower,
Those seek the boat, whilst overboard some throw
Cask, plank, or spar, as other hope were o'er.
Here rings the hammer's, there the hatchet's blow;
Whilst dash the surges 'gainst a neighboring rock,
Flinging white foam to heaven from every shock.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

Erckmann-Chatrian, the joint name of two French novelists, **Émile Erckmann** and **Alexandre Chatrian**, the members of a literary partnership as close as that of the English dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher. Erckmann, the son of a bookseller, was born in Pfalzburg, Lorraine, May 20, 1822. Chatrian, the son of a glass-blower, at Soldatenthal, Lorraine, Dec. 18, 1826; died at Raincy, Seine, Sept. 3, 1890. Erckmann was sent first to the Communal College at Pfalzburg, and thence to Paris in 1842, to study law. Chatrian, for a short time a student in the Communal College, was afterward sent by his parents to the glass-works at Belgium. His love of letters drew him back to Pfalzburg, where he became an usher in the Communal College. In 1847 he formed the acquaintance of Erckmann, then in Pfalzburg to recruit his health. Together the young men went to Paris, Erckmann resuming his studies, and Chatrian entering a railway office. Here they began their literary partnership, contributing short stories to provincial journals and writing dramatic pieces. One of their plays, "L'Alsace en 1814," brought out at the Strasburg Theater, was suppressed by the Prefect after one representation. For several years they continued to write, without encouraging success, until the publication of "L'Illustre Docteur Mathéus" (1859) attracted attention to the name of Erckmann-Chatrian. From that time their graphic and loving delineations of village and provincial life steadily gained favor. Their works are "Contes Fantastiques" and "Contes de la Montagne" (1860); "Maître Daniel Rock" (1861); "Contes du Bords du Rhin" and "Le Fou Yégof" (1862); "Le Joueur de Clarinette," "La Taverne du Jambon de Mayence," and "Madame Thérèse, ou les Volontaires de '92" (1863); "L'Ami Fritz" and "Histoire d'un Conscript de 1813" (1864); "L'Invasion," "Waterloo," and "Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple" (1865); "La Maison Forestière" and "La Guerre" (1866); "Le Blocus" (1867); an "Episode of the Fall of the First French Empire;" "Histoire d'un Paysan" (1868); "Le Juif Polonais," a play (1869); "Le Plébiscite" (1872); "Les deux Frères" (1873); "Brigadier Frédéric" (1875); "Maître Gaspard Fix," "Histoire d'un Conservateur," "L'Isthme de Suez," and "Souvenirs d'un Ancien Chef de Chantier;" "Suivi de l'Exile" (1876); "Les Vieux de la Vielle" (1882), and "Les Rantzau" (1884).

FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN.

(From "Madame Thérèse.")

IN the ranks of the Republicans there were also vacant places, bodies stretched on their faces, and some wounded, their heads and faces covered with blood. They bandaged their heads, placing their guns at their feet without leaving the ranks. Their comrades helped them to bind on a handkerchief, and put the hat above it. The Colonel, on horseback near the fountain, his large plumed hat pushed back, and his saber clinched in his hand, closed up the ranks; near him were some drummers in line, and a little farther on, near the trough, was the *cantinière* with her cask. We could hear the trumpets of the Croats sounding the retreat. They had halted at the turn of the street. One of their sentinels was posted there, behind the corner of the Town Hall. Only his horse's head was to be seen. Some guns were still being fired. "Cease firing!" cried the Colonel, and all was silent. We heard only the trumpet in the distance. The *cantinière* then went inside the ranks to pour out brandy for the men, while seven or eight sturdy fellows drew water from the fountain in their bowls, for the wounded, who begged for drink in pitiable voices. I leaned from the window, looking down the deserted street, and asking myself if the red cloaks would dare to return. The Colonel also looked in that direction, and talked with a captain who was leaning against his saddle. Suddenly the captain crossed the square, left the ranks, and rushed into our house, crying: "The master of the house!"

"He has gone out!"

"Well — you — lead me to your garret — quick!"

I left my shoes there, and began to climb the steps at the end of the hall like a squirrel; the captain followed me. At the top he saw at a single glance the ladder of the pigeon-house, and mounted before me. When we had entered, he placed his elbows on the edge of the somewhat low window, and leaned forward so as to see. I looked over his shoulder. The entire road as far as one could see, was lined with men, cavalry, infantry, cannon, army-wagons, red cloaks, green pelisses, white coats, helmets, cuirasses, files of lances and bayonets, ranks of horses, and all were coming toward the villages. "It is an army!" exclaimed the captain in a low voice. He turned suddenly to go down, then, seized with an idea, pointed out to me along the village, within two gunshots, a file of redcoats who were turning the curve of the road just behind the orchards.

"You see those redcoats?" said he.

"Yes."

"Does a carriage road pass there?"

"No, it is a footpath."

"And this large hollow which cuts it in the middle, directly before us — is it deep?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Carriages and carts never pass that way?"

"No, they could not."

Then, without asking anything more, he descended the ladder backward, as rapidly as possible, and hastened down the stairs. I followed him; we were soon at the foot, but before we had reached the end of the hall, the approach of a body of cavalry caused the houses to shake. Despite this, the captain went out, took two men from the ranks, and disappeared. Thousands of quick, strange cries, like those of a flock of crows, "Hurrah! hurrah!" filled the street from one end to the other, and nearly drowned the dull thud of the horses' galloping. I, feeling very proud of having conducted the captain through the pigeon-house, was so imprudent as to go to the door. The lancers, for this time they were lancers, came like the wind, their spears in rest, their ears covered by large hair caps, eyes staring, noses almost concealed by their mustaches, and large pistols, with butt ends of brass, in their belts. It was like a vision. I had only time to jump back from the door. My blood froze in my veins. And it was only when the firing recommenced that I awoke as if from a dream, and found myself in the back part of our room opposite the broken windows. The air was thick, the square all white with smoke. The Colonel alone was visible, seated immovable on his horse near the fountain. He might have been taken for a bronze statue in this blue sea, from which hundreds of red flames spouted. The lancers leaped about like immense grasshoppers, thrust their spears and withdrew them; others fired their pistols into the ranks at four paces. It seemed to me that the square was breaking. It was true. "Close the ranks! stand firm!" cried the Colonel in his calm voice. "Close the ranks! Close!" repeated the officers all along the line. But the square gave way, and became a semicircle. The center nearly touched the fountain. At each stroke of the lance, the parry of the bayonet came like a flash of light, but sometimes the man fell. The Republicans no longer had time to reload. They ceased firing, and the lancers were constantly coming, bolder, more numerous, enveloping the square in a whirlwind, and already uttering cries of triumph, for they believed themselves conquerors. For myself, I thought the Republicans were lost, when, in the height of the combat, the Colonel, raising his hat on the end of his saber, began to sing a song which made one's flesh creep, and all the battalion, as one man, sang with him. In the twinkling of an eye the whole front of the square straightened itself, and forced into the street all the mass of horsemen, pressed one against another, with their long lances, like corn in the fields. This song seemed to render the Republicans furious. It was terrible to see them. And I have thought many times since that men arrayed in battle are more ferocious than wild beasts. But there was something still more horrible; the last ranks of the Austrian column, at the end of the street, not seeing what was passing at the entrance of the square, rushed forward, crying, "Hurrah! hurrah!" so that those in the first ranks, repulsed by the bayonets of the Republicans, and not able to go further back were thrown into unspeakable confusion, and uttered distressing cries; the large horses, pricked in the nostrils, were so frightened that their manes stood up straight, their eyes started from their heads, and they uttered shrill cries, and kicked wildly. From a distance I saw these unfortunate lancers, mad with fear, turn round, strike their comrades with the handles of their lances to force a passage for themselves, and fly like hares past the houses. A few minutes afterward the street was empty.

The Dance in the Village Inn.

(From "Friend Fritz.")

THEY descended therefore into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double-bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz's arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging; her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black silk ribbons, which crossed over her snow-white stockings; her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful, flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz's with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, "He has chosen well!"

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He too would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing — he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who outtopped him by half a head, looked as if she were taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little roundabout woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out: —

"Kobus, are you ready?"

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon; when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, — the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes, more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, — rapid, sparkling, wild: the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air; — for inspiration comes from heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time with an air of profound admiration; while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weather-cock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semi-circle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth, — they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause; but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her around him twice shouted in a stentorian voice — "*You! you!*" subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout, "*You! you! you! you! you! you!*" that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted; the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to promenade their partners through the hall; although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators did not seem to reach their ears; and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love from his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

"Halloo! So you are here too, Father Christel," exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; "you see Suzel and I have been dancing together."

"It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus," replied the farmer, smiling; "a great honor, indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life."

"Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!"

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes; and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked:—

"But Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now."

"Mazel and I," replied the little one, "used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves."

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing; and the other Anabaptist exclaimed:—

"What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!"

AN AWAKING IN SPRING.

By dint of dreaming in this half-waking state, Kobus had ended by falling fast asleep again, when the tones of a violin, sweet and penetrating as the voice of a friend who greets you after a long absence, roused him from his slumbers, and, as he listened, brought the tears into his eyes. He scarcely ventured to breathe, so eager was he to catch the sounds. It was the violin of the Bohemian Joseph, which was surging to the accompaniment of another violin and a double bass in his bed-chamber, behind the blue curtains, and was saying, "It is I, Kobus, I, your old friend! I return with the Spring and the glorious sunshine. Hearken, Kobus: the bees are humming around the earliest flowers, the young, tender leaves are bursting forth, the first swallows are wheeling through the blue ether, the first quails creep down the newly turned furrows, and here I am, come once more to embrace you!" . . .

At last, very gently, he drew aside the curtains of his bed, the music still playing on more gravely and touchingly than ever, and saw the three Bohemians standing near the entrance of the apartment, and old Katel behind in the doorway. . . . And now I must tell you why Joseph came thus to serenade Fritz every Spring, and why this touched Fritz so deeply. A long time before this, one Christmas Eve, Kobus happened to be at the hostelry of the Stag. The snow was lying three feet deep outside. In the great public room, which was half filled with tobacco-smoke, the smokers stood around the huge metal stove, whilst from time to time one or another would move away for a moment to the table to empty his glass, and then return to warm himself in silence. They were standing thus, thinking of nothing at all, when a Bohemian entered. His bare feet were peeping out of his ragged shoes; he was shivering with cold, and began to play with an air of deep dejection. Fritz thought this music beautiful; it was a ray of sunshine breaking through the gray mists of Winter. But behind the Bohemian, near the door, half-concealed in shadow, stood the watchman Foux, with the air of a wolf on the look-out for its prey, with its ears cocked, its pointed muzzle, and glistening eyes. Kobus at once guessed that the Bohemian's papers were not *en règle*, and that Foux was watching to pounce upon him on his leaving the room, and conduct him to the watchhouse. It was for this reason that, feeling indignant at such conduct, he went up to the Bohemian, put a thaler in his hand, and slipping his arm in his, said to him — "I hire you for this evening. Come along with me." And thus, arm in arm, they left the room together in the midst of general astonishment, and more than one thought to himself — "That Kobus must be mad to go about with a Bohemian leaning on his arm; he is certainly a great original."

Meantime Foux followed them at some distance, slinking against the wall to avoid observation. The Bohemian seemed in great terror, fearing he would arrest him, but Fritz said to him — "Don't be afraid, he will not dare to lay a finger on you." He accompanied him in this way to his own house, where the table was laid for the feast of the *Christ-Child*, with the Christmas-tree in the center, on a snow-white table-cloth, whilst all around the *Kuchen*, powdered over with white sugar, and the *Kougelhof*, thick with large raisins, were arranged in suitable order. Three bottles of old Bordeaux, wrapped in napkins, were heating on the marble slab of the white porcelain stove.

"Katel, look for another plate, knife, and fork," said Kobus, shaking the snow off his feet. "I mean to celebrate the birth of the Savior this evening with this brave fellow; and if any one comes to take him, let him look out, that's all." The servant hastened to obey, and the poor Bohemian took his seat at the table, full of wonder at these things. The glasses were filled to the brim, and then Fritz stood up and said — "In honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, the friend of the friendless!"

At the same moment Foux entered. His surprise was extreme to see the *Ziegeuner* seated by the side of the master of the house, so, in place of taking a high tone, he merely said — "I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Kobus."

"Many thanks. Will you take a glass of wine with us?"

"No, thank you. I never drink wine when on duty. But this man — do you know him, Mr. Kobus?"

"I know him, and will answer for him."

"Then his papers are in order?"

Fritz could hear no more; his round cheeks grew pale with anger; he rose; and seizing the watchman by the collar, thrust him out of the room, exclaiming — "That will teach you to enter an honest man's house on Christmas Eve." Then he resumed his seat, and as the Bohemian trembled with fear, he said — "Don't be afraid, you are in Fritz Kobus' house. Eat your food in peace if you wish to gratify me." He made him drink a good draught of the Bordeaux; and knowing that Foux was still watching in the street, notwithstanding the snow, he ordered Katel to get ready a comfortable bed for the poor fellow that night, and the following morning to provide him with a stout pair of shoes, and some old clothes, and not to let him leave without taking care to put some cold meat and bread in his pockets.

Foux waited till the last note of the Mass was over, and then went off; and as the Bohemian, who was no other than Joseph, started early in the morning, there was nothing more of the affair. Kobus himself had forgotten all about it, when just at the commencement of Spring in the following year, being in bed one fine morning, he heard soft music at the door of his room. It was the poor swallow, whom he had saved from the winter snows, and who had come to thank him with the earliest rays of the returning sun. Since then Joseph had made his appearance every year at the same period, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or two of his comrades, and Fritz always received him like a brother. So it was that Kobus saw his old friend the Bohemian on the morning, in the way I have told you, and when the double-bass ceased its deep thrum-thrum, and Joseph, having given his last long-drawn stroke with the bow, raised his eyes, Fritz stretched out his arms to him from behind the curtains, crying, "Joseph!"

Then the Bohemian came forward and embraced him, laughing and showing his white teeth, and said: — "You see I don't forget you. The swallow's first song is for you!"

"Yes, yes, and yet this is the tenth year!" cried Kobus.

JOSÈ DE ESPRONCEDA.

Josè de **Espronceda**, Spanish poet and revolutionary politician, born near Almendralejo, Badajoz, in 1810; died at Madrid, May 23, 1842. His father was a colonel in a Bourbon regiment, and the child was born on the roadside while the army was on the march. Before he was out of his fourteenth year he had joined a conspiracy against the minister Calomardi, and attracted his master's attention by his political poems. He was imprisoned at Guadalajara, and soothed his solitude by singing the fate of Pelayo, the patron of Spanish liberty. On his release he went to England, where he became a student of the writings of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron. In 1830 he took part in the July revolution in Paris, and soon after joined the ill-fated expedition of Pablo de Chapalangarra in Spain. On the death of Ferdinand he was permitted to return to Spain and received an appointment as one of the Queen's Guards. He published a political song, which caused his banishment to Cuellar, where he wrote a six-volume novel called "Don Sancho Soldaña o el Castellano de Cuellar." Under a general amnesty he returned to Madrid and in 1840, the republican party having come into power, he was appointed Ambassador to the Hague, where he contracted the malady which terminated fatally.

Espronceda's principal poems are: "El Estudiante de Salamanca" (The Student of Salamanca), a continuation of the legend of Don Juan; "El Diablo Mundo," based on the story of Faust; "El Mendigo" (The Beggar), "El Verdugo" (The Headsman), "Hymn to the Sea," and "Ode to the Night."

The Headsman.

In me behold the story of the world
Which destiny hath written down in blood,
Upon whose crimson pages God himself
My awful figure hath engraven deep.
Time without end,
A hundred thousand ages hath ingulfed,
Yet wickedness,

"The headsman o'er the ages towers supreme"

Her monument,
May contemplate existing still in me.
In vain man struggles whither streams the light,
And thinks to reach it borne on breath of pride:
The headsman o'er the ages towers supreme!
And every drop
Of blood which stains me,
Of man but proves
One crime the more;
Still I exist,
A faithful record of the ages past;
A thousand angry shadows follow me
For aye behind.

To Spain: an Elegy.

How solitary is the nation now
That peopled countries vast a former day!
That, all beneath her sovereignty to bow,
From East to West extended once her sway!

Tears now profuse to shed, unhappy one,
Queen of the world! 'tis thine; and from thy face,
Enchanting yet in sorrow, there is none
Its overwhelming traces to erase.

How fatally o'er thee has death poured forth
Darkness and mourning, horrible and great!
And the stern despot in his maddened wrath
Exulted wildly o'er thy low estate.

Nothing or great or beautiful he spared,
My country! — the young warrior by him fell,
The veteran fell, and vile his war-ax glared,
Pleased all its fury o'er thee to impel.

Even the pure maiden fell beneath the rage
Of the unpitying despot, as the rose,
Condemned the summer's burning sun to engage,
Her bloom and beauty withering, soon must close.

Come, O ye inhabiters of all the earth,
And contemplate my misery! can there, —
Tell me! — be any found of mortal birth
Bearing the sorrows I am doomed to bear?

I, wretched, banished from my native land,
  Behold, far from the country I adore,
Her former glories lost and high command,
  And only left her sufferings to deplore.

Her children have been fatally betrayed
  By treacherous brethren, and a tyrant's power;
And these her lovely fertile plains have made
  Fields o'er which only lamentations lower.

Her arms extended wide, unhappy Spain!
  Her sons imploring in her deep distress:
Her sons they were, but her command was vain,
  Unheard the traitor-madness to repress.

Whate'er could then avail thee, tower or wall,
  My country! still amid thy woes adored?
Where were the heroes that could once appall
  The fiercest foe? where thy unconquered sword?

Alas! now on thy children's humbled brow
  Deeply is shame engraved, and on their eyes,
Cast down and sorrowfully throbbing now,
  The tears alone of grief and mourning rise.

Once was a time for Spain, when she possessed
  A hundred heroes in her hour of pride;
And trembling nations saw her manifest
  Her power and beauty, dazzling, by their side.

As lofty shows itself in Lebanon
  The cedar, so her brow she raised on high·
And fell her voice the nations round upon,
  As terrify a girl the thunders nigh.

But as a stone now in the desert's wild
  Thou liest abandoned, and an unknown way
Through strangers' lands, uncertain where, exiled,
  The patriot's doomed unfortunate to stray.

Her ancient pomp and power are covered o'er
  With sand and weeds contemptuous; and the foe,
That trembled at her puissance before,
  Now mocks exulting and enjoys her woe.

Maidens! your flowing locks disheveled tear,
  To give them to the wandering winds; and bring
Your harps in mournful company to share
  With me the sorrowful laments I sing.

Thus banished from our homes afar away,
Still let us weep our miseries. O Spain,
Who shall have power thy torments to allay?
Who shall have power to dry thy tears again?

THE SONG OF THE PIRATE.

THE breeze fair aft, all sails on high,
Ten guns on each side mounted seen,
She does not cut the sea, but fly,
A swiftly sailing brigantine;
A pirate bark, the "Dreaded" named,
For her surpassing boldness famed,
On every sea well known and shore,
From side to side their boundaries o'er.

The moon in streaks the waves illumes;
Hoarse groans the wind the rigging through;
In gentle motion raised, assumes
The sea a silvery shade with blue;
While singing gayly on the poop,
The pirate captain, in a group,
Sees Europe here, there Asia lies,
And Stamboul in the front arise.

Sail on, my swift one! nothing fear;
Nor calm, nor storm, nor foeman's force
Shall make thee yield in thy career,
Or turn thee from thy course.
Despite the English cruisers fleet,
We have full twenty prizes made;
And see, their flags beneath my feet
A hundred nations laid.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

There blindly kings fierce wars maintain
For palms of land, when here I hold
As mine, whose power no laws restrain,
Whate'er the seas infold.
Nor is there shore around whate'er,
Or banner proud, but of my might
Is taught the valorous proofs to bear,

And made to feel my right.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

Look, when a ship our signals ring
Full sail to fly, how quick she's veer'd!
For of the sea I am the king,
My fury's to be feared;
But equally with all I share
Whate'er the wealth we take supplies;
I only seek the matchless fair,
My portion of the prize.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

I am condemned to die! I laugh;
For if my fates are kindly sped,
My doomer from his own ship's staff
Perhaps I'll hang instead.
And if I fall, why what is life?
For lost I gave it then as due,
When from slavery's yoke in strife
A rover I withdrew.
My treasure is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

My music is the north wind's roar,
The noise when round the cable runs,
The bellowings of the Black Sea's shore,
And rolling of my guns.
And as the thunders loudly sound,
And furious as the tempest rave,
I calmly rest in sleep profound,
So rocked upon the wave.
My treasue is my gallant bark,
My only God is liberty;
My law is might, the wind my mark,
My country is the sea.

EURIPIDES.

Euripides, a Greek dramatic poet, born at Salamis, probably Sept. 23, 480 B.C.; died in 406 B.C. He received the best physical and intellectual training of the time. He practiced painting for a while, but soon devoted himself wholly to dramatic composition. He is said to have written a drama at the age of eighteen; but his first acted play, now lost, was brought out at twenty-five. Fourteen years later we find him contending unsuccessfully for the tragic prize. In 441 B.C., at the age of forty-nine, he again contended for the prize, bringing out a "tetralogy," or series of four dramas, one of which was the "Medea." Among the contemporaries of Euripides were some of the foremost names in Greek literature. He was fifty-four years old when Æschylus died, and Sophocles was fifteen when Euripides was born. Euripides was twelve years older than Socrates, and thirty-four years older than Aristophanes, his keen satirist.

Euripides never held office, and took no active part in public affairs, living the life of a man of letters. The entire number of his dramas is variously stated at from seventy-five to ninety-two; of which eighteen are extant, the authenticity of which is admitted by scholars. Besides these are more than one thousand fragments from other dramas, preserved by being quoted by later writers. The following are the titles of the extant dramas, arranged in the probable order of their composition: "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Ion," "The Supplicants," "The Heracleidæ," "The Mad Hercules," "The Troades," "Electra," "Helena," "The Phœnissæ," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "Andromache," "Orestes," "The Bacchæ," "Cyclops," "Iphigenia at Aulis." Browning speaks of him as:—

> "Our Euripides the human
> With his droppings of warm tears"

and translated "Alcestis" as a part of "Balaustion's Adventure."

In 408 B.C. Euripides, then seventy-two years of age, went to the then rude kingdom of Macedon, whither he had been invited by King Archelaus, who was desirous that Greeks of culture should take up their residence in his dominions. Here Euripides wrote, or at least completed, several of his extant dramas. He died two years after going to Macedon.

The Cyclops.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Silenus.
Chorus of Satyrs.
Ulysses.
Polypheme Cyclops.

SCENE.—The Mountain of Ætna in Sicily.

Silenus.

O Bacchus, for thy sake have I endured
Unnumbered toils, both at the present hour,
And when these nerves by vigorous youth were strung:
By Juno first with wild distraction fired,
Thou didst forsake the mountain nymphs whose care
Nurtured thy infancy. Next in that war
With the gigantic progeny of earth,
Stationed beside thee to sustain thy shield,
Piercing the buckler of Enceladus,
I slew him with my lance. Is this a dream?
By Jove it is not: for I showed his spoils
To Bacchus, and the labors I endure
At present, are so great that they exceed
E'en those. For since 'against thee Saturnia roused,
To bear thee far away, Etruria's race
Of impious pirates, I soon caught th' alarm,
And sailed in quest of thee with all my children:
Myself the stern ascended, to direct
The rudder, and each satyr plied an oar
Till ocean's azure surface with white foam
Was covered; thee, O mighty King, they sought.
Near Malea's harbor as the vessel rode,
An eastern blast arose, and to this rock
Of Ætna, drove us, where the sons of Neptune,
The one-eyed Cyclops, drenched with human gore,
Inhabit desert caves; by one of these
Were we made captives, and beneath his roof
To slavery are reduced. Our master's name
Is Polypheme; instead of Bacchus' orgies
We tend the flocks of an accursed Cyclops.
My blooming sons, on yonder distant cliffs,
Feed the young lambs; while I at home am stationed
The goblet to replenish, and to scrape
The rugged floor; to this unholy lord,

A minister of impious festivals:
And now must I perform the task assigned
Of cleansing with this rake the filthy ground,
So shall the cave be fit for his reception,
When with his flocks my absent lord returns.
But I already see my sons approach,
Their fleecy charge conducting. Ha! what means
This uproar? would ye now renew the dance
Of the Sicinnides, as when ye formed
The train of amorous Bacchus, and assembled,
Charmed by the lute, before Althæa's gate?

Chorus, Silenus.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I.

Sprung from an untainted race,
Hardy father of the fold,
Why, bounding o'er that craggy space,
Roam'st thou desperately bold,
Far from the refreshing gale,
The verdant herbage of the mead,
And sloping channel wont to feed
Thy trough with springs that never fail?
Yon caves with bleating lambkins ring,
Come, depasture with the flock;
Leave, O leave the dewy rock,
Ere this ponderous stone I fling.
Thee with speeding horns I call
To the Cyclops' lofty stall.

II.

Thou too those swollen udders yield,
That thy young ones may be fed,
Who, while thou browsest o'er the field,
Lie neglected in the shed;
Slumbering all the livelong day
At length with clamorous plaints they wake,
Thou t' appease them wilt forsake
Ætna's valleys ever gay.
Young Bromius and his jocund rout
Here their orgies ne'er repeat,
No thyrsus waves, no drums they beat;

Where the gurgling currents spout,
Here no vineyards yield delight,
Nor sport the nymphs on Nyssa's height.

III.

Yet here I chaunt the strains which Bacchus taught,
To that Venus whom I sought
When with the Mænades I ranged.
Where, gentle Evan, dost thou tread
Alone, and from thy comrades far estranged,
Those auburn ringlets floating from thy head?
Thy votary once, but now a slave
To yonder one-eyed Cyclops, I abide
In this detested cave:
Covered with a goat's vile hide,
Thy friend, alas! exposed to scorn
Wanders helpless and forlorn.

Silenus. — My sons, be silent: bid your followers drive
Their flocks into the stony cave.
Chorus. — Proceed.
But wherefore, O my father, in this haste?
Silenus. — A Grecian vessel, stranded on the coast,
I see, and to this cave the mariners
Attend their leader, on their heads they bear
Those empty vessels which express they want
Provisions, with fresh water too their urns
Would they replenish. O unhappy strangers!
Who are they? unapprised what lord here rules,
Dread Polypheme, they in an evil hour
Are entering this inhospitable threshold,
And rushing headlong e'en into the jaws
Of this fierce Cyclops, gorged with human flesh.
But interrupt me not; I will inquire
Whence to Sicilian Ætna's mount they came.

ULYSSES, SILENUS, CHORUS.

Ulysses. — Can ye direct me, strangers, Where to find
Fresh springs to slake our thirst; or who will sell
Food to the hungry sailor? But what means
That group of satyrs, whom before yon cave
I see assembled? we at Bacchus' city
Seem to have landed. Thee, the elder-born,
Thee first I hail.

Silenus. — Hail! foreigner; acquaint us
Both who you are, and from what realm you came.
Ulysses. — Ulysses, king of Ithaca, and th' isle
Of Cephalenè.
Silenus. — That loquacious man,
The crafty brood of Sisyphus, full well
I know.
Ulysses. — Reproach me not, for I am he.
Silenus. — Whence sailed you to Sicilia?
Ulysses. — From the shores
Of blazing Ilion, from the war of Troy.
Silenus. — What, knew you not the way to your own country?
Ulysses. — The tempests violently drove me hither.
Silenus. — By Heaven, your fortunes are the same with mine.
Ulysses. — What, cam'st thou hither too against thy will?
Silenus. — Yes, in pursuit of those accursed pirates
Who seized on Bromius.
Ulysses. — But what land is this,
And by what men inhabited?
Silenus. — This mountain,
Called Ætna, overlooks Sicilia's plains.
Ulysses. — Where are the fortresses and lofty towers
Which guard its peopled cities?
Silenus. — They exist not.
No men, O stranger, on these summits dwell.
Ulysses. — But who possess the land, a savage race
Of beasts?
Silenus. — The Cyclops occupy these caves,
They have no houses.
Ulysses. — Governed by what chief?
Is this a mere democracy?
Silenus. — They lead
The life of shepherds, and in no respect
Yield to each other.
Ulysses. — Do they sow the grain
Of Ceres, or on what do they subsist?
Silenus. — On milk, on cheese, and on their sheep, they feed.
Ulysses. — Affords the vine, nectareous juice, the drink
Bacchus invented?
Silenus. — No such thing: they dwell
In an ungrateful soil.
Ulysses. — But do they practice
The rites of hospitality, and hold
The stranger sacred?

Silenus. — They aver the flesh
Of strangers is a most delicious food.
Ulysses. — What saidst thou, banquet they on human flesh?
Silenus. — Here no man lands who is not doomed to bleed.
Ulysses. — Where is this Cyclops, in the cave?
Silenus. — He went
To Ætna's summit, with his hounds to trace
The savage beasts.
Ulysses. — But know'st thou by what means
We from this region may escape?
Silenus. — I know not.
But, O Ulysses, I'll do everything
To serve you.
Ulysses. — Sell us bread, supply our want.
Silenus. — I told you we have nothing here but flesh.
Ulysses. — By this, sharp hunger, which makes all things sweet,
May be assuaged.
Silenus. — Cheese from the press, and milk
Of heifers too.
Ulysses. — Produce them: while the day
Yet lasts, should we conclude our merchandise.
Silenus. — With how much gold will you repay me? Speak.
Ulysses. — No gold I bring, but Bacchus' cheering juice.
Silenus. — My dearest friend, you mention what we long
Have stood in need of.
Ulysses. — This enchanting liquor
Did Maron, offspring of the courteous god,
On us bestow.
Silenus. — Whom erst, while yet a boy
I in these arms sustained.
Ulysses. — The son of Bacchus,
T' inform thee more minutely who he is.
Silenus. — Aboard the ship, or have you hither brought it?
Ulysses. — Here is the cask, old man, which thou perceiv'st
Contains the wine.
Silenus. — It hardly is a sup.
Ulysses. — But we have twice as much as this will yield.
Silenus. — A most delicious spring is that you named.
Ulysses. — Shall I first treat thee with some wine unmixed,
That thou may'st taste?
Silenus. — Well judged: this specimen
Soon will induce me to conclude the purchase.
Ulysses. — A cup too I have brought as well as cask.
Silenus. — Pour forth, that I may drink, and recollect

The grateful taste of wine.
Ulysses. — Look there!
Silenus. — Ye gods!
How beauteous is its odor!
Ulysses. — Hast thou seen it?
Silenus. — By Jove I have not, but I smell its charms.
Ulysses. — Taste, nor to words alone confine thy praise.
Silenus. — Ha! ha! now Bacchus to the choral dance
Invites me.
Ulysses. — Hath it moistened well thy palate?
Silenus. — So well as e'en to reach my fingers' ends.
Ulysses. — Besides all this, shall money too be thine.
Silenus. — Empty the vessel, and reserve your gold.
Ulysses. — Bring forth the cheese and lambs.
Silenus. — That will I do,
Regardless of my lord, because I wish
To drain one goblet of this wine, and give
The flocks of all the Cyclops in its stead.
I'd from Leucadè, when completely drunk,
Into the ocean take a lover's leap,
Shutting my eyes. For he who, when he quaffs
The mantling bowl, exults not, is a madman.
Through wine new joys our wanton bosoms fire,
With giddy arms we clasp the yielding fair,
And in the eager dance forget each ill
That heretofore assailed us. So I kiss
The rich potation; let the stupid Cyclops
Weep with that central eye which in his front
Glares horribly. [*Exit* SILENUS.
Chorus. — Attend: for we must hold
A long confabulation, O Ulysses.
Ulysses. — We meet each other like old friends.
Chorus. — Was Troy
By you subdued? was Helen taken captive?
Ulysses. — And the whole house of Priam we laid waste.
Chorus. — When ye had seized on that transcendent fair,
Did ye then all enjoy her in your turn,
Because she loves variety of husbands?
False to her vows, when she the painted greaves
Around the legs of Paris, on his neck
The golden chain, beheld, with love deep smitten
From Menelaus, best of men, she fled.
Ah! would to Heaven no women had been born
But such as were reserved for my embraces.

SILENUS *returning*, ULYSSES, CHORUS.

Silenus. — Here, King Ulysses, is the shepherd's food:
Banquet on bleating lambs, and bear away
As many curdled cheeses as you can;
But from these caverns with your utmost speed
Depart, when ye have given me in return
The clustering vine's rich juice which Bacchus loves.
Ulysses. — The Cyclops comes. What shall we do? Old man,
We are undone. Ah, whither can we fly?
Silenus. — Ye may conceal yourselves beneath that rock.
Ulysses. — Most dangerous is the scheme thou hast proposed,
To rush into the toils.
Silenus. — No danger truly;
For in this rock is many a hiding-place.
Ulysses. — Not thus: indignant Troy might groan indeed
If from a single arm we basely fled.
Oft with my shield against a countless band
Of Phrygians have I fought. If we must die,
Let us die nobly: or with life maintain
The fame we erst in dubious fields acquired.

POLYPHEME, SILENUS, CHORUS, ULYSSES.

Polypheme. — What mean these transports, this insensate uproar,
These Bacchanalian orgies? Nyssa's god,
The brazen timbrel, and the rattling drum,
Are distant from these regions. In the cave
How fare the new-yeaned lambkins? do they suck,
Or follow they the ewes? have ye prepared
In wicker vats the cheese? No reply?
This club shall make ye weep forthwith. Look up,
Not on the ground.
Chorus. — We lift our dazzled eyes
To Jove himself; I view the twinkling stars
And bright Orion.
Polypheme. — Is my dinner ready?
Chorus. — It is. Prepare your jaws for mastication.
Polypheme. — Are the bowls filled with milk?
Chorus. — They overflow,
And you may drink whole hogsheads if you will.
Polypheme. — Of sheep, or cows, or mixed?
Chorus. — Whate'er you please;
But swallow not me too.
Polypheme. — No, certainly;
For ye would foot it in my tortured paunch,

And kill me with those antics. But what crowd
Behold I in the stalls? Some thieves or pirates
Are landed: at the mouth of yonder cave
The lambs are bound with osiers, on the floor
The cheese-press scattered lies, and the bald head
Of this old man is swoll'n with many bruises.
Silenus. — Ah me! into a fever I am beaten.
Polypheme. — By whom, old man, who smote thy hoary head?
Silenus. — O Cyclops, by these ruffians whom I hindered
From carrying off their plunder.
Polypheme. — Know they not
I am a god sprung from the blest immortals?
Silenus. — All this I told them, yet they seized your goods,
Eat up your cheese without my leave, dragged forth
The lambs, declared they would exhibit you
In a huge collar of three cubits long,
Closely imprisoned, and before that eye,
Which in the center of your forehead glares,
Bore out your entrails, soundly scourge your hide,
Then throw you into their swift vessel's hold
Tied hand and foot, and sell you, with a lever
To heave up ponderous stones, or to the ground
Level some door.
Polypheme. — Indeed! go whet the knives
Without delay, collect a mighty pile
Of wood, and light it up with flaming brands,
They shall be slain immediately, and broiled
To satisfy my appetite with viands
Hot from the coals. The rest shall be well sodden
For I am sated with unsavory beasts,
Enough on lions have I banqueted
And stags that haunt this mountain: but 'tis long
Since human flesh I tasted.
Silenus. — My dread lord,
Variety is sweet: no other strangers
Have reached of late these solitary caves.
Ulysses. — O Cyclops, hear the strangers also speak,
In their defense. We, wanting to buy food,
Came to your caverns from our anchored bark.
These lambs to us he bartered for our wine,
And of his own accord, when he had drank,
Yielded them up; no violence was used:
But the account he gives is utter falsehood,
Since he was caught without your privity

Vending your goods.
Silenus. — I? curses on your head!
Ulysses. — If I have uttered an untruth.
Silenus. — By Neptune
Your sire, O Cyclops, by great Triton, Nereus,
Calypso, Nereus' daughters, by the waves,
And all the race of fishes, I protest,
Most beauteous Cyclops, my dear little lord,
I sold not to the foreigners your goods;
May swift perdition, if I did, o'ertake
These sinners here, my children, whom I love
Beyond expression.
Chorus. — Curb thy tongue: I saw thee
Vending thy lord's possessions to the strangers:
If I speak falsehood, may our father perish!
But injure not these foreigners.
Polypheme. — Ye lie;
For I in him much rather would confide
Than Rhadamanthus, and pronounce that he
Is a more upright judge. But I to them
Some questions would propose. Whence sailed, strangers?
Where is your country and your native town?
Ulysses. — We in the realms of Ithaca were born;
But after we had laid Troy's bulwarks waste,
O Cyclops, by those howling winds which raise
The ocean's boisterous surges, to your coast
Our vessel was impelled.
Polypheme. — Are ye the men
Who worthless Helen's ravisher pursued
To Ilion's turrets on Scamander's bank?
Ulysses. — The same: most dreadful toils have we endured.
Polypheme. — Dishonorable warfare; in the cause
Of one vile woman ye to Phrygia sailed.
Ulysses. — Such was the will of Jove; on no man charge
The fault. But we to you, O generous son
Of ocean's god, our earnest prayers address,
Nor fear with honest freedom to remonstrate
That we your hapless friends, who to these caves
For refuge fly, deserve not to be slain
To satiate with accursed human food
Your appetite: for to your sire, great king,
Full many a temple on the shores of Greece
Have we erected; Tænarus' sacred haven
To him remains inviolate, the cliff

Of Malea, Sunium for its silver mines
Renowned, on whose steep promontory stands
Minerva's fane, and the Gerastian bay.
But those intolerable wrongs which Greece
From Troy had suffered, could we not forgive.
Our triumph interests you, who in a land
With Greece connected, dwell, beneath the rock
Of flaming Ætna. Let those public laws
Which all mankind obey, on you prevail
To change your ruthless purpose, and admit
Your suppliants to a conference, who have long
Endured the perils of the billowy deep;
With hospitable gifts, and change of raiment
Assist us, nor affix our quivering limbs
On spits, to sate your gluttony. Enough
Hath Priam's land depopulated Greece,
Whole myriads have in fighting fields been slain;
The widowed bride, the aged childless matron,
And hoary sire, hath Troy made ever wretched.
But if you burn, and at your fateful feasts
Devour the scattered relics of our host,
Whither shall any Grecian turn? but listen
To my persuasion, Cyclops, and control
Your gluttony. What piety enjoins,
Prefer to this defiance of the gods:
For ruin oft attends unrighteous gain.

Silenus. — Leave not the smallest morsel of his flesh;
Take my advice, and if you eat his tongue,
You certainly, O Cyclops, will become
A most accomplished orator.

Polypheme. — Vile caitiff,
Wealth is the deity the wise adore,
But all things else are unsubstantial boasts,
And specious words alone. I nought regard
Those promontories sacred to my sire.
Why dost thou talk of them? I tremble not,
O stranger, at the thunderbolts of Jove,
Him I account not a more powerful god
Than I am, nor henceforth will heed him: hear
My reasons; when he from the skies sends down
The rain, secure from its inclemency
Beneath this rock I dwell, and make a feast
On roasted calves, or on the savage prey,
Stretched at my length supine, then drain a pitcher

Of milk, and emulate the thunder's sound.
When Thracian Boreas pours his flaky showers,
In hides of beasts my body I enwrap,
Approach the fire, nor heed the pelting snows.
Compelled by strong necessity, the ground
Produces grass, and nourishes my herds,
Whom, to no other god except myself,
And to this belly, greatest of the gods,
I sacrifice. Because each day to eat,
To drink, and feel no grief, is bliss supreme,
The Heaven, the object of the wise man's worship.
I leave those gloomy lawgivers to weep,
Who by their harsh impertinent restrictions
Have chequered human life; but will indulge
My genius, and devour thee. That my conduct
May be exempt from blame, thou shalt receive
As pledges of our hospitality
The fire, and that hereditary caldron
Well heated, which shall boil thy flesh: walk in,
Ye shall adorn my table, and produce
Delicious meals to cheer my gloomy cave,
Such as a god can relish.

Ulysses. — I have 'scaped,
Alas! each danger at the siege of Troy,
'Scaped the tempestuous ocean; but in vain
Attempt to soften the unpitying heart
Of him who spurns all laws. Now, sacred queen,
Daughter of Jove, now aid me, O Minerva,
For I such perils as far, far exceed
My Phrygian toils, encounter: and, O Jove,
Dread guardian of each hospitable rite,
Who sitt'st enthroned above the radiant stars,
Look down: for if thou view not this, though deemed
Omnipotent, thou art a thing of nought.

Exeunt POLYPHEME, ULYSSES, *and* SILENUS.

1st Semichorus. — That insatiate throat expand,
Boiled and roast are now at hand
For thee, O Cyclops, to devour:
From the coals in evil hour
Yet reeking, shall thy teeth divide
The limbs of each unhappy guest,
To thy table served when dressed
In dishes formed of shaggy hide.

THE STORY OF HELEN'S LIFE.

(From "Helen.")

Bright are these virgin currents of the Nile
Which water Egypt's soil, and are supplied,
Instead of drops from heaven, by molten snow.
But Proteus, while he lived, of these domains
Was lord, he in the isle of Pharos dwelt,
King of all Ægypt; for his wife he gained
One of the nymphs who haunt the briny deep,
Fair Psamathe, after she left the bed
Of Æacus; she in the palace bore
To him two children, one of them a son
Called Theoclymenus, because his life
Is passed in duteous homage to the gods;
A daughter also of majestic mien,
Her mother's darling, in her infant years
(Eidothea called by her enraptured sire):
But when the blooming maid became mature
For nuptial joys, Theonoe was the name
They gave her; all the counsels of the gods,
The present and the future, well she knew,
Such privilege she from her grandsire Nereus
Inherited. But not to fame unknown
Are Sparta's realm, whence I derive my birth,
And my sire, Tyndarus. There prevails a rumor
That to my mother Leda Jove was borne
On rapid wings, the figure of a swan
Assuming, and by treachery gained admission
To her embraces, flying from an eagle,
If we may credit such report. My name
Is Helen; but I also will recount
What woes I have endured; three goddesses,
For beauty's prize contending, in the cave
Of Ida, came to Paris; Juno, Venus,
And Pallas, virgin progeny of Jove,
Requesting him to end their strife, and judge
Whose charms outshone her rivals. But proposing
For a reward, my beauty (if the name
Of beauty suit this inauspicious form)
And promising in marriage to bestow me
On Paris, Venus conquered: for the swain
Of Ida, leaving all his herds behind,

Expecting to receive me for his bride,
To Sparta came. But Juno, whose defeat
Fired with resentment her indignant soul,
Our nuptials frustrated; for to the arms
Of royal Priam's son, she gave not me,
But in my semblance formed a living image
Composed of ether. Paris falsely deemed
That he possessed me; from that time these ills
Have been increased by the decrees of Jove,
For he with war hath visited the realms
Of Greece, and Phrygia's miserable sons,
That he might lighten from th' unrighteous swarms
Of its inhabitants the groaning earth,
And on the bravest of the Grecian chiefs
Confer renown. While in the Phrygian war,
As the reward of their victorious arms,
I to the host of Greece have been displayed,
Though absent, save in likeness and in name.
But Mercury, receiving me in folds
Of air, and covering with a cloud (for Jove
Was not unmindful of me), in this house
Of royal Proteus, who of all mankind
Was in his judgment the most virtuous, placed me,
That undefiled I might preserve the bed
Of Menelaus. I indeed am here;
But with collected troops my hapless lord
Pursues the ravisher to Ilion's towers.
Beside Scamander's stream hath many a chief
Died in my cause; but I, who have endured
All these afflictions, am a public curse;
For 'tis supposed, that treacherous to my lord,
I have through Greece blown up the flames of war.
Why then do I prolong my life? these words
I heard from Mercury: "That I again
In Sparta, with my husband shall reside,
When he discovers that I never went
To Troy:" he therefore counseled me to keep
A spotless chastity. While Proteus viewed
The solar beams, I from the nuptial yoke
Still lived exempt; but since the darksome grave
Hath covered his remains, the royal son
Of the deceased solicits me to wed him:
But honoring my first husband, at this tomb
Of Proteus, I a suppliant kneel, to him,

THE ABDUCTION OF HELEN

From a Painting by R. von Deutsch

To him I sue, to guard my nuptial couch,
That if through Greece I bear a name assailed
By foul aspersions, no unseemly deed
May cover me with real infamy.

Neptune's Farewell to Troy.

(From "The Trojan Captives.")

From the Ægean deep, in mazy dance
Where Nereus' daughters glide with agile feet,
I Neptune hither come. For round the fields
Of Ilion, since Apollo and myself
With symmetry exact reared many a tower
Hewn from the solid rock; the love I bore
The city where my Phrygian votaries dwelt,
Laid waste by Greece, where smoke e'en now ascends
The heavens, hath ne'er been rooted from this breast,
For on Parnassus bred, the Phocian chief
Epeus, by Minerva's arts inspired,
Framed with a skillful hand, and through the gates
Sent that accursed machine, the horse which teemed
With ambushed javelins. Through forsaken groves,
Through the polluted temples of the gods,
Flow tides of crimson slaughter; at the base
Of altars sacred to Hercæan Jove,
Fell hoary Priam. But huge heaps of gold
And Phrygian plunder, to the fleet of Greece
Are sent: the leaders of the host that sacked
This city, wait but for a prosperous breeze,
That after ten years absence they their wives
And children may with joy behold. Subdued
By Juno, Argive goddess, and Minerva,
Who leagued in Phrygia's overthrow, I leave
Troy the renowned, and my demolished shrines.
For when pernicious solitude extends
O'er cities her inexorable sway,
Abandoned are the temples of the gods,
None comes to worship there. Scamander's banks
Reëcho many a shriek of captive dames
Distributed by lot; th' Arcadians, some,
Some the Thessalians gain, and some the sons
Of Theseus leaders of th' Athenian troops:
But they whom chance distributes not, remain

Beneath yon roof selected by the chiefs
Of the confederate army. Justly deemed
A captive, among them is Spartan Helen:
And if the stranger wishes to behold
That wretched woman, Hecuba lies stretched
Before the gate, full many are her tears,
And her afflictions many: at the tomb
Of stern Achilles her unhappy daughter
Polyxena died wretchedly, her lord
The royal Priam, and her sons are slain,
That spotless virgin too whom from his shrine
Apollo with prophetic gifts inspired,
Cassandra, spurning every sacred rite,
Did Agamemnon violently drag
To his adulterous bed. But, O farewell,
Thou city prosperous once; ye splendid towers,
Had not Minerva's self ordained your fall,
Ye still on your firm basis might remain.

RESIGNATION.

THINK'ST thou that Death will heed thy tears at all,
Or send thy son back if thou wilt but groan?
Nay, cease; and gazing at thy neighbor's grief,
Grow calm — if thou wilt take the pains to reckon
How many have toiled out their lives in bonds,
How many wear to old age, robbed of children,
And all who from the tyrant's height of glory
Have sunk to nothing. These things shouldst thou heed.

No man was ever born who did not suffer:
He buries children, then begets new sons,
Then dies himself; and men forsooth are grieved,
Consigning dust to dust. Yet needs must be
Lives should be garnered like ripe harvest sheaves,
And one man live, another perish. Why
Mourn over that which nature puts upon us?
Naught that must be is terrible to mortals.

JOHN EVELYN.

John Evelyn, an English agricultural and miscellaneous writer, born at Wotton, Surrey, Oct. 31, 1620; died there, Feb. 27, 1706. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1641 served as a volunteer in the Low Countries. When the Civil War broke out, he joined the royalist army; but the cause being lost, he traveled in France and Italy, returning to England in 1651. After the restoration of Charles II. Evelyn became a favorite at Court. He was one of the first Englishmen to treat gardening and arboriculture scientifically. In 1664, at the request of the Royal Society, he put forth a folio volume entitled "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions," the effect of which was to occasion the planting of an immense number of oak-trees, which in the next century furnished material for the construction of the English navy. In 1675 he published another folio volume, "Terra: a Discourse on the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants." Besides the works already mentioned, Evelyn wrote several others of very considerable value. But of more permanent interest than any of the others is his *Diary*, kept from 1641 to 1706, which was first published in 1818, and afterward in 1859 and 1871, the last edition being in a single large volume. His third was begun about 1641; the last entry is twenty-four days before his death. It thus covers the varied period of English history from the gathering clouds of the Civil War to the accession of Queen Anne. It was written solely for private family reading, and hence contains frank judgments and inside facts obtainable nowhere else.

From Evelyn's Diary.

1654. 3 Dec. Advent Sunday.—There being no office at the church but extempore prayers after ye Presbyterian way,—for now all forms are prohibited and most of the preachers were usurpers,—I seldome went to church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestred Divines did privately use ye Common Prayer, administer sacrament, etc., or else I procur'd one to officiate in my house.

25. Christmas Day. — No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so I was constrain'd to celebrate it at home.

1655. 9 April. — I went to see ye greate ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying ninety-six brasse guns and one thousand tons burthen. In ye prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foote, a Scott, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Faun held a laurel over his insulting head; ye word, *God with us.*

15. — I went to London with my family to celebrate ye feast of Easter. Dr. Wild preach'd at St. Gregorie's, the ruling powers conniving at ye use of the Liturgy, etc., in this church alone.

27 Nov. — To London . . . to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib [Milton's acquaintance, to whom he addressed his 'Tractate on Education'], a public-spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many usefull things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himselfe being a Lithuanian as I remember), which are furnish'd with small ordinance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the roomes, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire and disperse the smoke; and in truth no more than neede, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. . . .

This day came forth the Protector's edict or proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the apostate Julian; with ye decimation of all ye royal parties' revenues throughout England.

14 Dec. — I visited Mr. Hobbes, ye famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

25. — There was no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild preach'd the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place: that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schoole, etc., on paine of imprisonment or exile. So this was ye mournfullest day that in my life I had seene, or ye Church of England herselfe, since ye Reformation.

1657. 25th Dec. — I went with my Wife to celebrate Christmas Day. . . . The chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, ye Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Col. Whaley, Goffe, and others, from White-hall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to ye Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why — contrary to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe ye superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them) — I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but ye masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and insnaring questions and much threatning; and finding no colour to detaine me, they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar.

1660. 3 May. — Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgement, after a most bloudy and unreasonable rebellion of neere 20 yeares. Praised be forever the Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever!

8. — This day was his Majestie proclaim'd in London, etc.

29. — This day his Majestie Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountains running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries,

chaines of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was done without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

4 June.—I receiv'd letter of Sir Richard Browne's [his father-in-law] landing at Dover, and also letters from the Queene, which I was to deliver at White-hall, not as yet presenting myselfe to his Majesty by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his Majesty, and kisse his hands, was so greate that he had scarce leisure to eate for some dayes, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being so willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free accesse to all sorts of people.

6 July.—His Majestie began first to *touch for ye evil*, according to custome, thus: his Majestie sitting under his state in the Banquetting House, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, ye King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplaine in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." This is sayd to every one in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplaine kneeling, and having angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majestie, who puts them about the necks of the touched, as they passe, whilst the first chaplaine repeats, "That is ye true light who came into ye world." Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly ye blessing; and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towell, for his Majestie to wash.

The Great Fire in London.

1666, 2 Sept. — This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3.— The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn; went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night, — if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner, — when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapeside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill — for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward — Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on ye other, ye carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let ye flames burn on, w^{ch} they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage — "non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem": the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4.— The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple: all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them; and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5.— It crossed towards Whitehall: but oh! the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Ma^{ty} to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holburn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts — for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse — and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd near ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd; and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone; so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, etc., did infinite mischiefe; so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Ma^{ty}, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops about to be in the citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefield's, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound. . . .

7.—I went this morning on foot f^{m} Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Streete, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paules, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty; clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his Ma^{ty} got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Paules now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico — for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King — now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stones split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massic Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruins of the vaulted roofe falling broken into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, etc., mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye august fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of ye Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures' bodies, beds, etc. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill; and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish; nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine, there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Ma^{tys} proclamation also invited them.

1685, 13 Feb. — I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profanenesses, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God, — it being Sunday eve'g, — w^{h} this day se'nnight I was witness of — the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallerie, whilst about twenty of ye great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon w^{h} two gentlemen who attended with me, made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust.

31 Oct. — I din'd at our greate Lord Chancellor Jeffries, who us'd me with much respect. This was the late Chief Justice who had newly ben the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators, and had formerly done such severe justice among the obnoxious in Westminster Hall, for which his Majesty dignified him by creating him first a Baron and now Lord Chancellor. He had for some years past ben conversant at Deptford; is of an assur'd and undaunted spirit, and has serv'd the Court interest on all the hardiest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court.

1688, 18 Sept. — I went to London, where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing, w^{ch} put the White-hall into so panic a feare, that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

Writs were issu'd in order to a Parliament, and a declaration to back the good order of elections, with great professions of maintaining the Church of England, but without giving any sort of satisfaction to the people, who shew'd their high discontent at several things in the Government.

1689, 21 Feb. — I saw the new Queene and King proclaim'd the very next day after her coming to White-hall, Wednesday 13 Feb., with great acclamation and generall good reception: bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believ'd that both, especially the Princesse would have shew'd some (seeming) reluctance at least of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, w^{ch} would have shew'd very handsomely to the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation: but nothing of all this appear'd; she came into White-hall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undresse, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from roome to roome to see the convenience of White-hall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queene lay, and within a night or two sate downe to play at basset, as the Queene her predecessor used to do. . . . She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart; whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent, and seems to treate all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affaires: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

1698, 6 Aug. — I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Capt. Dampier, who had been a famous Buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job, and printed a relation of his very strange adventure, and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons. He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with. . . .

1699, 25 Nov. — There happen'd this weeke so thick a mist and fog that people lost their way in the streetes, it being so intense that no light of candles or torches yielded any (or but very little) direction. I was in it, and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights which were fix'd between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the afternoone, and was quite gon by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore.

1703, 31 Oct. — This day, being 83 years of age, upon examining what concern'd me more particularly the past year, with the greate mercies of God preserving me, and in some measure making my infirmities tolerable, I gave God most hearty and humble thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sins past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.

1705, 31 Oct. — I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord, teach me so to number my days to come that I may apply them to wisdom.

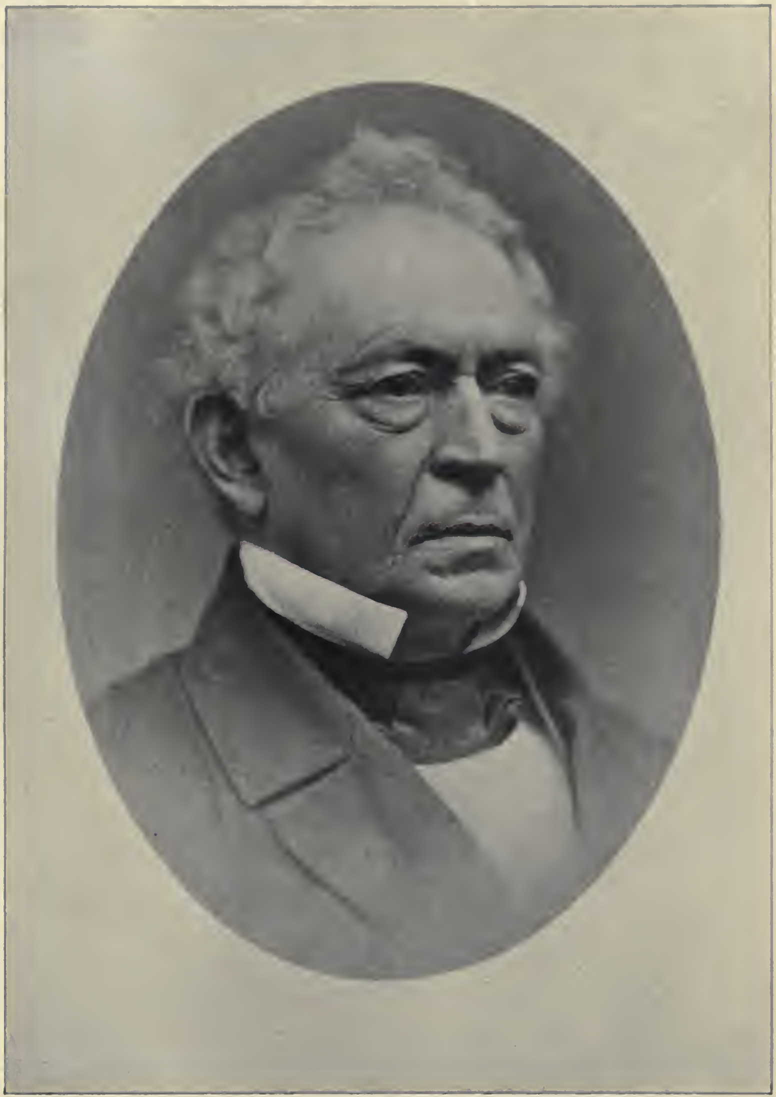
EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett, an American statesman and orator, born at Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died at Boston, Jan. 15, 1865. He graduated at Harvard in 1811, at the age of seventeen, and soon afterward became tutor in the college, pursuing at the same time his studies in divinity. In 1812 he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa Poem at Harvard.

In 1813 he became pastor of the Brattle Street (Unitarian) Church in Boston, and speedily attained a high reputation for the eloquence of his discourses. In 1814 he was chosen Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard College, and went to Europe to fit himself for the duties of this office. He remained in Europe about four years, pursuing a wide course of study; and in 1819 entered upon his duties at Harvard. He also edited the *North American Review* for some four years.

Mr. Everett's political career began in 1824, when he was elected to Congress, in which he served for ten consecutive years. In 1835 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, holding the office by successive re-elections for four years. In 1840 he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to England. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, died in October, 1852, and Mr. Everett filled that position during the remaining four months of Mr. Fillmore's administration. In 1853 he was elected United States Senator; but impaired health compelled him to resign his seat within a year.

Mr. Everett took an active part in the discussion of the political questions of the time; but he was more especially noted as an orator at literary and other public occasions. His oration on Washington, delivered in the leading places of the Union, brought a large sum to the fund for the purchase of the Washington homestead at Mt. Vernon. Among his works should be mentioned "Defense of Christianity;" "Orations and Speeches;" and "Mount Vernon Papers." Collections of his "Speeches and Addresses" have been made at several periods. The second collection, in two volumes, made in 1850, contains more than eighty Addresses; a third volume appeared in 1858, and a fourth volume in 1869. He was remarkable for the polished dignity of his manner and the classic accuracy and formality of his style.



EDWARD EVERETT

THE EMIGRATION OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

(From the Oration at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1824.)

IT is sad indeed to reflect on the disasters which this little band of Pilgrims encountered. Sad to see a portion of them the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embark in an unseaworthy ship, which they are soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel; one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and sixty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted before long by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow-men — a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes that filled the unexplored continent upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preëminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the Pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers desired to lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans. No well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronized, or helped the Pilgrims. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the arm which had never supported was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future State, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps as it were madly from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease, was it the tomahawk, was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea: was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

THE INEVITABLE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

(From the Essay compiled from Discourses in Boston, Concord, and Washington, 1827, 1829–1830.)

A DISCOVERY results in an art; an art produces a comfort; a comfort made cheaply accessible adds family on family to the population; and a family is a new creation of thinking, reasoning, inventing, and discovering beings. Thus, instead of arriving at the end, we are at the beginning of the series, and ready to start with recruited numbers on the great and beneficent career of useful knowledge. . . .

And are the properties of matter all discovered? its laws all found out? the uses to which they may be applied all detected? I cannot believe it. We cannot doubt that truths now unknown are in reserve, to reward the patience and the labors of future lovers of truth, which will go as far beyond the brilliant discoveries of the last generation as these do beyond all that was known to the ancient world. The pages are infinite in that great volume which was written by the hand Divine, and they are to be gradually turned, perused, and announced, to benefited and grateful generations, by genius and patience; and especially by patience — by untiring, enthusiastic, self-devoting patience. The progress which has been made in art and science is indeed vast. We are ready to think a pause must follow; that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal; and there can be no pause; for art and science are in themselves progressive and infinite. They are moving powers, animated principles: they are instinct with life; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application; and a man might as well think to build a tower from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention. Never do we more evince our arrogant ignorance than when we boast our knowledge. True Science is modest; for her keen, sagacious eye discerns that there are deep undeveloped mysteries where the vain sciolist sees all plain. We call this an age of improvement, as it is. But the Italians in the age of Leo X., and with great reason, said the same of their age; the Romans in the time of Cicero, the same of theirs; the Greeks in the time of Pericles, the same of theirs; and the Assyrians and Egyptians, in the flourishing periods of their ancient monarchies, the same of theirs. In passing from one of these periods to another, prodigious strides are often made; and the vanity of the present age is apt to flatter itself that it has climbed to the very summit of invention and skill. A wiser posterity at length finds out that the discovery of one truth, the investigation of one law of nature, the contrivance of one machine, the perfection of one art, instead of narrowing has widened the field of knowledge still to be acquired, and given to those who came after an ampler space, more numerous data, better instruments, a higher point of observation, and the encouragement of living and acting in the presence of a more intelligent age. It is not a century since the number of fixed stars was estimated at about three thousand. Newton had counted no more. When Dr. Herschel had completed his great telescope and turned it to the heavens, he calculated that two hundred and fifty thousand stars passed through its field in a quarter of an hour!

It may not irreverently be conjectured to be the harmonious plan of the universe, that its two grand elements of mind and matter should be accurately adjusted to each other; that there should be full occupation in the physical world, in its laws and properties, and in the moral and social relations connected with it, for the contemplative and active powers of every created intellect. The imperfection of human institutions has, as far as man is concerned, disturbed the pure harmony of this great system. On the one hand, much truth, discoverable even at the present stage of human improvement, as we have every reason to think, remains undiscovered. On the other hand, thousands and millions of rational minds, for want of education, opportunity, and encouragement, have remained dormant and inactive, though surrounded on every side by those qualities of things whose action and combination, no doubt, still conceal the sublimest and most beneficial mysteries.

But a portion of the intellect which has been placed on this goodly theater is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment, and research, touches as it were a spring until then unperceived; and through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,— the barrier to all farther progress, — a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they have lived on its confines without penetrating its nature.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(From the Lexington Oration, April 20, 1835.)

FELLOW-CITIZENS! The history of the Revolution is familiar to you. You are acquainted with it, in the general and in its details. You know it as a comprehensive whole, embracing within its grand outline the settlement and the colonization of the country,—the development, maturity, and rupture of the relations between Great Britain and America. You know it in the controversy carried on for nearly a hundred and fifty years between the representatives of the people and the officers of the crown. You know it in the characters of the great men who signalized themselves as the enlightened and fearless leaders of the righteous and patriotic cause. You know it in the thrilling incidents of the crisis, when the appeal was made to arms. You know it — you have studied it — you revere it, as a mighty epoch in human affairs; a great era in that order of Providence, which from the strange conflict of human passions and interests, and the various and wonderfully complicated agency of the institutions of men in society, — of individual character, of exploits, discoveries, commercial adventure, the discourses and writings of wise and eloquent men,— educes the progressive civilization of the race. Under these circumstances it is scarcely possible to approach the subject in any direction with a well-grounded hope of presenting it in new lights, or saying anything in which this intelligent and patriotic audience will not run before me, and anticipate the words before they drop from my lips. But it is a theme that can never tire nor wear out. God grant that the time may never come, when those who at periods however distant shall address you on the 19th of April, shall have anything wholly new to impart. Let the tale be repeated from father to son till all its thrilling incidents are as familiar as household words; and till the names of the brave men who reaped the bloody honors of the 19th of April, 1775, are as well known to us as the names of those who form the circle at our firesides. . . . In the lives of individuals there are moments which give a character to existence — moments too often through levity, indolence, or perversity, suffered to pass unimproved; but sometimes met with the fortitude, vigilance, and energy due to their momentous consequences. So, in the life of nations, there are all-important junctures when the fate of centuries is crowded into a narrow space, — suspended on the results of an hour. With the mass of statesmen, their character is faintly perceived, their consequences imperfectly apprehended, the certain sacrifices exaggerated, the future blessings dimly seen; and some timid and disastrous compromise, some faint-hearted temperament, is patched up, in the complacency of short-sighted wisdom. Such a crisis was the period which preceded the 19th of April. Such a compromise the British ministry proposed, courted, and would have accepted most thankfully; but not such was the patriotism nor the wisdom of those who guided the councils of America, and wrought out her independence. They knew that in the order of that Providence in which a thousand years are as one day, a day is sometimes as a thousand years. Such a day was at hand. They saw, they comprehended, they welcomed it; they knew it was an era. They met it with feelings like those of Luther when he denounced the sale of indulgences, and pointed his thunders at once — poor Augustine monk — against the civil and ecclesiastical power of the Church, the Quirinal, and the Vatican. They courted the storm of war as Columbus courted the stormy billows of the glorious ocean, from whose giddy curling tops he seemed to look out, as from a watch-tower, to catch the first hazy wreath in the west which was to announce that a new world was found. The poor Augustine monk knew and was persuaded that the hour had come, and he was elected to control it, in which a mighty revolution was to be wrought in the Christian church. The poor Genoese pilot knew in his heart that he had as it were but to stretch out the wand of his courage and skill, and call up a new continent from the depths of the sea; — and Hancock and Adams, through the smoke and flames of the 19th of April, beheld the sun of their country's independence arise, with healing in his wings.

And you, brave and patriotic men, whose ashes are gathered in this humble place of deposit, no time shall rob you of the well-deserved meed of praise! You too perceived, not less clearly than the more illustrious patriots whose spirit you caught, that the decisive hour had come. You felt with them that it could not, must not be shunned. You had resolved it should not. Reasoning, remonstrance had been tried; from your own town-meetings, from the pulpit, from beneath the arches of Faneuil Hall, every note of argument, of appeal, of adjuration, had sounded to the foot of the throne, and in vain. The wheels of destiny rolled on; the great design of Providence must be fulfilled; the issue must be nobly met or basely shunned. Strange it seemed, inscrutable it was, that your remote and quiet village should be the chosen altar of the first great sacrifice. But so it was; the summons came and found you waiting; and here in the center of your dwelling-places, within sight of the homes you were to enter no more, between the village church where your fathers worshiped and the grave-yard where they lay at rest, bravely and meekly, like Christian heroes, you sealed the cause with your blood. Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown: — alas! ye cannot hear my words; no voice but that of the archangel shall penetrate your urns; but to the end of time your remembrance shall be preserved! To the end of time, the soil whereon ye fell is holy; and shall be trod with reverence, while America has a name among the nations!

FUTURE POETS OF AMERICA.

(Phi Beta Kappa Poem, 1812.)

WHEN the warm bard his country's worth would tell,
To Mas-sa-chu-setts' length his lines must swell;
Would he the gallant tales of war rehearse,
'Tis graceful Bunker fills the polished verse;
Sings he, dear land, those lakes and streams of thine,
Some mild Mem-phre-ma-gog murmurs in his line,
Some A-mer-is-cog-gin dashes by his way,
Or smooth Con-nect-i-cut softens in his lay;
Would he one verse of easy movement frame,
The map will meet him with a hopeless name;
Nor can his pencil sketch one perfect act,
But vulgar history mocks him with a fact.

But yet, in soberer mood, the time shall rise,
When bards will spring beneath our native skies;
Where the full chorus of creation swells,
And each glad spirit, but the poet, dwells,
Where whispering forests murmur notes of praise;
And headlong streams their voice in concert raise.
Where sounds each anthem, but the human tongue,
And nature blooms unrivaled but unsung.
Oh yes! in future days our Western lyres,
Tuned to new themes, shall glow with purer fires,
Clothed with the charms to grace their later rhyme,
Of every former age and foreign clime. . . .

Haste happy times, when through these wide domains
Shall sound the concert of harmonious strains;
Through all the clime the softening notes be spread,
Sung in each grove, and in each hamlet read.
Fair maids shall sigh, and youthful heroes glow,
At songs of valor and at tales of woe;
While the rapt poet strikes, along his lyre,
The virgin's beauty and the warrior's fire.
Thus each successive age surpass the old,
With happier bards to hail it than foretold,
While Poesy's star shall, like the circling sun,
Its orbit finish where it first begun.

Alaric the Visigoth.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that molds beneath.

Ye shall not pile with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest,
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "The Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the King of kings;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep gives up its dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
   Back to the clods that gave them birth —
The captured crowns of many a king,
   The ransom of a conquered earth:
For e'en though dead will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide
   Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
   Pillar or mound to mark the spot:
For long enough the earth has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
   And from the Northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep;
   And where I went the spot was curst:
No blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
   Beneath the terror of the Goth!
Their iron-breasted legions quail
   Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
   In judgment my triumphal car;
'Twas God alone on high did send
   The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
   O'er guilty king and guilty realm;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
   And Vengeance sat upon the helm.
When launched in fury on the flood,
I plowed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
  I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
  In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem;
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty;
And bade my Northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done —
  I go to Him from whom I came;
But never yet shall set the sun
  Of glory that adorns my name;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done;
  But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient round the eternal Throne,
  And in the caves of vengeance wait;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

L'ABBÉ PREVÔT.

ANTOINE FRANÇOIS PRÉVOST D'EXILES.

Prévost D'Exiles, Antoine François, commonly called Abbé Prévost. A notable French novelist; born at Hesdin in Artois, April, 1, 1697; died near Chantilly, November 23, 1763. He gained great celebrity through his remarkable novels: "Memoirs of a Man of Quality" (1728); "Cleveland;" "Manon Lescaut," his greatest work (1731); "Story of a Modern Greek Woman" (1741). He also wrote some historical works and moral essays, and translated Richardson's "Pamela" and "Clarissa."

Manon's Return.

(From "Manon Lescaut.")

While in my confinement Tiberge came one day to see me. I was surprised at the affectionate joy with which he saluted me. I had never, hitherto, observed any peculiar warmth in his friendship that could lead me to look upon it as anything more than the partiality common among boys of the same age. He was so altered and had grown so manly during the five or six months since I had last seen him that his expressive features and his manner of addressing me inspired me with a feeling of respect. He spoke more in the character of a Mentor than a schoolfellow, lamented the delusion into which I had fallen, congratulated me on my reformation, which he believed was now sincere, and ended by exhorting me to profit by my youthful error and open my eyes to the vanity of worldly pleasures. I looked at him with astonishment, which he at once perceived.

"My dear chevalier," said he to me, "you shall hear nothing but the strict truth, of which I have assured myself by the most serious examination. I had, perhaps, as strong an inclination for pleasure as you, but Heaven had at the same time, in its mercy, blessed me with a taste for virtue. I exercised my reason in comparing the consequences of the one with those of the other, and the divine aid was graciously vouchsafed to my reflections. I conceived for the world a contempt which nothing can equal. Can you guess what it is retains me in it now," he added, "and that prevents me from embracing a life of solitude? Simply the sincere friendship I bear towards you. I know the excellent qualities of both your heart and head. There is no good of which you may not render yourself capable. The blandishments of pleasure have momentarily drawn you aside. What detriment to the sacred cause of virtue! Your flight from Amiens gave me such intense sorrow that I have not since known a moment's happiness. You may judge of this by the steps it induced me to take." He then told me how, after discovering that I had deceived him and gone off with my mistress, he procured horses for the purpose of pursuing me, but having the start of him by four or five hours, he found it impossible to overtake me; that he arrived, however, at St. Denis half an hour after I had left it; that, being very sure that I must have stopped in Paris, he spent six weeks there in a fruitless endeavor to discover me — visiting every place where he thought he should be likely to meet me, and that one evening he at length recognized my mistress at the play, where she was so gorgeously dressed that he of course set it down to the account of some new lover; that he had followed her equipage to her house and had there learned from a servant that she was entertained in this style by M. de B——. "I did not stop here," continued he; "I returned next day to the house to learn from her own lips what had become of you. She turned abruptly away when she heard the mention of your name, and I was obliged to return into the country without further information. I there learned the particulars of your adventure and the extreme annoyance she had caused you, but I was unwilling to visit you until I could have assurance of your being in a more tranquil state."

"You have seen Manon then!" cried I, sighing. "Alas! you are happier than I, who am doomed never again to behold her." He rebuked me for this sigh, which still showed my weakness for the perfidious girl. He flattered me so adroitly upon the goodness of my mind and disposition that he really inspired me, even on this first visit, with a strong inclination to renounce, as he had done, the pleasures of the world and enter at once into holy orders.

The idea was so suited to my present frame of mind that when alone I thought of nothing else. I remembered the words of the Bishop of Amiens, who had given me the same advice, and thought only of the happiness which he predicted would result from my adoption of such a course. Piety itself took part in these suggestions. "I shall lead a holy and Christian life," said I; "I shall divide my time between study and religion, which will allow me no leisure for the perilous pleasures of love. I shall despise that which men ordinarily admire; and as I am conscious that my heart will desire nothing but what it can esteem, my cares will not be greater or more numerous than my wants and wishes."

I thereupon pictured to myself in anticipation a course of life peaceful and retired. I fancied a retreat embosomed in a wood, with a limpid stream of running water bounding my garden; a library, comprising the most select works; a limited circle of friends, virtuous and intellectual; a table neatly served, but frugal and temperate. To all these agrémens I added a literary correspondence with a friend whose residence should be in Paris, who should give me occasional information upon public affairs, less for the gratification of my curiosity than to afford a kind of relaxation by hearing of and lamenting the busy follies of men. Shall I not be happy? added I; will not my utmost wishes be thus gratified? This project flattered my inclinations extremely. But after all the details of this most admirable and prudent plan, I felt that my heart still yearned for something; and that in order to leave nothing to desire in this most enchanting retirement, one ought to be able to share it with Manon.

However, Tiberge continuing to pay me frequent visits in order to strengthen me in the purpose with which he had inspired me, I took an opportunity of opening the subject to my father. He declared that his intention was ever to leave his children free to choose a profession, and that in whatever manner I should dispose of myself all he wished to reserve was the right of aiding me with his counsel. On this occasion he gave me some of the wisest, which tended less to divert me from my project than to convince me of my good father's sound judgment and discretion.

The recommencement of the scholastic year being at hand, Tiberge and I agreed to enter ourselves together at St. Sulpice; he to pursue his theological studies and I to begin mine. His merits, which were not unknown to the bishop of the diocese, procured him the promise of a living from that prelate before our departure.

My father, thinking me quite cured of my passion, made no objection to my taking final leave. We arrived in Paris. The cross of Malta gave place to the ecclesiastical habit, and the designation of the Abbé de Grieux was substituted for that of Chevalier. I applied so diligently to study that in a few months I had made extraordinary progress. I never lost a moment of the day and employed even part of the night. I soon acquired such a reputation that I was already congratulated upon the honors which I was sure of obtaining; and, without solicitation on my part, my name was inscribed on the list for a vacant benefice. Piety was by no means neglected, and I entered with ardent devotion into all the exercises of religion. Tiberge was proud of what he considered the work of his own hands, and many a time have I seen him shed tears of delight in noticing what he styled my perfect conversion.

It has never been matter of wonder to me that human resolutions are liable to change; one passion gives them birth, another may destroy them; but when I reflect upon the sacredness of those motives that led me to St. Sulpice, and upon the heartfelt satisfaction I enjoyed while obeying their dictation, I shudder at the facility with which I outraged them all. If it be true that the benign succor afforded by Heaven is at all times equal to the strongest of man's passions, I shall be glad to learn the nature of the deplorable ascendency which causes us suddenly to swerve from the path of duty, without the power of offering the least resistance and without even the slightest visitation of remorse.

I now thought myself entirely safe from the dangers of love. I fancied that I could have preferred a single page of St. Augustine, or a quarter of an hour of Christian meditation, to every sensual gratification, not excepting any that I might have derived from Manon's society. Nevertheless, one unlucky moment plunged me again headlong into the gulf, and my ruin was the more irreparable, because, falling at once to the same depth from whence I had been before rescued, each of the new disorders into which I now lapsed carried me deeper and deeper still down the profound abyss of vice. I had passed nearly a year at Paris without hearing of Manon. It cost me no slight effort to abstain from inquiry, but the unintermitting advice of Tiberge and my own reflections secured this victory over my wishes. The last months glided away so tranquilly that I considered the memory of this charming but treacherous creature about to be consigned to eternal oblivion.

The time arrived when I was to undergo a public examination in the class of theology. I invited several persons of consideration to honor me with their presence on the occasion. My name was mentioned in every quarter of Paris; it even reached the ears of her who had betrayed me. She had some difficulty in recognizing it with the prefix of Abbé; but curiosity, or perhaps remorse for having been faithless to me (I could never after ascertain by which of these feelings she was actuated), made her at once take an interest in a name so like mine; and she came with several other women to the Sorbonne, where she was present at my examination, and had doubtless little trouble in recognizing my person.

I had not the remotest suspicion of her presence. It is well known that in these places there are private seats for ladies, where they remain screened by a curtain. I returned to St. Sulpice covered with honors and congratulations. It was six in the evening. The moment I returned a lady was announced who desired to speak with me. I went to meet her. Heavens! what a surprise! It was Manon. It was she indeed, but more bewitching and brilliant than I had ever beheld her. She was now in her eighteenth year. Her beauty beggars all description. The exquisite grace of her form, the mild sweetness of expression that animated her features, and her engaging air, made her seem the very personification of Love. The vision was something too perfect for human beauty.

I stood like one enchanted at beholding her. Unable to divine the object of her visit I waited trembling and with downcast looks until she explained herself. At first her embarrassment was equal to mine; but, seeing that I was not disposed to break silence, she raised her hand to her eyes to conceal a starting tear, and then, in a timid tone, said that she well knew she had justly earned my abhorrence by her infidelity; but that if I had ever really felt any love for her there was not much kindness in allowing two long years to pass without inquiring after her, and as little now in seeing her in the state of mental distress in which she was without condescending to bestow upon her a single word. I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were as I listened to this reproof.

She seated herself. I remained standing, with my face half turned aside, for I could not muster courage to meet her look. I several times commenced a reply without power to conclude it. At length I made an effort, and in a tone of poignant grief exclaimed: "Perfidious Manon! perfidious creature!" She had no wish, she repeated, with a flood of tears, to attempt to justify her infidelity. "What is your wish, then?" cried I. "I wish to die," she answered, "if you will not give me back that heart, without which it is impossible to endure life." "Take my life too, then, faithless girl!" I exclaimed, in vain endeavoring to restrain my tears; "take my life also! it is the sole sacrifice that remains for me to make, for my heart has never ceased to be thine!"

I had scarcely uttered these words, when she rose in a transport of joy and approached to embrace me. She loaded me with a thousand caresses. She addressed me by all the endearing appellations with which Love supplies his votaries to enable them to express the most passionate fondness. I still answered with affected coldness, but the sudden transition from a state of quietude, such as that I had up to this moment enjoyed, to the agitation and tumult which were now kindled in my breast and tingled through my veins, thrilled me with a kind of horror and impressed me with a vague sense that I was about to undergo some great transformation and to enter upon a new existence.

We sat dawn close by each other. I took her hand within mine. "Ah! Manon," said I, with a look of sorrow, "I little thought that love like mine could have been repaid with treachery! It was a poor triumph to betray a heart of which you were the absolute mistress — whose sole happiness it was to gratify and obey you. Tell me if among others you have found any so affectionate and so devoted? No, no! I believe Nature has cast few hearts in the same mould as mine. Tell me at least whether you have ever thought of me with regret! Can I have any reliance on the duration of the feeling that has brought you back to me to-day? I perceive too plainly that you are infinitely lovelier than ever; but I conjure you by all my past sufferings, dearest Manon, to tell me — Can you in future be more faithful?"

She gave me in reply such tender assurances of her repentance, and pledged her fidelity with such solemn protestations and vows, that I was inexpressibly affected. "Beauteous Manon," said I, with rather a profane mixture of amorous and theological expressions, "you are too adorable for a created being. I feel my heart transported with triumphant rapture. It is folly to talk of liberty at St. Sulpice. Fortune and reputation are but slight sacrifices at such a shrine! I plainly foresee it; I can read my destiny in your bright eyes; but what abundant recompense shall I not find in your affections for any loss I may sustain! The favors of Fortune have no influence over me; Fame itself appears to me but a mockery; all my projects of a holy life were wild absurdities; in fact, any joys but those I may hope for at your side are fit objects of contempt. There are none that would not vanish into worthlessness before one single glance of thine!"

In promising her, however, a full remission of her past frailties I inquired how she permitted herself to be led astray by B——. She informed me that having seen her at our window he became passionately in love with her; that he made his advances in the true style of a citizen — that is to say, by giving her to understand in his letter that his payments would be proportioned to her favors; that she had admitted his overtures at first with no other intention than that of getting from him such a sum as might enable us to live without inconvenience; but that he had so bewildered her with splendid promises that she allowed herself to be misled by degrees. She added that I ought to have formed some notion of the remorse she experienced by her grief on the night of our separation, and assured me that, in spite of the splendor in which he maintained her, she had never known a moment's happiness with him, not only, she said, because he was utterly devoid of that delicacy of sentiment and of those agreeable manners which I possessed, but because even in the midst of the amusements which he unceasingly procured her she could never shake off the recollection of my love or her own ingratitude. She then spoke of Tiberge and the extreme embarrassment his visit caused her. "A dagger's point," she added, "could not have struck more terror to my heart. I turned from him, unable to sustain the interview for a moment."

She continued to inform me how she had been apprised of my residence at Paris, of the change in my condition, and of her witnessing my examination at the Sorbonne. She told me how agitated she had been during my intellectual conflict with the examiner; what difficulty she felt in restraining her tears as well as her sighs, which were more than once on the point of spurning all control and bursting forth; that she was the last person to leave the hall of examination, for fear of betraying her distress; and that, following only the instinct of her own heart, and her ardent desires, she came direct to the seminary with the firm resolution of surrendering life itself if she found me cruel enough to withhold my forgiveness.

Could any savage remain unmoved by such proofs of cordial repentance as those I had just witnessed? For my part, I felt at the moment that I could gladly have given up all the bishoprics in Christendom for Manon. I asked what course she would recommend in our present emergency. "It is requisite," she replied, "at all events, to quit the seminary and settle in some safer place." I consented to everything she proposed. She got into her carriage to go and wait for me at the corner of the street. I escaped the next moment without attracting the porter's notice. I entered the carriage, and we drove off to a Jew's. I there resumed my lay dress and sword. Manon furnished the supplies, for I was without a sou, and fearing that I might meet with some new impediment, she would not consent to my returning to my room at St. Sulpice for my purse. My finances were in truth wretchedly low, and hers more than sufficiently enriched by the liberality of M. de B—— to make her think lightly of my loss. We consulted together at the Jew's as to the course we should now adopt.

In order to enhance the sacrifice she had made for me of her late lover, she determined to treat him without the least ceremony. "I shall leave him all his furniture," she said; "it belongs to him; but I shall assuredly carry off, as I have a right to do, the jewels, and about sixty thousand francs which I have had from him in the last two years. I have given him no control over me," she added, "so that we may remain without apprehension in Paris, taking a convenient house, where we shall live — oh, how happily together!"

I represented to her that, although there might be no danger for her, there was a great deal for me, who must be sooner or later infallibly recognized, and continually exposed to a repetition of the trials that I had before endured. She gave me to understand that she could not quit Paris without regret. I had such a dread of giving her annoyance that there were no risks I would not have encountered for her sake. However, we compromised matters by resolving to take a house in some village near Paris, from whence it would be easy for us to come into town whenever pleasure or business required it. We fixed on Chaillot, which is at a convenient distance, Manon at once returned to her house, and I went to wait for her at a side gate of the garden of the Tuileries.

She returned an hour after in a hired carriage, with a servant maid, and several trunks which contained her dresses and everything she had of value.

We were not long on our way to Chaillot. We lodged the first night at the inn, in order to have time to find a suitable house, or at least a commodious lodging. We found one to our taste the next morning.

My happiness now appeared to be secured beyond the reach of Fate. Manon was everything most sweet and amiable. She was so delicate and so unceasing in her attentions to me that I deemed myself but too bountifully rewarded for all my past troubles. As we had both, by this time, acquired some experience, we discussed rationally the state of our finances. Sixty thousand francs (the amount of our wealth), was not a sum that could be expected to last our whole life; besides, we were neither of us much disposed to control our expenses. Manon's chief virtue assuredly was not economy, any more than it was mine. This was my proposition: "Sixty thousand francs," said I, "may support us for ten years. Two thousand crowns a year will suffice, if we continue to live at Chaillot. We shall keep up appearances, but live frugally. Our only expense will be occasionally a carriage, and the theatres. We shall do everything in moderation. You like the Opera; we shall go twice a week in the season. As for play, we shall limit ourselves, so that our losses must never exceed three crowns. It is impossible but that in the space of ten years some change must occur in my family. My father is even now of an advanced age; he may die; in which event I must inherit a fortune and we shall then be above all other fears."

This arrangement would not have been by any means the most silly act of my life if we had only been prudent enough to persevere in its execution; but our resolutions hardly lasted longer than a month. Manon's passion was for amusement; she was the only object of mine. New temptations to expense constantly presented themselves, and far from regretting the money which she sometimes prodigally lavished, I was the first to procure for her everything likely to afford her pleasure. Our residence at Chaillot began even to appear tiresome.

Winter was approaching, and the whole world returning to town; the country had a deserted look. She proposed to me to take a house in Paris. I did not approve of this, but, in order partly at least to satisfy her, I said that we might hire furnished apartments, and that we might sleep there whenever we were late in quitting the assembly, whither we went often; for the inconvenience of returning so late to Chaillot was her excuse for wishing to leave it. We had thus two dwellings, one in town and the other in the country. This change soon threw our affairs into confusion and led to two adventures, which eventually caused our ruin.

Manon had a brother in the Guards. He unfortunately lived in the very street in which we had taken lodgings. He one day recognized his sister at the window and hastened over to us. He was a fellow of the rudest manners and without the slightest principle of honor. He entered the room swearing in the most horrible way, and as he knew part of his sister's history he loaded her with abuses and reproaches.

I had gone out the moment before, which was doubtless fortunate for either him or me, for I was little disposed to brook an insult. I only returned to the lodgings after he had left them. The low spirits in which I found Manon convinced me at once that something extraordinary had occurred. She told me of the provoking scene she had gone through and of the brutal threats of her brother. I felt such indignation that I wished to proceed at once to avenge her, when she entreated me with tears to desist.

While we were still talking of the adventure the guardsman again entered the room in which we sat, without even waiting to be announced. Had I known him he should not have met from me as civil a reception as he did; but, saluting us with a smile upon his countenance, he addressed himself to Manon, and said he was come to make excuses for his violence; that he supposed her to be living a life of shame and disgrace, and it was this notion that excited his rage; but having since made inquiry from one of the servants he had learned such a character of me that his only wish was now to be on terms with us both.

Although this admission of having gone for information to one of my own servants had in it something ludicrous as well as indelicate, I acknowledged his compliments with civility. I thought by doing so to please Manon, and I was not deceived — she was delighted at the reconciliation. We made him stay to dine with us.

In a little time he became so familiar that, hearing us speak of our return to Chaillot, he insisted on accompanying us. We were obliged to give him a seat in our carriage. This was, in fact, putting him in possession, for he soon began to feel so much pleasure in our company that he made our house his home and made himself in some measure master of all that belonged to us. He called me his brother, and under the semblance of fraternal freedom, he put himself on such a footing as to introduce all his friends without ceremony into our house at Chaillot and there to entertain them at our expense. His magnificent uniforms were procured of my tailor and charged to me, and he even contrived to make Manon and me responsible for all his debts. I pretended to be blind to this system of tyranny rather than annoy Manon, and even to take no notice of the sums of money which from time to time he received from her. No doubt, as he played very deep, he was honest enough to repay her a part sometimes, when luck turned in his favor; but our finances were utterly inadequate to supply, for any length of time, demands of such magnitude and frequency.

I was on the point of coming to an understanding with him, in order to put an end to the system, when an unfortunate accident saved me that trouble, by involving us in inextricable ruin.

One night we stopped at Paris to sleep, as had now indeed become our constant habit. The servant maid, who on such occasions remained alone at Chaillot, came early the next morning to inform me that our house had taken fire in the night, and that the flames had been extinguished with great difficulty. I asked whether the furniture had suffered. She answered that there had been such confusion, owing to the multitude of strangers who came to offer assistance, that she could hardly ascertain what damage had been done. I was principally uneasy about our money, which had been locked up in a little box. I went off in haste to Chaillot. Vain hope! the box had disappeared!

I discovered that one could love money without being a miser. This loss afflicted me to such a degreee that I was almost out of my mind. I saw at one glance to what new calamities I should be exposed; poverty was the least of them. I knew Manon thoroughly; I had already had abundant proof that, although faithful and attached to me under happier circumstances, she could not be depended upon in want; pleasure and plenty she loved too well to sacrifice them for my sake. I shall lose her! I cried; miserable Chevalier! you are about then to lose all that you love on earth! This thought agitated me to such a degree that I actually for some moments considered whether it would not be best for me to end at once all my miseries by death. I, however, preserved presence of mind enough to reflect whether I was entirely without resource, and an idea occurred to me which quieted my despair. It would not be impossible, I thought, to conceal our loss from Manon; and I might perhaps discover some ways and means of supplying her, so as to ward off the inconveniences of poverty.

I had calculated, thought I, in endeavoring to comfort myself, that twenty thousand crowns would support us for ten years. Suppose that these ten years had now elapsed and that none of the events which I had looked for in my family had occurred, what then would have been my course? I hardly know; but whatever I should then have done, why may I not do now? How many are there in Paris who have neither my talents, nor the natural advantages I possess, and who, notwithstanding, owe their support to the exercise of their talents, such as they are.

Has not Providence, I added, while reflecting on the different conditions of life, arranged things wisely? The greater number of the powerful and the rich are fools. No one who knows anything of the world can doubt that. How admirable is the compensating justice thereof! If wealth brought with it talent also, the rich would be too happy, and other men too wretched. To these latter are given personal advantage and genius, to help them out of misery and want. Some of them share the riches of the wealthy by administering to their pleasures, or by making them their dupes; others afford them instruction, and endeavor to make them decent members of society. To be sure, they do not always succeed, but that was probably not the intention of the divine wisdom. In every case they derive a benefit from their labors by living at the expense of their pupils; and, in whatever point of view it is considered, the follies of the rich are a bountiful source of revenue to the humbler classes.

These thoughts restored me a little to my spirits and to my reason. I determined first to consult M. Lescaut, the brother of Manon. He knew Paris perfectly; and I had too many opportunities of learning that it was neither from his own estates nor from the king's pay that he derived the principal portion of his income. I had about thirty-three crowns left, which I fortunately happened to have about me. I showed him my purse, and explained to him my misfortune and my fears, and then asked him whether I had any alternative between starvation and blowing out my brains in despair. He coolly replied that suicide was the resource of fools. As to dying of want there were hundreds of men of genius who found themselves reduced to that state when they would not employ their talents; that it was for myself to discover what I was capable of doing, and he told me to reckon upon his assistance and his advice in any enterprise I might undertake.

"Vague enough, M. Lescaut!" said I to him; "my wants demand a more speedy remedy; for what am I to say to Manon?"

"Apropos of Manon," replied he, "what is it that annoys you about her? Cannot you always find in her wherewithal to meet your wants when you wish it? Such a person ought to support us all, you and me as well as herself." He cut short the answer which I was about to give to such unfeeling and brutal impertinence, by going on to say that before night he would ensure me a thousand crowns to divide between us, if I would only follow his advice; that he was acquainted with a nobleman, who was so liberal in affairs of the kind that he was certain he would not hesitate for a moment to give the sum named for the favors of such a girl as Manon.

I stopped him. "I had a better opinion of you," said I. "I had imagined that your motive for bestowing your friendship upon me was very different indeed from the one you now betray." With the greatest effrontery he acknowledged that he had been always of the same mind, and that his sister having once sacrificed her virtue, though it might be to the man she most loved, he would never have consented to a reconciliation with her but with the hope of deriving some advantage from her past misconduct.

It was easy to see that we had been hitherto his dupes. Notwithstanding the disgust with which his proposition inspired me, still, as I felt that I had occasion for his services, I said, with apparent complacency, that we ought only to entertain such a plan as a last resource. I begged of him to suggest some other.

He proposed to turn my youth and the good looks Nature had bestowed upon me to some account by establishing a liaison with some generous old dame. This was just as little to my taste, for it would necessarily have rendered me unfaithful to Manon.

I mentioned play as the easiest scheme, and the most suitable to my present condition. He admitted that play certainly was a resource, but that it was necessary to consider the point well. "Mere play," said he, "with its ordinary chances, is the certain road to ruin; and as for attempting, alone and without an ally, to employ the little means an adroit man has for correcting the vagaries of luck, it would be too dangereus an experiment." There was, he stated, a third course, which was to enter into what he called a partnership; but he feared his confederates would consider my youth an objection to my admittance. He however promised to use his influence with them; and, what was more than I expected at his hands, he said that he would supply me with a little money whenever I had pressing occasion for any. The only favor I then asked of him was to say nothing to Manon of the loss I had experienced, nor of the subject of our conversation.

I certainly derived little comfort from my visit to Lescaut. I felt even sorry for having confided my secret to him. Not a single thing had he done for me that I might not just as well have done for myself without troubling him, and I could not help dreading that he would violate his promise to keep the secret from Manon. I had also reason to apprehend, from his late avowals, that he might form the design of making use of her for his own vile purposes, or at least of advising her to quit me for some happier and more wealthy lover. This idea brought in its train a thousand reflections, which had no other effect than to torment me and throw me again into the state of despair in which I had passed the morning. It occurred to me more than once to write to my father, and to pretend a new reformation, in order to obtain some pecuniary assistance from him; but I could not forget that, notwithstanding all his natural love and affection for me, he had shut me up for six months in a confined room for my first transgression; and I was certain that, after the scandalous sensation caused by my flight from St. Sulpice, he would be sure to treat me with infinitely more rigor now.

At length out of this chaos of fancies came an idea that all at once restored ease to my mind, and which I was surprised at not having hit upon sooner; this was to go again to my friend Tiberge, in whom I might be always sure of finding the same unfailing zeal and friendship. There is nothing more glorious — nothing that does more honor to true virtue — than the confidence with which one approaches a friend of tried integrity; no apprehension, no risk of unkind repulse; if it be not always in his power to afford the required succor, one is at least sure of meeting kindness and compassion. The heart of the poor supplicant, which remains impenetrably closed to the rest of the world, opens in his presence, as a flower expands before the orb of day, from which it instinctively knows it can derive a cheering and benign influence only.

I considered it a blessing to have thought so apropos of

Tiberge, and resolved to take measures to find him before evening. I returned at once to my lodgings to write him a line and fix a convenient place for our meeting. I requested secrecy and discretion as the most important service he could render me under present circumstances.

The pleasure I derived from the prospect of seeing Tiberge dissipated every trace of melancholy, which Manon would not have failed otherwise to detect in my countenance. I described our misfortune at Chaillot as a trifle which ought not to annoy her; and Paris being the spot she liked best in the world she was not sorry to hear me say that it would be necessary for us to remain there entirely, until the little damage was repaired which had been caused by the fire at Chaillot.

In an hour I received an answer from Tiberge, who promised to be at the appointed rendezvous. I went there punctually. I certainly felt some shame at encountering a friend, whose presence alone ought to be a reproach to my iniquities; but I was supported by the opinion I had of the goodness of his heart, as well as by my anxiety about Manon.

I had begged of him to meet me in the garden of the Palais Royal. He was there before me. He hastened towards me the moment he saw me approach and shook me warmly by both hands. I said that I could not help feeling perfectly ashamed to meet him, and that I was weighed down by a sense of my ingratitude; that the first thing I implored of him was to tell me whether I might still consider him my friend, after having so justly incurred the loss of his esteem and affection. He replied in the kindest possible manner that it was not in the nature of things to destroy his regard for me; that my misfortunes even, or if he might so call them, my faults and transgressions, had but increased the interest he felt for me; but that he must confess his affection was not unalloyed by a sentiment of the liveliest sorrow, such as a person may be supposed to feel at seeing a beloved object on the brink of ruin and beyond the reach of his assistance.

We sat down upon a bench. "Alas!" said I with a deep sigh, "your compassion must be indeed great, my dear Tiberge, if you assure me it is equal to my sufferings. I am almost ashamed to recount them, for I confess they have been brought on by no very creditable course of conduct; the results, however, are so truly melancholy, that a friend even less attached than you would be affected by the recital."

He then begged of me, in proof of friendship, to let him know, without any disguise, all that had occurred to me since my departure from St. Sulpice. I gratified him; and so far from concealing anything, or attempting to extenuate my faults, I spoke of my passion with all the ardor with which it still inspired me. I represented it to him as one of those especial visitations of fate which draw on the devoted victim to his ruin, and which it is as impossible for virtue itself to resist as for human wisdom to foresee. I painted to him, in the most vivid colors, my excitement, my fears, the state of despair in which I had been two hours before I saw him, and into which I should be again plunged if I found my friends as relentless as Fate had been. I at length made such an impression upon poor Tiberge that I saw he was as much affected by compassion as I by the recollection of my sufferings.

He took my hand and exhorted me to have courage and be comforted; but, as he seemed to consider it settled that Manon and I were to separate, I gave him at once to understand that it was that very separation I considered as the most intolerable of all my misfortunes; and that I was ready to endure not only the last degree of misery, but death itself of the cruellest kind, rather than seek relief in a remedy worse than the whole accumulation of my woes.

"Explain yourself, then," said he to me; "what assistance can I afford you if you reject everything I propose?" I had not the courage to tell him that it was from his purse I wanted relief. He, however, comprehended it in the end, and acknowledging that he believed he now understood me, he remained for a moment in an attitude of thought, with the air of a person revolving something in his mind. "Do not imagine," he presently said, "that my hesitation arises from any diminution of my zeal and friendship; but to what an alternative do you now reduce me, since I must either refuse you the assistance you ask, or violate my most sacred duty in affording it? For is it not participating in your sin to furnish you with the means of continuing its indulgence?"

"However," continued he, after a moment's thought, "it is perhaps the excited state into which want has thrown you that denies you now the liberty of choosing the proper path. Man's mind must be at rest to know the luxury of wisdom and virtue. I can afford to let you have some money; and permit me, my dear chevalier, to impose but one condition: that is, that you let me know the place of your abode, and allow me the opportunity of using my exertions to reclaim you. I know that there is in your heart a love of virtue and that you have been only led astray by the violence of your passions."

I of course agreed to everything he asked and only begged of him to deplore the malign destiny which rendered me callous to the counsels of so virtuous a friend. He then took me to a banker of his acquaintance, who gave him one hundred and seventy crowns for his note of hand, which was taken as cash. I have already said that he was not rich. His living was worth about six thousand francs a year, but as this was the first year since his induction, he had as yet touched none of the receipts, and it was out of the future income that he made me this advance.

I felt the full force of his generosity, even to such a degree as almost to deplore the fatal passion which thus led me to break through all the restraints of duty. Virtue had for a moment the ascendency in my heart and made me sensible of my shame and degradation. But this was soon over. For Manon I could have given up my hopes of heaven, and when I again found myself at her side I wondered how I could for an instant have considered myself degraded by my passion for this enchanting girl.

LANOE FALCONER.

Lanoe Falconer, pseudonym of Mary Elizabeth Hawker, an English novelist, born 1865 and educated in England and France. She has written "Cecilia de Noel" (1891), "Mademoiselle Ixe," and "The Hotel d'Angleterre," etc.

"The Pistol Shot."

(From "Mademoiselle Ixe."[1])

Mademoiselle Ixe very slowly descended the stairs, and Evelyn, treading close upon her heels, and peeping over her shoulder, beheld Parry and Captain Leslie standing sentinel-wise at the foot of the stairs, both evidently expecting and intending to take her into supper.

Suddenly Mrs. Fox's voice rang through the hall —

"Count, Count!" she cried, looking over her shoulder, "I have left my fan, my gold fan, in the drawing-room. Please get it."

Mademoiselle Ixe stopped abruptly half way down the stairs. Something apparently had become disarranged in the front of her gown and must be set right. Evelyn, waiting behind her, furtively observed with amusement, tempered by dismay, her rival admirers below. Parry the image of sullen, and Captain Leslie of bland, determination.

She wished herself well out of the dilemma, and looked up to see why Mademoiselle Ixe still hesitated.

"Mademoiselle, can I help you to — ?"

The sentence remained unfinished. Mademoiselle Ixe's head was now so turned that the profile was visible to Evelyn, and the look upon that profile was so unlike anything the girl had ever yet beheld on any human face, that it arrested even at that moment her distracted attention. Strangely startled, alarmed even, though without being conscious why, she turned quickly to see on whom or on what this ruthless gaze was bent. The hall was almost empty, for every one but Parry and Captain

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[1] By permission of Cassell Publishing Company.

Leslie had gone into supper. At this instant the Count appeared in the drawing-room doorway, exactly opposite to where they stood. Mrs. Fox's gold fan was gleaming in his brown hand.

"Ah!" thought Evelyn, with a flash of recollection, "the Count? The message!" At the same moment a loud crash beside her made her start convulsively, and she saw the Count stagger forwards, throw up his arms wildly, and then fall helplessly to the ground.

. . . .

As Evelyn tells the story of that memorable night, she dwells with special emphasis on the, to her, awful pause which followed the report of the pistol; an interval, no doubt exaggerated by her startled senses, during which the people in the supper-room, who had heard what had happened, as well as those in the hall who had seen, remained motionless, as if paralyzed with surprise. Captain Leslie was the first to recover himself, and mounting the intervening steps in two bounds, he snatched the still smoking pistol from Mademoiselle Ixe's hand. The action vividly impressed upon Evelyn the full import and horror of what had happened, and even as the startled crowd poured into the hall, she swayed, and would have fallen, but for the timely aid of two upholding arms. The darkness and the roaring waters that seemed to close above her, receded, and she was held back, even on the verge of insensibility, by Parry's voice, speaking as if from a far distance.

"Evelyn, Evelyn, don't be frightened; he is not killed."

With a long, gasping sigh she opened her eyes, lifted her head, and looked round. The first tremor of dismay and terror had given place to a dull numbness which she had often experienced in dreams, and with far less emotion than a well-acted play would have excited in her, she turned her eyes slowly from one feature to another of this extraordinary scene; the Count, whose head drooped helplessly on his breast, carried toward the library by her father and four or five other men; her mother, half-fainting, on a couch at the opposite side of the hall, surrounded by a cluster of sympathetic women; and everywhere, murmuring groups of men, with grave looks, and women, whose white, terrified faces contrasted weirdly with their gay dresses and sparkling ornaments. A central point of complete repose in all this confusion was afforded by its author, who still stood, or rather leaned against the wall, a few steps below that on which Evelyn herself was standing. A little lower still, Captain Leslie kept unobtrusive, but attentive watch, prepared to intercept her first attempt to escape. But his vigilance was needless. Mademoiselle Ixe gave not the slightest sign of any such intention. Her arms pendent, her hands clasped loosely together, her head thrown back against the tapestried wall, with steady eyes and melancholy firm mouth, she might have stood for the statue of patience awaiting the inevitable.

"It is a dream," thought Evelyn; "it must be a dream, I wish I could wake."

She shifted her position restlessly, and Parry, prepared to be severely repulsed for his service, timidly withdrew his arm; but to his surprise she caught it quickly in the clasp of both her slender hands and clung to him till her bright curls almost touched his shoulder. It was Parry's turn to think he was dreaming, and yet he hardly divined the full and flattering significance of that half unconscious, wholly instinctive gesture.

Mr. Merrington, followed by Mr. Harold and Mr. Golding, pushed through the crowd below and came hastily up to the group on the staircase, exclaiming, as he came —

"I can't believe she did: who saw the pistol fired?"

"I did for one," said Captain Leslie, "and so must Miss Merrington have done, for she was close behind the woman when she fired."

Mr. Merrington turned to his daughter and read her unspoken witness in her face. "Good God!" he exclaimed, recoiling and leaning against the banisters, "what is the meaning of it; is she mad?"

"I shouldn't think she was mad," said Mr. Harold, glancing at Mademoiselle Ixe, who was looking sadly and even deprecatingly at Mrs. Merrington. "I should say she belongs to some political society. Fox says he believes the Count has been threatened more than once. Most likely she is a Nihilist."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Merrington. "Why, she has been teaching the children for weeks" —

He paused, and his speech sounded as inconsequent as many another which only gives one link in a long chain of thought. For in the twinkling of an eye he beheld this assassin as he had known her during all these quiet commonplace days, sitting demurely at table, knitting, beside Mrs. Merrington's arm-chair, keeping time beside the piano while Evelyn played, wandering over the sunny lawn with the children clamoring joyously at her heels, or later still, with Winifred's pale face pillowed on her breast and one little arm curled trustingly round her neck. "Can such things be?" thought poor Mr. Merrington.

And then Mademoiselle Ixe spoke, and the sound of her voice seemed to silence every other in the hall.

"Forgive me, Monsieur, I have used your protection to attain my end. It was to kill the Count that I came here. I have tracked him for months, I and others. I followed him to England; I became governess to your children that I might meet him. We knew he would not fail to visit Mrs. Fox before he left England. I did not wish to stain your house with his blood. I would have shot him at Lingford Castle yesterday, but he escaped me. In this matter I have been unfortunate."

"And why in the devil's name did you wish to kill him?" cried Mr. Merrington. "What harm has he done you?"

"Me? None," cried Mademoiselle Ixe, scornfully. "What would that signify if he had? He is not my enemy; he is the enemy of my people, and of humanity, too. Ah! if you knew all that he has inflicted on innocent men, and even women, you would shudder to eat at the same table with him. He has been tried and judged by his fellow-creatures; I would have been his executioner."

"This is all very fine," said Mr. Merrington. "But in England, Mademoiselle, we call this sort of thing murder, and we hang people for it."

Evelyn gave a slight cry, and sank down upon the steps.

"In England you are quite right," said Mademoiselle Ixe, composedly. "In England you have a law which protects and avenges you. In our country it is not so. Our law is the will of our tyrants. We must protect, we must avenge ourselves" —

"Vengeance is Mine," interrupted Mr. Golding, holding up his hand — "Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

Mademoiselle Ixe turned first on him and then on the picture above her a swift-keen glance, bright as the flash of a steel blade.

"True, Monsieur. And sometimes His minister is a woman."

"Oh, what is the good of talking to her?" said Mr. Merrington. "The question is, what are we to do with her now?"

A consultation followed, of which Evelyn remembers only the conclusion, which was that Mr. Merrington should exercise his right as a magistrate to detain Mademoiselle Ixe for the present, and send as quickly as possible to Carchester for a police-inspector.

It was decided that her own room would be as safe a prison as any other, and she consented with great readiness to proceed there at once. Something like a sigh of relief rose up from the spectators below as, escorted by the three gentlemen, she went quietly upstairs and disappeared through the red swing-door. She paused once only, as she went, to look at Evelyn, who, with her head upon her lap, was now sobbing bitterly.

"This poor child!" said Mademoiselle Ixe, in a tone of the tenderest pity. "Some one should take her to bed."

Mr. Merrington gave a distracted glance at his daughter as he passed.

"Parry," he said, over his shoulder, "like a good fellow, send some one for Susan."

"No, no," said Evelyn, putting out her hand to detain Parry as he turned to go, "not Susan. Oh, help me! I must go with Mademoiselle Ixe — I mean with papa."

Feverish excitement had succeeded her previous apathy. Even with Parry's help she could not move nearly as quickly as she evidently longed to do. They arrived, however, just in time to see Mr. Merrington locking the door of Mademoiselle Ixe's room behind her.

"I would leave the key in," suggested Mr. Harold. "It will make it more difficult for her to play tricks with the lock."

"And nobody would ever have the courage to let her out," said Mr. Merrington. "I wonder now whom I had better send to Carchester. One man is already gone with the cart to fetch the doctor."

"Let me go," said Parry. "My little mare is as fresh as paint, and with that light dog-cart behind her will get over to Carchester in no time."

Mr. Merrington readily accepted the offer, but his thanks were interrupted by a servant who came with a pressing summons from Mr. Cosmo Fox.

"I hope that unfortunate fellow is no worse," said Mr. Merrington. "Eva, my dear little girl, shall I send Susan to you? No? Then do, like a dear child, go to bed. There's no need to be in such a fright. She can't get out, and for that matter you can lock your door inside, you know."

He kissed her hurriedly, pushed her gently into her room, closed the door, and then returned with his companions to the hall. Here everything and everybody was in wild confusion. Mrs. Merrington had been carried to her room. Mrs. Cosmo Fox, leaving her husband to attend to the Count, had departed with her friends. The remaining guests, anxious to follow her example, were all demanding their carriages at once, while the servants, much more concerned with the sensational events of the evening than with anything else, were carrying out their orders with more haste than speed. Parry, to lose no time, went himself to the stable-yard, where equal hubbub and even more din accompanied the harnessing of so many horses at once. He found his own groom, and was helping him to put his mare into the shafts, when a footman came tearing across the yard with a note for Mr. Lethbridge. By the light of a stable-lamp, Parry read in an unsteady scrawl, which at first he hardly recognized:

"I must see you before you go; at once in the schoolroom. I want to see how much you care for me, how much you will do for me."

"Evelyn."

"Drive the mare round to the lime avenue, and wait there till I come," said Parry, as he tore off toward the house.

The hot-blooded animal was rearing with impatience by the time her master rejoined her.

"I shall not want you, Jim," he said to his groom, as he sprang into the cart. "You will be more useful here."

Meantime, peace and quiet, banished from every other corner of the house, had found refuge in the schoolroom corridor. The children themselves, happily unconscious of all that had happened since they closed their eyes, slept soundly. Susan, the only servant who spent the night on this floor, had gone down to join a select circle in the servants' domain, which discussed vociferously to a late, or rather an early hour, the tragedy of the night.

There was no one to see or to hear Evelyn as she unlocked the door and entered Mademoiselle Ixe's bedroom. Mademoiselle Ixe, who was writing at a table opposite the door, looked up as it opened, with an expression of surprise, which quickly changed to one of concern.

"Dear child!" she said, laying down her pen, "how white, how exhausted you look! Why are you still up? You will be seriously ill."

"Mademoiselle, I have come to show you how you may escape," said Evelyn, in the forced voice of one who refrains from weeping only by a strong effort. "Parry is now fetching a ladder from the garden. He will bring it to your window here. You can get down by that, can you not, and then find your way to the Beeches, across the park, the same way we went this afternoon? Parry will wait for you with the dogcart at the end of the beech avenue, and then take you on with him to Carchester. He will put you down outside the town; you know where the station is? You can get there, and be off by an early train to London before the news of — of what has happened to-night can have reached the station people."

All this was spoken as quickly as possible. Evelyn paused breathless.

"Mr. Lethbridge will do this?" said Mademoiselle Ixe admiringly.

"Yes, he has promised."

"How that boy loves you!"

"But, Mademoiselle, for Heaven's sake make haste. Not a moment is to be lost. Everybody is busy downstairs just now. There is no one to see us, or to notice us; but in a few minutes it may be quite different."

Evelyn hurried to the door and listened. She could hear in the other part of the house the murmur of voices, the rushing hither and thither, the ringing of bells, the opening and shutting of doors, which rendered by contrast even more complete the silence and solitude of the gallery.

"It is perfectly safe now," she said, returning to the table. Mademoiselle Ixe did not move. She sat resting her chin upon her hand, and looking pensively before her.

Evelyn wrung her hands with irritation.

"Mademoiselle, oh, what are you thinking of? Do you not understand? Parry is going to Carchester to bring back the police. Do you not remember what papa says? If you are found here they will take you back to prison, and if the Count dies they will" —

"Hang me," said Mademoiselle Ixe, finishing the sentence which Evelyn could not. "I do not see how I can escape. I shall be observed, if not on leaving the house, or the park, then in the dogcart with Mr. Lethbridge."

Evelyn gazed at her in amazement, for these excuses were brought forward in the manner of a person who is hunting for a pretext to avoid an unwelcome duty. A slight noise was heard outside the window.

"It is the ladder," said Evelyn.

Mademoiselle Ixe did not stir, and a look of moody displeasure gathered over her face.

Evelyn rushed to the wardrobe and found a cloak and bonnet. Hurriedly tendering them to Mademoiselle Ixe, she cried passionately:

"Please, please, dear Mademoiselle, put them on and go."

Then Mademoiselle Ixe seized the girl's slender wrists in a grasp which made her wince with pain, and turned upon her a face literally blazing with fury.

"Why do you bid me go?" she cried. "What right have you to drive me back to life — the life of a hunted beast, bleeding and breathless, with the bloodhounds always on his track?"

She tossed Evelyn's hands away from her, sprang to her feet, and commenced pacing the room.

"I can endure it no longer. After all, my strength is the strength of a woman. It is exhausted. I can endure no more. I have touched the point where fatigue is pain, where struggle is torture. Ah! sacred cause, have I not suffered enough for you? Brothers, miserable and oppressed, have I not fought for you? I have shed for you, not my lifeblood, but my life itself, drop by drop. There is none left in my heart; it is like a stone. Pity speaks there no longer. Let another come and take the place which I have held so long. I ask only my wages. I have earned them. Give me death; let me die, oh, let me die!"

The last words were called out as if wrung from her by intolerable pain. She cast herself upon the ground and wept aloud with the terrible weeping of a strong creature who succumbs at last to a great strain. Evelyn, feeling sick and faint, had tottered to a seat against the wall. She sat there, leaning her head wearily back without attempting by so much as a word to check an outbreak so dangerous, at such a time.

"What does it matter?" was her feeling. "What does anything matter? Surely this is the shadow of death?"

And something indeed died in Evelyn that night, never to live again; the confidence of a happy child, who accepts as a true reflection of existence her own most favored and exceptional experience. The vision of sorrow leaves us better or worse, and I have often thought that the Evelyn I have since learned to love and to honor for a sympathy which surmounts all bounds of creed or of country, was born when first she felt the presence of that cross which, while it crushes one of us, must overshadow all of us in this great brotherhood of nations.

The panting sobs died gradually away, leaving a weird stillness in the dimly lighted chamber. For some time Mademoiselle Ixe lay so motionless that Evelyn wondered dreamily if death had heard and granted her appeal. But presently she stirred, lifted herself up, and rose or rather dragged herself to her feet laboriously and languidly, like one enfeebled by long sickness or pain. She crossed the room with a slow and almost unsteady step, drank some cold water, and bathed her face and hands. When she turned, she disclosed to Evelyn a face livid indeed, but with no other sign of the storm of feeling which had bathed it in agonized tears.

She threw herself at Evelyn's feet with a smile which was at once radiant and sad:

"Forgive me; I repulsed you, I spoke roughly to you. It was not I who spoke. It was a demon whom I carry always here," touching her breast, "a demon of selfishness and of cowardice. Sometimes, when my nerves are overstrained as to-night, he breaks his chain, he tears me, he masters me. For the time I am at his mercy; his accursed voice drowns every other. But it is only for a time. The true self is free again. I flinch no longer. Since death does not seek me, since it even rejects me, there must be work still for me to do. I obey, you English, angel-faced child; I return to fulfill my task."

Moving quietly but alertly, she seized the papers on the table and thrust them into her breast; found a little purse and put it into her pocket; donned her bonnet and cloak, and then threw open the window.

"Let me help you," said Evelyn, going to her assistance.

The night was rainy, moonless, starless; steeped in an inky blackness which the eye could not penetrate. The air struck mild and wet against their faces. Far off, in what seemed to Evelyn a different world, resounded shouts and the clatter of wheels on the stony pavement of the stable-yard; nearer, only the wind surging through the laurels with a long, heavy sigh. Mademoiselle Ixe descended the ladder deftly. When her head was on a level with the window-sill, she paused and looked up.

"Adieu, adieu," she whispered, kissing the small clenched hands which held the ladder firm. For an instant the light from the room was on her upturned eyes and tenderly smiling mouth; then the face vanished. When the vibration of the foot upon the ladder ceased, it seemed to Evelyn as if Mademoiselle Ixe had been swallowed up and lost in that great sea of outer darkness.

. . . .

Parry's mare hardly justified her master's boast, for she does not appear to have reached Carchester till nearly three o'clock. The police, however, were more expeditious, and Parry, with an inspector beside him, was able to leave Carchester not much later than a quarter past three.

About four miles out of Carchester occurred an accident which has always been a subject of speculation to Mr. Lethbridge's groom and other persons aware that his dogcart had been recently repaired. A wheel came off. After a little consultation it was arranged that, in order to lose no time, the inspector should walk on to Mr. Merrington's, while Parry, riding the mare, as best he could, should go back to Carchester as quickly as possible to get another conveyance. With this it was hoped he might be able to overtake the inspector before he had walked any considerable distance. Fortunately the inspector did not trust too much to this, but walked on at a brisk pace, for owing to some more complications, of which the particulars have escaped me, Parry did not manage to start again from Carchester as early as might have been expected, and did not appear at Mr. Merrington's till after the inspector had arrived there. That was, I believe, about twenty minutes to six. The doctor had just departed, having given a most favorable report of the patient, who was not nearly so dangerously wounded as had been at first supposed. The inspector, after some delay, was conducted by the housekeeper to Mademoiselle Ixe's room, when the fact of her disappearance was discovered. The only person who might possibly have heard anything of this escape was the inmate of the next room, Miss Merrington, but her father would not allow her to be wakened till her usual hour, on the ground that she had gone to bed thoroughly exhausted by the shock of the previous evening; nor could the inspector, though he did his best, induce Mr. Merrington to perceive how fatal was this delay to all hope of recapturing the fugitive. Till eight o'clock the inspector amused himself by breakfasting and examining the servants. Their simple explanation of the matter was that Mademoiselle Ixe herself, with admirable foresight, late in the afternoon, had placed the ladder where it was found. One of the housemaids remembered hearing a curious noise outside Mademoiselle Ixe's room when she (the housemaid) was lighting the fire there, and a little stable boy of Celtic extraction had a dim recollection, which grew more vivid with time, of having seen the foreign governess loitering in the early dusk near the shed where the ladder was usually kept.

This unreliable and not very instructive information was all the inspector was destined to receive ; for when, at eight o'clock, Miss Merrington was disturbed, it was discovered that she was in no state to be questioned. Indeed her condition so alarmed her parents that a messenger was dispatched to hasten the promised return of the doctor. After this nobody had a thought to spare for either Mademoiselle Ixe or the inspector, and he, perceiving the case was hopeless, returned quietly to Carchester.

For three weeks Evelyn was seriously ill, and when she recovered, all mention of Mademoiselle Ixe's name, and all allusions to the night of the ball, were, by the doctor's directions, carefully avoided in her presence. Long before her convalescence, however, the Count had recovered and departed never to be persuaded by all of Mrs. Cosmo Fox's blandishments to visit Lingford Castle again.

The stagnant atmosphere of the neighborhood was enlivened for months by the catastrophe, and it was the one never-failing topic of conversation at all social gatherings, from the groups at the church door to those at the covert-side ; unless, indeed, Mr. or Mrs. Merrington happened to be of the company, as the first looked black, and the second became hysterical whenever the subject was brought forward. Parry, however, inspired no such reserve, and he was more than once cross-examined on the somewhat complicated story of his journey to Carchester. From this ordeal he emerged as skillfully as might have been foretold, till by angrily refusing to answer any more questions, he confirmed the suspicions his embarrassment had aroused. It was Mrs. Barnes who gave definite shape and distinct declaration to the vague belief that Parry had been only too tenderly interested in Mademoiselle Ixe's fate. Indeed this theory, in her hands, accounted for many puzzling features in the story. "No wonder the poor child was so ill," she would say, shaking her head, "and that the whole family have hushed the affair up as they have. I cannot pity them. I told them how it would be."

The excitement subsided after a time, but Mrs. Merrington's ball and its strange conclusion were still talked of at dinner, tea, and tennis parties for three years, when a livelier theme was provided by Miss Merrington's marriage to Mr. Lethbridge.

About six months after the marriage Evelyn sat late one afternoon in the sitting-room which had been so lovingly and lavishly prepared for her especial use. By a brisk walk through the crisp autumn air she had earned the keen enjoyment of warmth and repose. She lay idly back in the deep, softly cushioned chair, watching the wood fire which flickered on the tiled hearth and flecked with sparkles of light the richly colored stuffs and the shining surfaces, china, bronze, and gold, which lined every corner of this nest of luxury. A pleasant little perspective opened before her of Parry's return from shooting and afternoon tea. She was too drowsy to think or even to dream. She lay basking in the pleasant consciousness of one of those bright seasons when life is so enjoyable that we are apt to forget that it can be otherwise. She was disturbed, agreeably disturbed, by the afternoon post. There lay upon the salver, strongly contrasting with the stiff, monogramed envelopes around it, a small, flimsy letter, which bore the London post-mark, and was addressed in a minute foreign hand unknown to Evelyn. It was this letter which she decided to open first, and she drew from the cover what is best described as a rag of paper, torn, begrimed, and covered with close writing in brownish-red ink — if it were ink at all! At the sight of that writing Evelyn cried and started as if she had seen a ghost — the ghost of one now three years dead to her. Too impatient to wait for a lamp, she crouched upon the fender-stool, bending till her head was almost level with the bars, to catch the glow of the fire upon the small, dim characters of this extraordinary missive. And this is the translation of what she read:

"A RUSSIAN PRISON, 188—.

"To us here in the darkness from which we shall soon pass to a still deeper darkness come stray hints and glimpses from the bright living world. And thus I have heard of your marriage. May you be happy! And you will be happy. It is the right of natures like yours. Do you think of me sometimes? I think of you often, and of all the kind innocent people around you; and then strange hopes come to me for a world in which such lives are possible. The prison walls vanish, and I see the great elms and the flat meadows and the thatched cottages, all sleeping in the English sunlight, and I hear the voices of the English children singing, 'He hath brought light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death;' and I dream that there *is* a God who smiles at least upon England, and that perhaps some day He will remember us too.

"*x.*"

BENJAMIN LEOPOLD FARJEON.

Benjamin Leopold Farjeon, an English novelist, born in London, May 12, 1833. For some years he was a journalist and theatrical manager in New Zealand. He returned to London in 1869. His first novel, "Grif" (1870), had great success. His reputation was increased by the publication of "Joshua Marvel" and "Blade-o'-Grass" (1871). He afterward published many novels, and became a successful lecturer and reader. In 1877 he married a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the famous American comedian. Among his works are "Golden Grain," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "The Duchess of Rosemary Lane," "An Island Pearl," "Jessie Trim," "The King of No Land," "Shadows on the Snow," "London's Heart," "The Bells of Penraven," "Great Porter Square," "The Sacred Nugget," "Solomon Isaacs," "Love's Harvest," "Love's Victory," "Goutran," "Little Make-Believe," "Golden Land; or, Links from Shore to Shore," "Toilers of Babylon," "Ties — Human and Divine," "A Very Young Couple," "Aunt Parker," "Dr. Glennie's Daughter," "The Last Tenant," "Something Occurred," and "A Fair Jewess."

The Gambling-Saloon.

(From "The Sacred Nugget.")

Remembering that Horace had declared his intention of dropping in at the theater for an hour before proceeding to the Bull and Mouth, Mike Patchett, whose road lay through Great Bourke Street, himself dropped in at the Theater Royal, paying for admission to that part from which he could obtain the best view of the audience. The house was fairly filled, and an entertainment was being given which would have been a credit to any West-End London theater. Mike Patchett had no eyes for the performance; he was busy searching the boxes for a sight of Horace, of whom, however, nothing was to be seen. Satisfied that Horace was not in the theater, Mike Patchett left, and threaded his way through the crowded streets, as busy by night as they were by day, to the Bull and Mouth Hotel, every corner of which was thronged with customers. He did not know his way to the room in which the card-playing was being carried on, and, aware that in these matters a prudent secrecy was maintained towards those whose faces were not familiar, he was in doubt as to the best mode of obtaining the information he required. While he thus stood hesitating there passed through the bar into the passage which led to the first floor no less a person than the Italian, Antonio, between whom and himself certain pleasantries had passed earlier in the day in the billiard-room of the Criterion. Mike Patchett immediately followed him, and presently found himself on the first-floor landing, near a door which appeared to be guarded by a man who looked like a retired prizefighter. Recognizing the Italian the man said,

"All right," and stepped aside to allow Antonio room to pass.

"Many there, Charley?" inquired Antonio.

"Most as many as the room will hold," replied the man; and then said, addressing Mike Patchett, "What do *you* want?"

Before he had time to reply, Antonio turned and saw him.

"Ah!" said the Italian, in a jovial tone, "my friend, the Eccentric!"

"Oh," said the guardian, "a friend of yours! Pass on, then."

As they were about to enter the room, Antonio laid his hand on Mike Patchett's shoulder, and said,

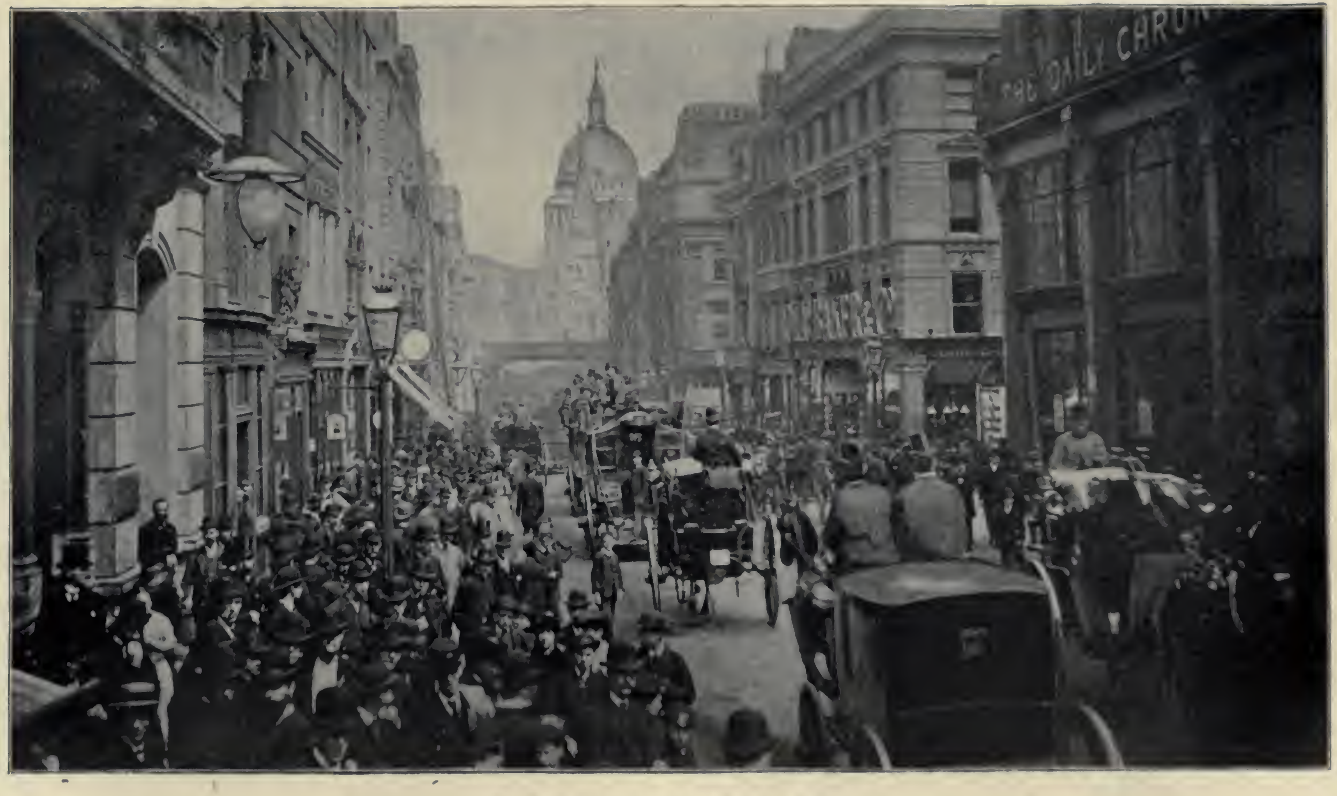
"Have you come, Eccentric, to try your luck, eh?"

"That depends," said Mike Patchett, "on what sort of game it is. I ain't much of a hand myself at whist or loo."

"You can take your choice of games, Eccentric," said the Italian, "if you have money to lose." Mike Patchett winked, and tapped his breast-pocket. "Your money is there. That is good. You are a man after my own heart. But my organ; you do not forget my organ? Let me win one little sovereign of you towards my organ." He tossed a coin in the air, caught it in his left hand, and covered it with his right. "Call!"

"Heads," said Mike Patchett.

"It's tails." Upon which Mike Patchett promptly gave him a sovereign. "Good. I shall treasure it, this little piece of gold," kissing it with as much gallantry as if it were the hand of a lady he admired, "in memory of you, my Eccentric. It may be — may it not? — that it is what you call an advanced guard, to be followed by others. With all my heart I will take as many as I have the luck to win."



IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL

(*London*)

"What yer *do* win," said Mike Patchett, "yer welcome to. But mayhap to-night I'm only going to look on."

"Look on, look on," said Antonio, "and enjoy yourself. A grand rule of life; enjoy yourself. But if you catch not the fever, Eccentric, you are not made of flesh and blood. Ta-ta!"

He passed into the room in advance of Mike Patchett, who lingered behind purposely, and slipped half a sovereign into the willing palm of the man who guarded the door.

"All right, mate," said the man, "you're free of the saloon. I shall know you again at any time."

The saloon was crowded. Round at least a score of small tables men were sitting playing eagerly at various games — whist for five-pound points, poker, all-fours, euchre, cribbage, unlimited loo. In three or four places hazard was the game, and in the center of the room was arranged what looked like a long, soft bed covered with a green blanket, upon which the simple game of three-up was being played by half a dozen sets of gamblers for variable stakes, from five pounds to a hundred, according to their fancy. The coins fell noiselessly upon the blanket, and, except from the faces of the gamblers, no outward signs were given that fortunes were being lost and won. There was but little noise in the room; when the players spoke it was in hushed voices, and the occasional imprecations upon bad luck were uttered in tones which scarcely reached the ears of any person standing a yard off. Here and there was a face upon which no sign was writ of the internal passions which were raging. Old stagers these, whose excitement was no less than that of more inexperienced gamesters. No person took the slightest notice of Mike Patchett, as he lingered for a few minutes here and a few minutes there, watching the play and the players; he was careful to stand a little apart, so as not to disturb them; and his presence, therefore, was not deemed an intrusion. He saw Horace the moment he entered the room, but he did not immediately make his way to the table at which the young gentleman was playing. It was by gradual steps he approached the group which most interested him; a vacant chair was near the table, and he rested his hand upon it, and studied the game. There sat at the table, in addition to Horace, three strangers of the hawk type, and Spotty. A very notable contrast to the men with whom he was playing did Horace, in his faultless dress-suit, present, and no observer could have doubted that he was the only gentleman among them. The pink rose was in his button-hole, and his manner was cool and unconcerned. The stakes they were playing for were not very high — the game being loo, six shillings "tit-up," limited to two guineas. Horace handled his cards with imprudent carelessness, as though it was a matter of supreme indifference to him whether good or bad hands were dealt out to him. He took the "miss" whenever he had the opportunity, and it was pretty constantly afforded to him by his associates, who were much more wary in their proceedings than he. There was a fair amount of money on the table; but the principal currency was I O U's, written on small pieces of paper, and of these by far the greatest number displayed were in Horace's writing.

"This is pretty slow," said one of the hawk tribe; "let it be club law to liven it up."

"With pleasure," said Horace, and the others agreed in silence. So club law it was, and the looes became more frequent. A few minutes afterwards the same hawk suggested that "black Jack should loo the board," and this was readily consented to. So black Jack looed the board, and the looes became more frequent still. Mike Patchett stood with his hand on the chair for fully half an hour before Horace saw him. The reason of this was that his chair was at Horace's back, and he had no mind to disturb the young gentleman. But Horace, turning his head, saw who it was that was standing behind him. He greeted Mike Patchett with a pleasant smile, and asked,

"Did you find Victoria Lodge too dull for you?"

"It wasn't over lively," said Mike Patchett, "so I thought I'd take a turn here for an hour or so. I'm not in the way, I hope?"

"Not at all," said Horace, "I am sure these gentlemen will not object."

"Object!" exclaimed Spotty, whose attention had been hitherto too closely given to the game to notice Mike Patchett's presence. "I should like to hear any one object. Curse it! I'd leave the table."

The cause of Spotty's flattering politeness was that he had heard from Horace who the rough-looking man from Pegleg was who had paid a visit to the shipping-office in the morning; the intelligence had inspired him with a profound admiration for Mike Patchett, and he was glad of the opportunity to remove from the fortunate digger's mind any unpleasantness which his remarks in the office might possibly have caused.

"I was too hasty this morning," said Spotty; "if I said anything to hurt your feelings, forget it. Let bygones be bygones. Shake hands."

He held out his hand to Mike Patchett, who, for reasons of his own, took it.

"Lord!" said Mike Patchett, "I don't remember what yer said. It passed in at one ear and out at the other. I don't bear no malice, not me. How are you getting on?"

"Winning a trifle," said Spotty, in a melancholy tone, "not worth mentioning."

"I am losing," said Horace, cheerfully. "Perhaps you will bring me luck, Mr. Patchett."

"Ain't got room for me, I suppose?" said Mike Patchett, who, by careful observation, had by this time very nearly mastered the intricacies of the game. "I've got money to lose."

"Lucky dog," said Spotty, "I wish I had as much. But we never play more than five."

The members of the hawk tribe acquiesced, murmuring as one man.

"We never play more than five."

Then Spotty said, "Let's get on with the game. What do you say to making it guinea 'tit-up' unlimited?"

"Say," exclaimed Horace, "why, done! It will give me a chance of winning my money back."

Thereupon the game proceeded on these extended lines; they did not, however, nor did Mike's presence, bring luck to Horace, who, at midnight, was a loser of not less than three hundred pounds.

At this point it was that one of the hawk tribe, less speculative than his comrades, looked at his watch and said he was very sorry, but he must leave; he trusted that his going would not break up the game, but he had a sick wife at home, and he had promised not to be out later than twelve. During the last hour he had been carefully paying out I O U's and drawing in cash for them, and his winnings were now safe in his pocket.

"We can play on," said Spotty; "four's a pretty game enough, though five's a prettier, and if Mr. Patchett likes to take the vacant chair we shall be delighted to lose our money to him."

No sooner said than done. Mike Patchett took the vacant chair, and laid a bundle of notes upon the table.

A DESPERATE GAME.

Two circumstances had not escaped his attention. The first, that Antonio had not joined the party; and he came to the conclusion that the Italian was more profitably engaged. The second, that Horace was drinking more than was good for him. For his own part, although he ordered liquor, he did not taste it, except on one occasion, about half an hour after he commenced to play, when Horace invited him to drink. Even then he seized a favorable opportunity to pour the spirits under the table and fill his glass with water.

There is a superstition with many gamblers that when a man, for the first time, plays a game in which he is not over-proficient he is certain to win. There is a less polite way of putting it — the greater the fool the greater the luck.

Mike Patchett, commencing to win from the first hand of cards that was dealt him, gave his own explanation of it.

"I've got into a lucky seat," he said.

Very envious looks indeed had Spotty cast at Mike Patchett's bundle of notes, only one of which had found its way into the pool at the commencement of his play, and this he drew out, with four I O U's, in consequence of his winning the "tit-up." He had no occasion thereafter to draw upon his own money, for flushes, king and queen, or ace and another of trumps literally poured upon him.

"How is it done?" asked Spotty, as Mike Patchett, for the sixth or seventh time in almost as many minutes, swept in the pool.

"That's what you've got to find out," said Mike Patchett, cheerfully.

"I'd like to," responded Spotty.

The two of the hawk tribe who were left were inwardly disturbed at the melting away of their piles of I O U's. It was like water finding its level at the exact spot of the table before which Mike Patchett was sitting. A dim suspicion tormented them that this outwardly simple gold-digger was an adept at palming the cards, as they were themselves, Spotty also being no mean hand at it. But, although they watched him narrowly, they could not detect the slightest indication of unfair play. Furtive as were their glances Mike Patchett knew of them, but did not betray his knowledge, contenting himself with keeping as close and secret a watch upon them as they did upon him.

Horace, unsuspicious of this byplay, continued to lose with imperturbable good humor, and to write out his I O U's and fling them across the table, not with the carelessness of a Rothschild — for it is a fact, despite foolish sayings, that very wealthy men are greedier for money and more eager to win than those whose bank accounts resemble a level plank, upon which no game of seesaw can be played — Horace, then, scribbled his I O U's and tossed them into the pool with no thought of to-morrow, or of where the money was to come from to meet his engagements. He was fond of the excitement of playing for high stakes, but had never experienced the keen agony of a gamester to whom the turning up of a card, or the shaking of a dice-box, or the calling out of a number, is almost a matter of life or death. From this fire, which burns all the more fiercely because its flames are unseen, he was not likely ever to suffer. He was too supremely careless and indifferent, and too secure in the strong faith which possessed him that no disgrace or dishonor could ever befall him, to realize the torture which wrings the gamester's heart as the game proceeds against him. Neither, therefore, was it possible for such a nature as his to experience the joy of winning; the money he won — when fortune favored him — never did him any good. On those occasions he was invariably driven to some act of needless extravagance which quickly emptied his pockets.

"You're in luck's way," said Horace to Mike Patchett, pleasantly, having just been looed by the gold-digger.

"I wish he'd get out of it, then," remarked Spotty, *sotto voce.*

"I told yer," said Mike Patchett, "this morning, that it was my lucky day. It never rains but it pours."

So persistently did it pour for Mike Patchett that Spotty jumped from his chair and turned it around three times.

"Now yer sure to win," said Mike Patchett, with a grin.

At one o'clock he was nearly four hundred pounds to the good, and then it was proposed that the stakes should be raised to five guineas, unlimited. Mike Patchett looked grave at this proposal, and turned to Horace.

"Why not?" said that young gentleman. "It will put life into us. This is getting monotonous."

His eyes were brighter than usual, and Mike Patchett saw that the drink he had taken was having an effect upon him.

Each player put in five guineas, making a total of twenty-five guineas, which sum represented the amount a player would be looed for. The cards were cut for the "tit," and the ace of hearts was turned up. Each of the five players consequently had to put in twenty-five guineas, which made the pool a hundred and fifty guineas — that sum now representing the loo. The cards were cut and dealt again, and Horace was the first to declare. He had three deuces in his hand, and he took miss. Clubs were trumps. Spotty was pale as he examined his cards; he had king and nine of trumps and the ten of spades. He tapped the table with the tip of the middle finger of his right hand.

"Miss and one," said a hawk, throwing up his cards with an exclamation of disgust. The other hawk also threw up his cards. Mike Patchett was the last to declare.

"Play," he said.

Up to this point Horace had not examined the miss. Taking up his cards he saw queen and six of trumps and the ace of hearts. He played the queen, Spotty, with a triumphant rap of his knuckles, capped it with his king, and Mike Patchett quietly laid down the ace.

Spotty glared at the lucky player, and his eyes almost started out of his head as Mike Patchett followed up the ace of trumps with the knave, and thus secured two tricks out of three.

Everything now depended upon the card Mike Patchett had left. A small spade, and Spotty would take the last trick, a heart, and the trick would be Horace's. It was the five of diamonds, and Mike Patchett took the whole pool.

Spotty grew paler as Mike Patchett swept on to his pile the hundred and fifty guineas' worth of I O U's, all in Horace's handwriting.

Horace and Spotty now had to put in each one hundred and fifty guineas, and the next loo, if a player failed to make a trick, was three hundred guineas. Again did luck favor the gold-digger, and Mike Patchett took two tricks out of three, one of the hawks and Spotty each being looed for three hundred guineas. Under the conditions of the game, therefore, if a player lost a trick, he was looed now for six hundred guineas. This was serious, and three out of the five players showed their sense of it. The hawks shifted uneasily in their chairs; nearly all their winnings were gone. Spotty's face was very white. When Mike Patchett came into the game Spotty held between five and six hundred pounds' worth of Horace's I O U's. Of these barely fifty pounds' worth remained. He had hitherto been playing on velvet; now he was playing on thorns. Strive as he and the two hawks might, they could not change the luck, and at two o'clock Mike Patchett found himself in possession of every one of Horace's I O U's.

At this moment it was that Mike Patchett heard a voice at his back.

"Diavolo! It is a fine night's work, Eccentric."

"Jest so, Italiano," said Mike Patchett, glancing at the dark face bending over him. "And how have *you* been getting on?"

"I have also won," and Antonio shook in the palms of his hands a number of sovereigns.

At this moment, too, a disagreeable diversion occurred, of which Mike Patchett was the originator. One of the hawks, being looed, wrote an I O U. Mike Patchett shook his head, and said,

"I object."

"To what?" asked the hawk.

"To that," replied Mick Patchett, pointing to the piece of paper. "If I lose to you I will pay cash — on the nail. If you lose to me you will pay cash — on the nail."

"You have taken others," said the hawk, with a look, which was not amiable, at Mike Patchett's pile; "why not mine?"

"Bits of paper," explained Mike Patchett, "are all very well when yer know who yer dealing with. When yer don't, they ain't to be compared to cash."

"In that case," said the hawk, "I decline to continue playing — on principle."

"A very good thing is principle," said Mike Patchett, genially; "it's a credit to a man as follers it out. I'll take the vote of the meeting on it. Will you be responsible for this gentleman's bits of paper, Mr. Horace?"

"Not I," said Horace, indolently leaning back in his chair; "I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"I thought as much. Will you, Italiano?"

"I have to do with my own," said Antonio, his lynx eyes traveling round the table; "it is enough. I cannot what you call guarantee."

Mike Patchett folded his arms, and, imitating Horace, leaned back in his chair.

"Then I suppose," said the hawk, sullenly, "the game is broken up."

"If yer can't find nothink better than that bit of writing, I suppose it is."

"This comes of admitting a stranger into the game," said the hawk, with wrathful glances at Spotty.

"Don't blame me," said Spotty. "My honored friend," — waving his hand towards Mike Patchett — "is a millionaire, and if he is resolved not to play for anything but hard cash, nothing that I can say will cause him to change his mind, I'm sure."

"Spoke like a book," said Mike Patchett, in his most agreeable manner, "bound in calf, with all the leaves torn out."

The hawk rose, and muttering that the next time he cut cards in that room he would be careful of his company, prepared to depart. His companion hawk followed suit, and the table was left to Spotty, Horace, Mike Patchett, and Antonio, who dropped into one of the vacant chairs. Horace, the party most concerned, as being the only loser in the party, did not stir from his indolent position. It was a matter of indifference to him whether they continued playing — he cared not at what game; he was ready for any that was proposed — or not. A pliant reed, should he be unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of rogues. Antonio decided the question.

"It is yet early," he said to Horace. "Shall we play?"

"As you please," said Horace. "Bring me a brandy and soda, waiter."

"What game?"

"Any."

"Euchre, shall we say."

"By all means, let us say euchre, if it will be any gratification to you."

"Five little sovereigns a game; will that be agreeable?"

"Quite, or ten if you wish."

"To oblige you, ten. I am complaisant, ever."

Antonio did not indulge that evening in his operatic reminiscences. Singing was not allowed in the room. At this hour there were not so many persons present as in the earlier part of the evening, but the play was higher, and it was easy to see who were the losers and who the winners. The more prudent gamesters had gradually disappeared, and only the most careless and the most desperate remained.

Fresh cards were called for, and Horace and Antonio commenced their euchre match. Mike Patchett and Spotty were left out in the cold.

"I propose for you and me," said Spotty, "a modest game. It is dull work looking on. A modest game for small stakes. I am not a millionaire."

"All right," said Mike Patchett, "I'm agreeable, so long as it's for cash on the nail, and the game's one as I'm up in."

"Certainly, for cash on the nail," acquiesced Spotty, with inward misgiving, for he had not ten pounds of ready money in his pocket. "And the game shall be picquet."

"Don't know it."

"Lansquenet."

"Don't know nothink of them French faddles. We'll play a good old English game. All-fours — high, low, Jack, and game, for a crown, the best two out of three."

This was coming to earth with a vengeance. After five-guinea loo, unlimited, all-fours for five shillings, the best two games out of three, was a terrible tumble. But it suited Spotty's pocket, and it suited his humor also not to run counter to Mike Patchett's wishes. At it they went, then, and Spotty did not find it at all disagreeable, for he won rub after rub, and in less than thirty minutes was richer by exactly as many shillings.

"Just my luck," he said, "if it was for pounds instead of shillings I suppose I should drop it like steam."

"Never turn your nose up at crumbs," said Mike Patchett; "the sparrers don't." A piece of philosophy which made Spotty stare.

In the meantime the game had changed with Antonio and Horace. Euchre being voted too slow, they had drifted into the more dangerous game of poker, the excitement of which was so powerful that Horace called for one drink after another of brandy and soda. He had drank a great deal more than he was accustomed to, and his senses were fast leaving him.

Interested as he appeared to be in his game of all-fours, Mike Patchett did not for one moment relax the vigilant and secret watch he had kept the whole night upon Horace. A little before three o'clock he declined to continue playing with Spotty, saying he was tired of all-fours, and he turned his attention to Horace and Antonio. Horace was still losing, and much more heavily than he had yet done; very nearly two thousand pounds, in his I O U's, lay before the Italian. They had by degrees increased the limit till it was fixed at a hundred pounds, which was the highest "raise" either player could make. Poker was a game with which Mike Patchett was conversant, and he knew that it required a steady brain and a perfect control of the facial muscles. He soon perceived that Horace was in no condition to play with any chance of success, and he cast about for some means to provoke a diversion. To this end he adopted a singular course; he encouraged Horace to drink, and Horace after two stiff glasses of brandy, could hardly keep his eyes open. This was precisely what Mike Patchett wanted. While Horace was nodding over his hand, Mike Patchett exclaimed,

"Why, you're arf asleep!"

"Upon my honor you are right," said Horace, with a feeble laugh; "it would do me a world of good to close my eyes for a few moments. But Antonio has so much money of mine at his elbow that I don't care to leave off playing unless he insists upon it."

"Insist upon it, friend of my heart!" exclaimed the Italian, waving his hand grandly. "Who that knows Antonio ever knew him to be the first to fly? It would be dastardly. It belongs not to his nation. But if you are unable to continue the game, what then? Would it not be taking an unfair advantage of you?" And he shrugged his shoulders, as though he were the helpless one, and looked round for approval of his magnanimous speech.

"Spoken like a gentleman," said Mike Patchett, in a cordial tone. "For politeness in which there's no gammon the Italians beats us holler. Well, then, if Count Antonio sees no objection" —

"Count Antonio!" exclaimed the Italian, shaking with laughter. "That is good; it is more than good; it is droll."

"What do you say," continued Mike Patchett, "to my playing for Mr. Horace while he takes a little nap?"

"While he takes a little nap," repeated Antonio, slowly, with a greedy look at the bulky pile of notes which Mike Patchett had not removed from the table. "With all my heart I am willing."

"You are a right-down good fellow," said Horace, with friendly taps on Mike Patchett's shoulder, "and you shall do me this service. Play for me till I can wake myself up; but mind, I pay what you lose."

"That's understood."

Almost before the words were out of Mike Patchett's lips, Horace was fast asleep.

"It is after my own heart," said Antonio, shuffling the cards;

"a friend in need is a friend indeed. Is not that one of your English proverbs? I will put in the pool, as long as I have any, these paper obligations of your friend who sleeps — as long as I have any, I say, for you English are clever fellows. And you, my friend, what will you stake? Bank-notes would please me."

"You shall be pleased," said Mike Patchett. "There's a few thousands here, and I stake 'em against Mr. Horace's paper. Win 'em and spend 'em, Italiano."

"To buy my organ with," said Antonio, in high spirits. "I will try, Eccentric, I will try."

The deal fell to Mike Patchett, and the game commenced. The Italian did not touch his cards, and put five pounds into the pool, saying,

"Five pounds blind."

"What does that mean?" asked Mike Patchett, looking over his cards.

"That if you wish to have a chance of winning my five pounds," replied Antonio, secretly exulting, for the question asked was the question of a novice, "you must put in ten."

"With pleasure." And Mike Patchett put in a ten-pound note.

"I see you," said Antonio, after examining his cards, "and go ten pounds better. One little look at my hand will cost you ten pounds more."

"Oh, I'll have a look at it," said Mike Patchett, putting in another ten-pound note.

Antonio showed his cards; he had a pair of queens. Mike Patchett showed his; he had no pair, and his highest card was a nine. Antonio took the pool, and shuffled the cards for the next deal.

Spotty was sitting in a position that he could see both hands, supposing the players did not take the trouble to hide them from his sight, and a look of intelligence passed between him and the Italian. If he thought that this look, slight as it was, escaped Mike Patchett's notice, he was egregiously mistaken; but no shade of expression on Mike Patchett's face gave indication of his knowledge. Translated into plain English, the look on Spotty's side said,

"He knows nothing of the game. You've got a pigeon; pluck him;" and on the Italian's side it said, "I mean to."

Mike Patchett being, in this second deal, the first to speak, followed the Italian's example. He put in a bank-note, and said,

"Five pound blind."

Antonio, allowing his cards to remain unseen, put in an I O U for ten pounds, saying,

"I straddle you."

"What does that mean?" again asked Mike Patchett.

"It means," replied Antonio, "that it will cost you not less than fifteen pounds more to come into the game."

"Oh, I'm coming in," said Mike Patchett, putting in three five-pound notes; "you can't frighten me easily."

"One who is made of money," said Antonio, as he glanced at his hand, "and who has a generous soul, is not easily frightened. It is the poor Italian who has not the nerve. He is not of the bull-dog breed. I put in ten pounds, making our stakes even, and raise you twenty pounds."

"I must put in twenty pound to see you, then. I'm beginning to understand the game."

"You will be, presently, a master. It is as you say. You must put in twenty pounds if you are curious, and as much more, up to one hundred, as your heart and courage whisper to you."

"If it comes to courage," said Mike Patchett, puckering his brows as he studied his cards, "I'll back an Englishman agin an Italiano any day in the week — meaning no offense. But my heart and my courage, this time, whispers to me to make yer a present of the pool."

Now it happened that he could have won the pool had he been sufficiently bold for he held a sequence up to the knave, while the strength of Antonio's hand lay in a pair of fives. Spotty saw all the cards, and another secret look of intelligence passed between him and the Italian. This look, translated into plain English, said,

"Bluffed."

For fifteen or twenty minutes the game proceeded on these lines; slowly and surely Mike Patchett's bank-notes were being transferred to a foreign master.

"I keep them on one side," said Antonio; "observe that. For the reason that we shall be able to count them — should I continue to win, which is not likely — so that you may get your money back from our friend who sleeps."

"It's very good of yer," said Mike Patchett; "I don't forgit that it's his money I'm playing for; it makes losing all the easier, don't it?"

They laughed at this, and said of course it did; and then Antonio asked, in a careless tone,

"Is he rich, our sleeping friend?"

Mike Patchett promptly replied, "His father could buy me up — and I ain't poor, mind yer — twenty times over, and then have plenty left."

"It is pleasant to hear," said Antonio. "It matters not, therefore, a great deal to him a thousand or two more or less."

"Not a bit; he can pay what he loses. Why, if Mr. Horace wants five thousand pounds of me to-morrer, he can have it for the arsking."

"It is good to have such a friend," said Antonio to Spotty.

"I wish I had one like it," was Spotty's reply.

"As for Mr. Horace's paper," continued Mike Patchett, "if yer want the money for it yer've only got to come to me."

Winning makes some men cautious, and others it makes greedy for more. This latter was the case with Antonio. The golden opportunity was his, he believed. Why should he not take the fullest advantage of it? He had won money, it is true, a considerable sum, but as yet not one-tenth of Mike Patchett's pile of bank-notes had found its way into his possession. He would make a bold bid for fortune; no time like the present. He was playing with a man who knew little of the game; if he allowed such a chance to slip he was nothing less than a fool.

"Yet that a sleeping man should lose," he said, "seems hardly fair to one of my nation, whose first standard is honor. Win his money back for him by making the limit two hundred instead of one."

"Nothink could be fairer," said Mike Patchett; "it's giving a feller a chance, for we can't play much longer, as daylight'll soon be here. I'll do as you did" — he was addressing Spotty — "when you tried to change the luck. I'll turn my chair round three times."

He rose, and very gravely turned his chair thrice. When he sat down on it there was a difference in its position, and Spotty could not see his cards as easily as before.

At the game of poker between two players, if it is played long enough, there generally comes a time when good hands are dealt to each, and when the betting becomes fast and furious. Antonio was waiting for such a crisis to make his grand coup, never doubting that the advantage would be on his side. Gradually he led up to the crisis, sometimes winning, sometimes purposely losing. He dared not attempt to sharp, for he had a fear of being detected; in which case the natural result would be a repudiation of the paper winnings he had already gained from Horace. Without running any such risk his expectation was realized.

It was his deal. Mike Patchett went ten pounds blind; he straddled it with twenty. Mike Patchett looked at his cards, and, holding them close shut in his hand, put into the pool the necessary thirty pounds. Then the Italian examined his cards, and, without exhibiting the slightest emotion, made up the pool, and said,

"A hundred pounds better."

Mike Patchett said promptly, "I see yer, and raise yer two hundred pound."

Spotty caught his breath; it was the first time that the limit had been declared.

Without any exhibition of concern Antonio said, "Two hundred pounds better"; and put four hundred pounds into the pool.

Spotty gasped, and his agitation was so great that he could not close his mouth for a few seconds.

"Two hundred better," said Mike Patchett.

There were now twelve hundred and eighty pounds in the pool.

Antonio, with great caution, examined his cards. There was a pause of quite half a minute. This was a *ruse* on the part of the Italian; his mind was already made up.

"Two hundred better," he said.

Without a moment's hesitation Mike Patchett raised the pool another two hundred pounds.

"And again," said the Italian, putting in the money.

"And agin," said Mike Patchett.

Spotty was livid with excitement, intensified because the players had kept their hands from him, and he had no idea what they held.

For the third time the Italian examined his cards; again he paused; and again he said,

"Two hundred better."

There were now over three thousand pounds in the pool, and Spotty gazed helplessly and enviously at the great pile of bank-notes and I O U's.

At this moment there were not many gamblers in the saloon; the fever height had been reached for most, and they had left the field, jubilant or despairing, as the case might be. Electrically conscious that something extraordinary was going on at this small table, the majority of the gamblers gathered round it, and awaited the result.

"Two hundred better," said Mike Patchett.

As if in desperation the Italian said, "Two hundred better."

"Two hundred better," said Mike Patchett.

The contrast between the players was so marked that it could not fail to impress the observers. Antonio shifted in his seat, trifled with his cards without exhibiting them, and betrayed other symptoms of restlessness. Mike Patchett was perfectly composed. From the time he had first looked at his cards and placed them on the table he had not touched them. The only movement he had made was to take a bowie-knife from the girdle round his waist and lay it on the cards which the Italian had dealt to him.

"I raise you once more the limit," said the Italian.

"I follow soot," said Mike Patchett, coolly, "and, if it's any satisfaction to yer, I'll raise yer till yer bloo in the face."

In the pool, which now represented five thousand two hundred and eighty pounds, lay every I O U which Horace had written, all the money which Mike Patchett had lost to Antonio, and some of Antonio's money as well.

Spotty was glued to his chair. Had he been a principal actor in the scene he could not have been more inthralled.

"You will raise me," said Antonio, "till I am blue in the face! How shall that be brought about? It is good of you to warn me, yet had I money I would raise you, Eccentric, till you were bluer than the poor Italian. As it is, I have to invest once more two hundred English pounds to see you. It clears me out. Declare, then, your cards; or, if it will please you, I will first declare mine."

"Let's have a look at 'em, then," said Mike Patchett.

One by one the Italian slowly laid out his cards—an ace and four kings. A buzz of admiration ran round the table. As it included an ace, there was only one run of cards that could beat it.

Mike Patchett nodded his head, and said, "At first I thought you was trying to bluff me, Italiano. I'm sorry for yer."

Raising his bowie-knife, he, with its blade, tipped his cards faces upwards, and displayed queen, knave, ten, nine, and eight of hearts — a royal flush. Very quietly he drew towards him the contents of the rich pool, and stuffed the paper and notes in his breast-pocket.

"The game is over, then," said Antonio. "Ah, well, it is the fortune of war." When he saw Mike Patchett's cards he had trembled slightly, but as he spoke now he was quite calm and composed, and it was difficult to realize that he had so nearly missed winning what would have been a fortune to him. "You have emptied my purse; there remains only that little sovereign I won off you at the door. I have, notwithstanding, one supreme consolation." And he softly hummed the air, "*M'ap-pari tutt' amor.*"

"And very pretty it is," said Mike Patchett, approvingly. "You've a light heart, Italiano, if that's yer consolation."

"My consolation, Eccentric, is that the man who is lucky at cards is unlucky at love; and, therefore, per contra. In my next love-affair fortune will favor me. *Addio.*"

A WALK HOME IN THE EARLY MORNING.

DAY was breaking as Mike Patchett and Horace returned to St. Kilda. No conveyance was to be obtained, and they had to walk. The exercise in the sweet fresh air, and the nap he had indulged in, sobered Horace, who was sufficiently dazed when Mike Patchett roused him in the Bull and Mouth not to be able to undertand a word that was said to him. Mike Patchett, therefore, did not attempt to explain what had passed, but devoted all his attention to an improvement in Horace's condition. He was rewarded soon. Good health, the natural elasticity of youth, and the favorable circumstances which attended him, conspired to clear Horace's brain from the fumes of drink, and by the time they were half-way on their road the young gentleman's steps were steady, his eyes bright, and his body erect. Coincidently with this physical change for the better, the cloud which hung over his mental faculties cleared away. He gave vent to a self-conscious, shamefaced laugh.

"I believe," he said, "that I must have drunk too much in that den."

"More than was good for yer, Mr. Horace," said Mike Patchett, "as many a man has done before yer, and 'll do agin.

Though I make bold to say that the room yer've jest left is about the worst place a gentleman like yerself could choose to drink in."

"My dear Mr. Patchett, I did not choose it; these things come to a careless fellow like myself without premeditation. But I agree with you that it was imprudent. I give you my honor — I don't know why I should, but I do — that it's the first time it has occurred in company which a man has no reason to be proud of."

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Horace, and am proud of yer confidence."

"Let me see," said Horace, passing his hand across his brow, "when that spell of sleep overpowered me I was playing with Antonio?"

"You was, Mr. Horace."

"At poker?"

"Yes, sir, at poker. If there's a game of cards where it's necessary for a man to have a clear head it's that."

"It is not to be gainsaid; and I was pretty well muddled. I was losing."

"You was, sir."

"Before that the five of us were playing unlimited loo, and I was losing then."

"Yes, you was losing then."

"I can assure you I am in complete ignorance of the amount, but I should not be surprised to hear that it was considerable."

"I don't know as I'm in a position to tell yer how much, but I should say, as you suspect, that it was a pretty big lump."

"Assist me, Mr. Patchett. Antonio and I playing together, you, with a thoughtfulness for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful, perceived that, in my condition, I was playing at enormous odds against myself. How it came about I can't exactly recall, but you volunteered, or I asked you, to take my place."

"I orfered, Mr. Horace, to play for yer, and you kindly agreed. It was a big risk agin a man like Italiano."

"The risk was mine, Mr. Patchett. I will pay whatever you have lost, and I sincerely apologize for saddling you with so serious a responsibility. There is little more in my power to tell. I fell asleep, and heard nothing whatever of what passed."

"The call, sir, is now with me. There ain't much to tell. Poker's a game as I'm not quite ignorant of, though the Italiano didn't give me credit for being a dab at it. I played my money agin your I O U's, and I'm sorry to say the more I played the more I lost."

"Pray don't allow it to distress you. I shall be able to make arrangements for a settlement."

"Have you any notion, sir, that you was playing poker at a limit of a hundred pound?"

"Is it possible that I can have been so mad?"

"With that idea, Mr. Horace, of the madness of such a limit, what have you got to say to me when I tell yer that, playing as I was for your money, I consented to double the limit?"

"What have I to say, my good fellow?" said Horace heartily, "why, that I am infinitely obliged to you for your attempt to extricate me from the scrape I brought foolishly on myself. You have no cause for self-reproach, I assure you. How did it all end?"

"It ended, sir, in two wonderful hands being dealt out. We raised and raised till there was more than two thousand pounds in the pool."

"By Jove! Don't I wish I had been awake!"

"Well, sir, I thought the Italian was trying to bluff me, and I made up my mind not to give in."

"Quite right, Mr. Patchett."

"I'm not so sure of that myself. If it was my own money I was playing for, well and good, but it was yourn, and I ain't easy about it. Howsomever, we went on raising and raising till there was more nor five thousand pound in the pool. Then, sir, he called me, and we had to show our hands."

"Mr. Patchett, I give you my word, you have interested me."

"He orfered to show his cards first, and I agreed. He had four kings and an ace."

"By heavens!" said Horace, with a long whistle in a low key. "There was only one hand to beat it. You must have been ready to punch your own head."

"Not a bit of it, sir. For I had the only other hand that could beat the Italiano's four kings. I had queen, knave, ten, nine, and eight of hearts, and I won the pool for yer."

Horace did not speak for a few minutes. The service this rough man had rendered him was so great that he could not immediately find words to express his obligation of it.

"You are not telling me a fairy story," he said presently.

"I couldn't if I tried," said Mike Patchett; "I don't remember none, and as for making one out of my own head I might as well try to fly up to the moon. I've told yer nothink but the truth."

"Antonio must have been considerably astonished. How did he take his punishment?"

"Like an Englishman — give the devil his doo. Called it the fortune of war, sung a song in a foreign language, and said he had one soopreme consolation — that the man who was lucky at cards was onlucky at love, and similarily the other way about. It troubled me a bit, that saying of his, and I hope there's no truth in it."

"Thinking of Peggy, Mr. Patchett?"

"Yes, Mr. Horace, thinking of Peggy."

"If there is any truth in it, which is not at all likely, it is I who will be unfortunate in love, as it was for me you were playing. Mr. Patchett, I am about to deliver myself of something very extraordinary."

"Deliver away, sir."

"Our acquaintance has been so brief, and so many extraordinary things have happened since we met for the first time — only a few hours ago, comparatively — that if I were anything of a fatalist I might be tempted to believe we did not come together by mere chance."

"It wasn't by chance we come together, Mr. Horace."

He spoke in a tone of such strong conviction that Horace gazed at him in amazement.

"Then you have seen me before, Mr. Patchett?"

"Never in my life, sir, till yesterday morning."

"At least you knew my name — Horace Blakensee?"

"I know it now, sir; I didn't know it then."

"When you came to Law & Pardon's shipping-office you were aware you would see me there?"

"I hadn't the least notion of it, sir."

"And yet you say it was not by chance that we have met!"

"Jest so, sir. What it was that led me straight to you from Pegleg I don't pretend to be able to put a name to; but it wasn't chance that, after all these years, you and me should meet."

"Having never met before," interposed Horace, plunged into still deeper amazement.

"Jest so, sir. That we should meet as we met yesterday, and be talking together as we're talking now, is proof enough to me that it was all intended."

"Intended! By whom, or what?"

"That's beyond me. All as I know is that there's been no chance about it, and that perhaps we ain't seen the ending of it."

"If there is any truth in your theory," said Horace, constitutionally relapsing into his indolent manner of speaking, "it is, as you say, exceedingly likely that we haven't seen the end of it. For the dark powers which have concocted the plot would be bunglers indeed to leave it in its present unsatisfactory condition. There may be in store for us, as in certain dramas I have seen, unreal and unexpected (not to say unnatural) episodes, startling situations, and all that sort of thing. Eh, Mr. Patchett?"

"Yes, Mr. Horace," replied Mike Patchett, in perfect seriousness, "nothink 'ud surprise me less."

"For my own part," continued Horace, "I am so little versed in the dark arts, and have so little belief in them, that I must do some violence to our present cordial relations by refusing positively — that is, as positively as my idle nature will allow — to become a consenting party to your theory. All I can do is, as I have done with the many other conundrums you have propounded, to give it up. Here we are at the door of Victoria Lodge. It is indeed a very lovely morning. The sea yonder looks like a great plain of living jewels. It has not often been my privilege to witness a sunrise to which only one criticism can be applied — gorgeous. Were I a poet I should go down to the beach and throw myself on the sands for the purpose of writing verses. As I am not a poet I will go to bed." His tone changed and grew more earnest; he held out his hand to Mike Patchett. "I thank you sincerely, Mr. Patchett, for your kind offices."

"Yer heartily welcome, Mr. Horace," said Mike Patchett, shaking the young gentleman's hand.

They went into the house, Horace having a latchkey, and Horace, with a friendly nod to Mike Patchett, entered his bedroom, and, throwing off his clothes, rolled into bed. Before he had time to close his eyes and dispose himself for sleep he heard Mike Patchett's voice in the adjoining room:

"I was almost forgetting yer I O U's, Mr. Horace. Shall I bring 'em in?"

"Yes — or leave them on the table there," replied Horace.

"They'll be safer with you, sir," said Mike Patchett, entering the bedroom, and after laying a great heap of papers on the bed he retired, wishing Horace good-night.

Sleepy as he was, Horace could not resist ascertaining how much he might have been called upon to pay had Mike Patchett not won back his losings for him. He counted his I O U's, which totted up an ominous total of four thousand two hundred pounds.

"It was the insanest of proceedings," he muttered, "to involve myself so deeply; for though my worthy father would rather suffer death than dishonor, even though he should be threatened with it vicariously in the person of his scapegrace son, my requesting him, without notice, to honor my drafts to so large an amount might have caused a very serious difference of opinion between us. My singular friend and visionary from Pegleg has rendered me a great service, for which he deserves, and must certainly have, a return. But what does he mean by placing these bank-notes among my I O U's? Is he endeavoring in this way to compel me to accept money from him which I have refused, if I remember right, two or three times?" He counted the notes, which represented an amount of over six hundred pounds. "A very comfortable sum, and exceedingly useful if it happened to be mine. But as it does not happen to be mine, its acceptance is not to be thought of for a moment." He jumped out of bed, and, partially dressing himself, went upstairs. "I don't know Mr. Patchett's bedroom," he thought, "nor the sacred apartment in which my worthy landlady slumbers. Heaven save me from making a mistake! There's somebody in that room." With a quiet laugh at the picture of Mrs. Rachel Whitmarsh in nightcap and curl-papers which presented itself to his mind, he called out, "Mr. Patchett—Mr. Patchett!"

"That's me, Mr. Horace," said Mike Patchett, throwing open the door. "Come in."

Mike Patchett was also preparing for bed. His clothes were thrown in a heap on the floor; by the side of the bed were pistols and bowie-knife, and over his pillow he had managed to suspend the baby cross of gold, which he intended Peggy to wear as a brooch.

"It is about these I O U's, Mr. Patchett," said Horace.

"Ain't they right?" inquired Mike Patchett, interrupting him.

"Perfectly right; but you did not allow me to finish. It's about these I O U's and the money which accompanies them. These bank-notes for over six hundred pounds are put there by mistake."

"There's no mistake, Mr. Horace; it's what I won for yer. They're yourn."

"I think, Mr. Patchett," said Horace persuasively, "if you reckon carefully, that you will find that I have not the remotest claim to the money. Take it back, I beg."

"Not likely, sir, as it don't belong to me. It belongs to you, and nobody else. You'd have had to pay if I'd lost; you've got to take, as I've won. I've reckoned up; I know how much money I commenced with, and how much I lost to the Italiano afore I drew out that big pool. It's his money you've got there, not mine."

"Mr. Patchett, you are not endeavoring to force an obligation upon me?"

"A thousand miles from it, sir. I wouldn't try it on, for you'd be certain to find me out. I can't help saying, Mr. Horace, that of all the extraornary young gentlemen I ever met with you're the extraornariest. The money's yourn honestly, and I ain't got the shadder of a claim to it."

"I have no option but to believe you, Mr. Patchett, though I give you fair warning that my mind is by no means easy on the point."

"That ain't my fault, sir; it's because you take such a rum view of things. High-minded, high-spirited, generous-hearted young gentlemen like yerself — though there's very few like yer, I should say — want to have all the obligations on their side. Well, sir, it doesn't always happen that they *can* have it, and that's how it's happened this time. If you'll consider a bit, perhaps you'll admit that trying to force that money upon me ain't exactly fair play. It's like orfering to pay me for what was agreed atween us I should do in a friendly sort of way."

"That settles the matter, Mr. Patchett. I must swallow my compunctions and keep the money. Good-night again."

"Good-night, sir."

When Horace was gone, Mike Patchett looked at the reflection of himself in the glass, and winked half a dozen times in a manner which betokened satisfaction and amusement. Then he rolled into bed, and fell asleep the moment he closed his eyes.

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(*Dean of Westminster*)

FREDERICK WILLIAM FARRAR.

Frederick William Farrar, an English clergyman, theologian, and philological writer, born at Bombay, India, Aug. 7, 1831. After studying at King William's College, Isle of Man, and at King's College, London, he became a classical exhibitioner of the University of London in 1850, and graduated there; was successively a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1854. He took Holy Orders in 1854. After some years' experience as an Assistant Master at Harrow, he held the Head Mastership of Marlborough College from 1871 till 1876. In 1870 he preached the Hulsean Lectures, and in 1873 was nominated one of the Queen's Chaplains in Ordinary. He became a canon of Westminster in 1876, and Archdeacon of Westminster in 1883. In 1890 he was appointed Chaplain of the House of Commons. Since 1895 he has been Dean of Canterbury. Dean Farrar is an eloquent preacher and an ardent temperance reformer. Among his works are: "Eric; or, Little by Little" (1858); "The Origin of Language" (1860); "St. Winifred's; or, The World of School" (1863); "Chapters on Language" (1865); "A Lecture on Public School Education" (1867); "The Fall of Man and Other Sermons" (1868); "Julian Home" (1869); "Families of Speech" (1870), since revised and published with "Chapters on Language" under the title of "Language and Languages" (1878); "The Witness of History to Christ" (1871); "The Silence and Voices of God" (1873); "The Life of Christ" (1874); "Eternal Hope" (1878); "Life of St. Paul" (1879); "Early Days of Christianity" (1882); "Seekers After God" (1883); "The Messages of the Books" (1885); "The History of Interpretation" (1886); the last-named work being the Bampton Lectures for 1885; "Lives of the Fathers," 2 vols. (1889); "Darkness and Dawn" (1891); "Places that Our Lord Loved" (1891); "Social and Present Day Questions" (1891); "In the Days of thy Youth," sermons (1892); "The Voice from Sinai" (1892); "Cathedrals of England" (1893); "The First Book of Kings" (1893); "Sermons" (1893); "The Life of Christ as Represented in Art" (1894); "The Second Book of Kings" (1894); "Men I Have Known," an autobiography (1897), and "Great Books" (1898); "The Herods" (1898).

PAUL BEFORE FESTUS AND AGRIPPA.

(From "The Life and Work of St. Paul.")

It was not, as is commonly represented, a new trial. That would have been on all grounds impossible. Agrippa was without judicial functions, and the authority of the procurator had been cut short by the appeal. It was more of the nature of a private or drawing-room audience, — a sort of show occasion designed for the amusement of these princely guests and the idle aristocracy of Cæsarea, both Jewish and Gentile. Festus ordered the auditorium to be prepared for the occasion, and invited all the chief officers of the army and the principal inhabitants of the town. The Herods were fond of show, and Festus gratified their humor by a grand processional display. He would doubtless appear in his scarlet paludament, with his full attendance of lictors and body-guard, who would stand at arms behind the gilded chairs which were placed for himself and his distinguished visitors. We are expressly told that Agrippa and Berenice went in state to the Prætorium, she doubtless blazing with all her jewels and he in his purple robes, and both with the golden circlets of royalty around their foreheads, and attended by a suite of followers in the most gorgeous apparel of Eastern pomp. It was a compliment to the new governor to visit him with as much splendor as possible, and both he and his guests were not sorry to furnish a spectacle which would at once illustrate their importance and their mutual cordiality. Did Agrippa think of his great-grandfather Herod, and the massacre of the innocents? of his great-uncle Antipas, and the murder of John the Baptist? Of his father Agrippa I., and the execution of James the Elder? Did he recall the fact that they had each died or been disgraced, soon after or in direct consequence of those inflictions of martyrdom? Did he realize how closely but unwittingly the faith in that "one Jesus" had been linked with the destinies of his house? Did the pomp of to-day remind him of the pomp sixteen years earlier, when his much more powerful father had stood in the theater, with the sunlight blazing on the tissued silver of his robe, and the people shouting that he was a god? Did none of the dark memories of the place overshadow him as he entered that former palace of his race? It is very unlikely. Extreme vanity, gratified self-importance, far more probably absorbed the mind of this titular king, as in all the pomp of phantom sovereignty he swept along the large open hall, seated himself with his beautiful sister by the procurator's side, and glanced with cold curiosity on the poor, worn, shackled prisoner — pale with sickness and long imprisonment — who was led in at his command.

Festus opened the proceedings in a short complimentary speech, in which he found an excuse for the gathering by saying that on the one hand the Jews were extremely infuriated against this man, and that on the other he was entirely innocent, so far as he could see, of any capital crime. Since however he was a Roman citizen, and had appealed to Cæsar, it was necessary to send to "the Lord" some minute of the case by way of *elogium*, and he was completely perplexed as to what he ought to say. He was therefore glad of the opportunity to bring the prisoner before this distinguished assembly; that they, and especially King Agrippa, might hear what he had to say for himself, and so, by forming some sort of preliminary judgment, relieve Festus from the ridiculous position of sending a prisoner without being able to state any definite crime with which he had been charged.

As no accusers were present, and this was not in any respect a judicial assembly, Agrippa, as the person for whom the whole scene was got up, told Paul that he was allowed to speak about himself. Had the Apostle been of a morose disposition he might have despised the hollowness of these mock proceedings. Had he been actuated by any motives lower than the highest, he might have seized the opportunity to flatter himself into favor in the absence of his enemies. But the predominant feature in his, as in the very greatest characters, was a continual seriousness and earnestness; and his only desire was to plead not his own cause, but that of his Master. Festus, with the Roman adulation, which in that age outran even the appetite of absolutism, had used that title of "the Lord," which the later emperors seized with avidity, but which the earliest and ablest of them had contemptuously refused. But Paul was neither imposed upon by these colossal titles of reverence, nor daunted by these pompous inanities of reflected power.

There is not a word of his address which does not prove how completely he was at his ease. The scarlet sagum of the procurator, the fasces of the lictors, the swords of the legionaries, the gleaming army of the chiliarchs, did not for one moment daunt him, — they were a terror, not to good works but to the evil; and he felt that his was a service which was above all sway.

Stretching out his hand in the manner familiar to the orators whom he had often heard in Tarsus or in Antioch, he began by the sincere remark that he was particularly happy to make his defense before King Agrippa, not — which would have been false — for any special worth of his, but because the prince had received from his father — whose anxiety to conform to the Law, both written and oral, was well known — an elaborate training in all matters of Jewish religion and casuistry, which could not fail to interest him in a question of which he was so competent to judge. He begged therefore for a patient audience; and narrated once more the familiar story of his conversion from the standpoint of a rigid and bigoted Pharisee to a belief that the Messianic hopes of his nation had now been actually fulfilled, in that Jesus of Nazareth whose followers he had at first furiously persecuted, but who had won him by a personal revelation of his glory to the knowledge that he had risen from the dead. Why should that belief appear incredible to his hearers? It once had been so to himself; but how could he resist the eye-witness of a noonday vision? and how could he disobey the heavenly voice which sent him forth to open the eyes both of Jews and Gentiles, that they might turn from darkness to light and the power of Satan unto God; that by faith in Jesus they might receive remission of sins and a lot among the sanctified? He had not been disobedient to it. In Damascus, in Jerusalem, throughout all Judea, and subsequently among the Gentiles, he had been a preacher of repentance and conversion towards God, and a life consistent therewith. This was why the Jews had seized him in the Temple and tried to tear him to pieces; but in this and every danger God had helped him, and the testimony which he bore to small and great was no blasphemy, no apostasy, but simply a truth in direct accordance with the teachings of Moses and the Prophets: that the Messiah should be liable to suffering, and that from his resurrection from the dead a light should dawn to lighten both the Gentiles and his people.

Paul was now launched on the full tide of that sacred and impassioned oratory which was so powerful an agent in his mission work. He was delivering to kings and governors and chief captains that testimony which was the very object of his life. Whether on other topics his speech was as contemptible as his enemies chose to represent, we cannot say; but on this topic, at any rate, he spoke with the force of long familiarity and the fire of intense conviction. He would probably have proceeeded to develop the great thesis which he had just sketched in outline; but at this point he was stopped short. These facts and revelations were new to Festus. Though sufficiently familiar with true culture to recognize it even through these oriental surroundings, he could only listen open-mouthed to this impassioned tale of visions, and revelations, and ancient prophecies, and of a Jewish Prophet who had been crucified and yet had risen from the dead and was Divine, and who could forgive sins and lighten the darkness of Jews as well as of Gentiles. He had been getting more and more astonished, and the last remark was too much for him. He suddenly burst out with the loud and excited interruption, "You are mad, Paul; those many writings are turning your brain." His startling ejaculation checked the majestic stream of the Apostle's eloquence, but did not otherwise ruffle his exquisite courtesy. "I am not mad," he exclaimed with calm modesty, giving to Festus his recognized title of "your Excellency," "but I am uttering words of reality and soberness."

But Festus was not the person whom he was mainly addressing, nor were these the reasonings which he would be likely to understand. It was different with Agrippa. He had read Moses and the Prophets, and had heard from multitudes of witnesses some at least of the facts to which Paul referred. To him, therefore, the Apostle appealed in proof of his perfect sanity. "The king," he said, "knows about these things, to whom it is even with confidence that I am addressing my remarks. I am sure that he is by no means unaware of any of these circumstances, for all that I say has not been done in a corner." And then, wishing to resume the thread of his argument at the point where it had been broken, and where it would be most striking to a Jew, he asked: —

"King Agrippa, dost thou believe the Prophets? I know that thou believest."

But Agrippa did not choose to be entrapped into a discussion, still less into an assent. Not old in years, but accustomed from his boyhood to an atmosphere of cynicism and unbelief, he could only smile with the good-natured contempt of a man of the world at the enthusiastic earnestness which could even for a moment fancy that *he* would be converted to the heresy of the Nazarenes with their crucified Messiah! Yet he did not wish to be uncourteous. It was impossible not to admire the burning zeal which neither stripes nor prisons could quench, the clear-sighted faith which not even such a surrounding could for a moment dim.

"You are trying to persuade me off-hand to be 'a Christian'!" he said with a half-suppressed smile; and this finished specimen of courtly *eutrapelia* was his bantering answer to St. Paul's appeal. Doubtless his polished remark on this compendious style of making converts sounded very witty to that distinguished company; and they would with difficulty suppress their laughter at the notion that Agrippa, favorite of Claudius, friend of Nero, King of Chalcis, Ituræa, Trachonitis, nominator of the High Priest, and supreme guardian of the Temple treasures, should succumb to the potency of this "short method with a Jew." That a Paul should make the king *a Christian* (!) would sound too ludicrous. But the laugh would be instantly suppressed in pity and admiration of the poor but noble prisoner, as with perfect dignity he took advantage of Agrippa's ambiguous expression, and said with all the fervent sincerity of a loving heart, "I could pray to God that whether 'in little' or 'in much,' not thou only, but even all who are listening to me to-day might become even such as I am — except," he added, as he raised his fettered hand — "except these bonds." They saw that this was indeed no common prisoner. One who could argue as he had argued, and speak as he had spoken; one who was so filled with the exaltation of an inspiring idea, so enriched with the happiness of a firm faith and a peaceful conscience, that he could tell them how he prayed that they all — all these princely and distinguished people — could be even such as he; and who yet in the spirit of entire forgiveness desired that the sharing in his faith might involve no share in his sorrows or misfortunes — must be such a one as they never yet had seen or known, either in the worlds of Jewry or of heathendom. But it was useless to prolong the scene. Curiosity was now sufficiently gratified, and it had become clearer than ever that though they might regard Paul the prisoner as an amiable enthusiast or an inspired fanatic, he was in no sense a legal criminal. The king, by rising from his seat, gave the signal for breaking up the meeting; Berenice and Festus and their respective retinues rose up at the same time, and as the distinguished assembly dispersed, they were heard remarking on all sides that Paul was undeserving of death, or even of imprisonment. He had made, in fact, a deeply favorable impression. Agrippa's decision was given entirely for his acquittal. "This person," he said to Festus, "might have been permanently set at liberty if he had not appealed to Cæsar." Agrippa was far too little of a Pharisee and far too much of a man of the world not to see that mere freedom of thought could not be, and ought not to be, suppressed by external violence. The proceedings of that day probably saved St. Paul's life full two years afterwards. Festus, since his own opinion on grounds of Roman justice was so entirely confirmed from the Jewish point of view by the Protector of the Temple, could hardly fail to send to Nero an *elogium* which freely exonerated the prisoner from every legal charge; and even if Jewish intrigues were put in play against him, Nero could not condemn to death a man whom Felix, and Lysias, and Festus, and Agrippa, and even the Jewish Sanhedrim, in the only trial of the case which they had held, had united in pronouncing innocent of any capital crime.

THE GREATNESS OF ST. PAUL.

How little did men recognize his greatness! Here was one to whom no single man that has ever lived, before or since, can furnish a perfect parallel. If we look at him only as a writer, how immensely does he surpass, in his most casual Epistles, the greatest authors, whether Pagan or Christian, of his own and succeeding epochs. The Younger Pliny was famous as a letter-writer, yet the Younger Pliny never produced any letter so exquisite as that to Philemon. Seneca, as a moralist, stood almost unrivaled, yet not only is clay largely mingled with his gold, but even his finest moral aphorisms are inferior in breadth and intensity to the most casual of St. Paul's. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius furnish us with the purest and noblest specimens of stoic loftiness of thought, yet St. Paul's chapter on charity is worth more than all they ever wrote. If we look at the Christian world, the very greatest worker in each realm of Christian service does but present an inferior aspect of one phase only of Paul's many-sided preëminence. . . . In his lifetime he was no whit behind the very chiefest of the Apostles, and he towers above the very greatest of all the Saints who have since striven to follow the example of his devotion to the Lord.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Edgar Fawcett, an American poet, critic, novelist and dramatist, born in New York City, May 26, 1847. He was educated at Columbia College. He became an author by special training, and never followed any other profession. Most of the scenes in his works of fiction are laid in New York City. In his verse he shows a remarkable development of poetic fancy. Among his publications are "Short Poems for Short People" (1871); "Purple and Fine Linen" (1873); "Ellen Story" (1876); "A False Friend," a drama; and "A Hopeless Case" (1880); "A Gentleman of Leisure" (1881); "An Ambitious Woman" (1883); "Tinkling Cymbals," "Rutherford," and "Song and Story," a volume of poems (1884); "The Buntling Ball" (1884); "Social Silhouettes" (1885); "Romance aud Revery," poems; "The House at High Bridge" (1886); "The Confessions of Claude" (1887); "A New York Family" (1891); "Songs of Doubt and Dream," book of poems (1891); "Loaded Dice" (1891); "Women Must Weep" (1892); "American Push" (1893); "Her Fair Fame" (1894); "A Mild Barbarian" (1894); "Outrageous Fortune" (1894). He has also published some very successful plays.

The Gentleman who Listens.[1]

(From "Social Silhouettes.")

I think I could not have been older than nine years when I first heard that Mr. Prescott Southgate was a thoroughly solid man. He used to dine with my parents in those earlier days, at our old family mansion in Washington Square. I would be permitted to come down to desert and gaze at him with boyish awe across my nibbled banana or my fascinating ice-cream. I used to connect him with all that was prosperous and luxurious, and I suppose that the festal association clung about him forever afterward. Mamma always spoke of him in a hushed tone; and papa, though somewhat given to cynical comments upon every other friend he possessed, would always reserve for "Southgate" a slow approving nod of the head and a satisfied smile, as if in merely mentioning that gentleman's name he was indicating a personality so far removed from all the aspersions of ordinary disparagement that even fervid eulogy could not express his solid excellence. I find myself, while dipping among these remote memories, still employing that epithet of "solid." And, now that I recall my boyish ideas concerning Mr. Prescott Southgate, it occurs to me that I connected the term with his personal appearance, and used to compare his massive frame and his big fleshly but not ungainly limbs with those of other guests at our board, in most cases quite disadvantageously to the other guests. He rose in our drawing-rooms like a Jupiter. When he warmed himself at one of our fireplaces, he wholly obscured the glow or the blaze there. But his mildness and geniality were as immense as his person. He was not corpulent then; but, even if he had been, you would no more have remarked such a change than if they were to put a bay-window in one of the upper stories of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had a soft brown beard, and the mildest of gray eyes; and a smile lessened or greatened on his large, serene face, but never quite left it. I think, that, if he had ever been very angry at anybody or anything, that gray eye of his would have preserved a residuary twinkle, to tell you, like the rainbow in a storm, that it would soon be clear weather again.

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The domestic hearsay of childhood always exerts a vast influence. I grew up in a reverential attitude toward Mr. Prescott Southgate. It never occurred to me that he was not a gentleman of marked mental gifts. It never so far as crept into my intelligence that he was not dowered with all known or possible gifts, of whatever nature. I might, under stress of artful suasion, have been induced to doubt the capability of the sun in heaven; but I do not think any subtlety or momentum of argument could have led me to disbelieve in the stanch and over-towering merits of Mr. Southgate.

And yet all this time I had no definite recollection of his possessing a voice. I was very familiar with the pat of his large hand on the crown of my head; I could shut my eyes and see his rich, ample smile; I was intimately acquainted with his grave, seigniorial nod; I knew past error the drowsy, comfortable creak of his boots. But when it came to recalling his conversation, or even the quality of the tone in which he uttered the most ordinary statement, I should have found myself at a grievous retrospective loss.

The inevitable changes took place. I went to Harvard, as I have before recorded; my poor mother passed away; a dolorous time of mourning ensued, sharply accentuated by that paralytic stroke which leveled my remaining parent; I was a devoted nurse to poor father for many months; finally the last worldly exit came also for *his* loved life; I was immersed in legal matters concerning the settlement of my large lot of property; and at length I went abroad, remaining for a good while among scenes and people that wrought their due effect of wholesome change.

In this way several years passed without my meeting or hearing of Mr. Prescott Southgate. But the old reverence continued dormant within my spirit. If I had been called upon, while abroad, to instance a pillar of American social worthiness, I should instantly have bethought myself of Mr. Southgate.

When I returned to this country, I found myself rather promptly made a member of the Metropolitan Club. The doors of the Metropolitan were not so besieged then as now by yearning aspirants. I was slipped quite easily into membership; and I recollect, that, on the first evening this honor was enjoyed, I felt a desire to meet and claim acquaintance with my father's old idol.

Of course he still lived. If he had died, I must have heard about it. I confess to an odd sense of conviction, that, if I had been either in Egypt or at the Cape of Good Hope, I still must have heard about it had Mr. Southgate died.

To be in the Metropolitan was naturally to remember him. Youthful experiences inseparably connected him with the Metropolitan. He had always " an engagement at the Metropolitan "; or he was listening to some opinions of my father respecting the proper government of the Metropolitan; or he was blandly smiling upon my dear mother while she playfully scolded the Metropolitan for keeping papa out till abnormal hours; or he was receiving an urgent note from the Metropolitan, where somebody must see him just at the wrong time, before his good old Madeira was thoroughly sipped and his heady post-prandial cigar thoroughly smoked. He had been clad for me with a kind of Metropolitan nimbus, like that of the Virgilian deities. And so, naturally, entering the halls of this long-respected club for the first time, I not only anticipated him as an event, but expected him as a certainty.

"Oh, he's somewhere about," said my old Harvard classmate, Charley Tremont. "He always is." Charley, who dawdles through life as a confirmed scoffer at nearly everything sacred that it holds, dropped his voice and lowered his cigarette, as if with some instinctively respectful meaning, while he now added: "Magnificent old chap! Pride of the club, Mark! Wish we had more like him. He's been elected a governor four successive times. Fifth time he wouldn't run: they couldn't get him to do it. A little aged now, but still the same fine, solid, old-school trump."

"Oh, yes — yes *indeed!*" I replied, catching at the word "solid." That word had such a homely, pleasant, recognizable sound!

A little later I met Mr. Southgate. Of course I had changed since he had last seen me. I told him that I must have done so, while I grasped his big, soft hand. (They said it had made over a million dollars, that hand, in the East India trade, though you would never have supposed so from its unroughened plumpness.) He beamed upon me while I talked with him. He had changed too: he had got, to put it plainly, a palpable stomach, which he carried with a really superb majesty. You had to run your eye downward along his stately person to be quite sure that you had made no error about his altered anatomy. But there was no doubt concerning his wrinkles, and the airy, frosty gray of his beard.

I talked to him for a good while. I dealt in early reminiscences. I had a foolish feeling that I wanted him to see I was no longer young — no longer even adolescent. Doubtless I was very garrulous, but always in the most courteous and even allegiant way. And meanwhile he listened and also smiled. I forgot that he had merely listened and smiled. It seemed to me that he had made a great many audible responses, besides listening and smiling. He finally pressed my hand in farewell, saying (or did he only smile it?) something about being called away and seeing me some other time. Yes, I am sure that he must have *said* it, though on leaving him, and rejoining Charley Tremont, I had no positive impression of his having made any distinct vocal sound whatever.

"Glorious old fellow!" said Charley, as I reseated myself at his side.

"Oh, glorious!" I responded. I was thinking a good deal of old times. The dead days were alive again with me, no doubt, and the dear dead faces were peering into my spirit from that black shadow which for so long had clad them.

A short time after this I had my little difficulty with that club cad and nuisance, Jones Jones. Everybody knows what Jones Jones is. He has a way of dropping into the club wretchedly intoxicated at almost any hour, and saying the most rudely familiar things. With his very slim shape, his unnaturally pale face, his high, shrill voice, his silly lisp, his cackling laugh, his violation of all polite usage, he is about as complete a bore as it is possible to conceive. He picked a quarrel with me, on this special occasion, in the most unprovoked way. His rudeness was so flagrant and personal, that I simply rose and told him in a few words, as calm as I could command, my intention of insisting upon an apology.

I detest scenes; I abhor publicity. But this was a case in which common self-respect seemed to imperatively demand a single determined course. I waited for my apology two days, and it did not arrive. Meanwhile I had made it plain, through spoken message, that an *amende* of some sort must be given. Dueling in this country is ludicrous, and in all countries it is barbarous. And yet what could I do? Jones Jones had sent me an insolent response, had repeated his offensive words. In point of physical power he was so thoroughly my inferior (I believe the fellow was dying then of the consumption which drink had brought him to, and which ended his life less than a year later), that any hostile assault on my part would have been judged as rank cowardice.

It was a very difficult and awkward position. My indignation had meanwhile transpired, and gossip boiled and bubbled at the Metropolitan. I had but one course to take, and I took it. I appealed to the government of the club in as discreet and unimpassioned a letter as I could write.

But Jones Jones had two cousins and a brother-in-law on the governing committee. My complaint roused hot dispute and strong partisan feeling. I was distressed and mortified by certain rumors that soon reached my ears. I was summoned before a conclave of governors, and asked questions which hurt my dignity as a man and my sense of right as a wholly blameless plaintiff. Twenty different counselors urged me to defend myself in twenty different ways. I merely wanted ordinary justice, — that supreme boon which man has for centuries so often craved, and so often missed; and, if I should fail to secure it, my resolve was fixed regarding a resignation from the club.

The whole affair distressed and annoyed me deeply. I slept ill; I felt myself becoming undoubtedly irritable; a cloud of gloom hung over my spirits; I was that unpleasant member of society, a man with a grievance. I knew myself the victim of capricious report, and was conscious that many unheard tongues were dealing idly and recklessly with my name. The decision of the committee remained obscure. Jones Jones frequented the club, with all his old swagger and license. It was at length Charley Tremont who said to me one afternoon:

"Mark, you're a new member here, but you have one good, stanch friend. And your friend is a man of great influence. I need hardly tell you that I mean Prescott Southgate. Why don't you go to him? You should have gone to him before."

"True," I said. I grasped Charley's hand; his advice had seemed like the timely plank flung to the man who sinks. And I was really sinking, in a certain way. The delay of the committee's decision had engendered a sort of dreary despair.

I waited that afternoon for the arrival of Mr. Southgate. As soon as he entered the club, I secured him, so to speak. I held his hand while I looked into his genial, fatherly face, that wakened such tender and indeed holy reminiscences. I felt that I should have gone to him before now in my trouble. We passed toward a lounge together, and sat there for a long time. I told him everything. He listened with the most irreproachable attention.

There is not the vestige of a doubt that Mr. Prescott Southgate listened with the most irreproachable attention.

And presently I ended my statement, my plea, my defense. I fancy that I was rather eloquent. I am sure that I had spoken without wayward ire or foolish discomposure. And after speaking I waited Mr. Southgate's answer.

"I dare say the committee will make you all right," he said.

That was all. He had nothing more to say. He somehow left me no doubt that he sided with my cause. His superb smile, and his almost magnetic cordiality of demeanor, thus assured me. But he had nothing more to say. He had listened. He had listened, I may add, unexceptionably. I do not think it would be possible for any mortal to listen so well. He had revealed just enough gravity, just enough suavity, just enough gentle gayety, just enough serious appreciation; but it had all been revealed through silence. I am totally unable to explain how this sympathetic condition was suggested to me. I am not aware that it is possible for silence to convey it. And yet nothing except silence *did* convey it on the occasion to which I refer.

The club righted me a few days later. I was exonerated from all blame, and Jones Jones received the punishment of a year of suspension for his unprovoked insolence. The poor fellow died, as I have said, during the next year. His death bit into my conscience, somehow, though for no cause. If I had caned him in the public streets, as certain friends had urged me to do, I might have had real food for remorse.

Meanwhile Mr. Prescott Southgate's treatment had set me diligently thinking. I ascribed many causes to his odd reticence, finally concluding that he had had some cogent reason for remaining non-committal concerning the whole affair.

I said this one evening to Herbert Winslow. Herbert is a sallow, placid, self-contained man about forty-five years old. He is not popular in the club: he is considered somewhat arrogant and exclusive. The Wall Street clique (and how many cliques there are in the Metropolitan!) particularly dislike him; but he, in turn, particularly dislikes the Wall Street clique. He has a comfortable inherited fortune; he is not at all a snob, yet picks and chooses his associates; he is a bachelor of the most methodic and unalterable habits; he reads a good deal, and especially enjoys the reading of the best French books; he is scrupulously neat about his dress; he has the most admirable manners; and, when he cares to talk, in his easy, mellow, deliberate voice, he can talk with good effect and notable shrewdness.

"My dear Manhattan," he now said to me, laying one hand for an instant on my arm, "you should not drift into the general error about Prescott Southgate. You are quite too clever a man for that. You are quite too keen an observer too."

I looked at Winslow surprisedly. "The general error?" I said. "What do you mean?"

Winslow smiled. His hard, lean, impassive face seemed to soften for a moment with much furtive amusement.

"Why, Southgate," he murmured to me, "is a supreme fool. I don't at all mean an ordinary fool. An ordinary fool could never have had his amazing social success. You went to him with your little story. He listened to it, of course. He is the prince of listeners. You had approached him at a point of special strength. He is, *par excellence*, the man who listens. He has acquired a truly immense reputation for just that quality. Some men are brilliant in other ways. Southgate is brilliant through his silence. He has the marvelous gift of making an amiable monosyllable go further than a hundred earnest sentences from other lips. It has always been just this way with him. His deft employment of silence explains his popularity, his high standing, his universal tribute of respect and admiration. I called him a fool, but remember that I qualified my assertion. He is the most strikingly clever fool I have ever known. He is wholly without ideas, and yet he has contrived to make hundreds of people believe that he teems with ideas. Behind his serenity, his warm pressure of the hand, his twinkle of the eye, his benevolent massiveness, corpulence, stateliness, you will find absolutely nothing. I solemnly believe that he never thinks; he has the power, however, to make other people think that he thinks. His great social success has always been a great mystery to me. There was never so absurd a fraud as Prescott Southgate, and there was never a fraud that managed to keep so perpetually undiscovered. He did not reply to you the other day, because he had no rejoinder to give you except what he has been giving mankind at large for over sixty years, under all possible circumstances. I mean his silence. He has made more steady and rich capital out of silence — as a cloak for mental stupidity — than nine-tenths of his race have made out of brains, speech, and opinion."

A light had burst upon me when Herbert Winslow ended. I felt as if I had been watching the cool cut and thrust of a surgeon's scalpel. I have never spoken since then to Prescott Southgate; but I have bowed to him a great many times, and I always try to make my bow deferential and courteous. One cannot but respect certain humbugs. Their time-honored repute is a challenge against disesteem.

The Young Lady Who Tries Too Hard.

"Why does that Louisa Lowther go out?" people had almost grown tired of asking. And since I have first clearly learned who and what "that Louisa Lowther" is, I have felt inclined to echo the question. When I try to recall having first met her, I find that she seems to have dawned upon me gradually, through a series of rather vague apparitions. I may, indeed, say that I never positively observed her until she had become to me an unconsciously familiar figure. It then struck me that she had been present at numerous entertainments which I, too, had attended. I had a sense of having seen her stand or sit, walk or talk, ever since I had first gone at all into gay circles. She was somehow a factor of gay circles. I discovered that few festal recollections were complete without her. I do not mean that I ever met her at dinner-parties, large or small, but rare was the tea or ball that failed to attract Miss Louisa Lowther.

She was inclined to be thin, with a restless, vivacious face. Indeed, there looked from her pale blue eyes an eagerness that was unwholesome in its fervor. She appeared to be wanting something very much indeed, and always glancing round with a brisk flutter of the eyelids to see if it were not coming. Presumably it never came; but, if it had been a partner for the german, it would at least now and then have come, though by no means always. There could be no doubt that Miss Lowther was not a success in society; there could be no doubt that people avoided her. I began to wonder just why they did so, as I watched her. Of course I must here mention that the fact of her father's moderate income had fully transpired. But several girls whose fathers had moderate incomes were not at all unpopular. Then, on the other hand, Miss Lowther, though not strikingly fair, was by no means notably plain. As I rather covertly regarded her, it seemed to me that society ought to consider her a nice girl. But society evidently did nothing of the sort. She went out incessantly, yet the only persons who appeared to regard her presence with anything like actual concern were those male prowlers about the borderland of frivolity who had no visible motive for accepting invitations except the drearily egotistic one of showing that they had received them. More than once I have seen Miss Lowther, when I myself was leader of a german, slip up at the last moment, clinging to some partner whom she had just providentially secured. Her eyelids, on these occasions, would flutter more than ever; her liberal and continual smile would have brightened. To regard her was to feel sure that she tingled with achievement, if not precisely victory. And what a petty victory it was — especially when one bore in mind the philosophic truth that all triumphs of the ball-room are petty! How small did the success of this self-gratulating girl look to the belle with her seven bouquets and her score of admirers!

Before seeking presentation to Miss Lowther, I made a few tentative inquiries concerning her. My proposed informant was an unfortunate selection. I might have known that Amanda Pinckney would have taken *ex parte* views on the subject of her unvalued sister. Amanda, with her proud, cold, white face, her shining coils of coal-black hair, and the facile sneer that hovers round her thin, pink lips, has about as much icy snobbery in her nature as one human soul can well accommodate. It is a trait of those Pinckneys that they none of them wear their good birth with the least grace; they are constantly flirting it at you as if it were a fat purse, and they were people of yesterday. "The accident of birth," in their case, is more like a calamity. If their blood is blue in one sense, I cannot help fancying that it is not red in another. Miss Amanda had very decided opinions regarding Miss Lowther. She curved her long throat a little, looking down at a *corsage* of leafless white camellias, — cold flowers, that, as they rose and fell with the breathings of her cold breast, made me think of snow fallen upon snow. "I don't see why the girl should be liked, Mr. Manhattan," she said. "In the first place, you know, she is quite nobody."

"I did not know, Miss Pinckney. And, indeed, I am at a loss to understand how anybody can *be* 'quite nobody.' It seems like a contradiction in terms, don't you think so?"

Amanda, who is not at all intelligent, having only the brilliancy of ice, looked as if she did not at all understand. However, if she had understood, I am certain that she would have considered my demurrer worth nothing except her civil disdain.

"It is odd how the girl got about," she proceeded. "I have heard that she pushed and strained to a frightful extent several years ago. This is about her fifth season. Of course, she goes everywhere — that is, to all the large affairs. I wish that she didn't. I suppose everybody wishes that she didn't. Now that she has managed to thrust herself in, however, no one has the courage to drop her."

"Poor girl!" I murmured.

"Why do you call her that?" queried Miss Amanda. "I don't see any occasion for lavishing pity upon her."

"To me there is great occasion for pity," I returned. "If, as you say, she has pushed and strained to a frightful extent, her wasted effort is all the more deplorable."

Amanda fluttered her white eyelids objectingly. "I don't just see what you mean by wasted effort," she said dryly. "Success has crowned it in a most liberal manner, I should imagine."

"Success!" I repeated. "You don't really connect the word with that ill-fated girl! She has gained nothing, as far as I can see, except toleration. The potentates merely agree not to discountenance her, and that is all. And she appears very grateful for this left-handed courtesy, one must admit."

"She ought to be grateful," said Amanda Pinckney with freezing curtness.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed; "you speak of her as if she were an adopted pauper." I now looked in Miss Lowther's direction. "She seems to have very good manners," I pursued.

"They might be better."

"So might yours, my lofty lady," I thought, yet did not say. But aloud I went on, "She has nothing at all objectionable about her appearance: indeed, I consider her quite attractive; I think it strange that she should be so shunned. Can you tell me why she *is* shunned? why she is not more sought by the men? why she should be the unaccountable failure that I begin to perceive she is?"

Miss Pinckney gave a chill smile. "I have not endeavored to account for her unpopularity," she replied, "and, for that matter, I am not sufficiently interested in it to do so."

This notable bit of *hauteur* wholly failed to impress me. A little later I secured an introduction to Miss Lowther. To my surprise, she received me with an almost demoralized mien.

"I — I am so *very* glad to — to meet you, Mr. Manhattan," she said excitedly. She had been seated a few moments before, but she had risen during our mutual introduction, and she now remained standing. "Of — of course, I know *all* about you. How could I help doing so?" Here the young lady gave a highly nervous little laugh. "You are such a *leader*, you know. It was very kind of you — exceedingly kind."

"I don't think that I quite understand in what way I have been kind," was my rather astonished answer. Miss Lowther started, and then put her head exaggeratedly sideways. "Oh!

now I'm sure you're not in earnest," she affirmed. "I — I did not expect such a great *compliment* as this."

"Compliment!" I repeated almost confusedly.

"Why, yes. You — you have so many *other* claims upon your attention. But, as I said, I — I am *very* glad."

I began to see the drift of things, and I did not at all like their drift. Miss Lowther's manner had struck me as adulating. It wounded me far more than her possible frigid patronage might have done.

"It gives me pleasure," I said as demurely as I could manage, "to find that you welcome my acquaintanceship; but I must warn you in time that it will prove no important advantage in any sense. You have only met a very usual and conventional man."

"Conventional — certainly, I hope!" was the quick reply. "But *usual!* Oh, how can you employ such a word, even about *yourself!* I — I have heard that you were not at all *conceited;* but I — I was not prepared for such *humility* as this. Still, I suppose that is only one of your charms — only one of the many reasons why you are such a noteworthy person."

"I am by no means a noteworthy person," I replied, and perhaps a trifle crisply; for I began to suspect satire on Miss Lowther's part — that she was making me wear asses' ears, while she won me to believe her complimentary broadsides were sincerely delivered. "Surely," I went on, "there is no real fame or honor in having a neat waltz-step."

"But that is not *all*, you know. That is such a *slight part* of your accomplishments — your attractiveness. You have matters quite your *own* way, Mr. Manhattan. Oh, don't deny that you do! You came, saw, and conquered in New York. Why, I believe — yes, upon my word I do — that if you were actually *rude* to some of our girls, they would rather accept *your* rudeness than the *civility* of other gentlemen."

I no longer suspected satire now. Miss Lowther's face expressed the spirit of ardent and effusive candor. At the same time this whole speech made me bite my lips with annoyance. An adherent whom I did not know — a person with a blank face and a sleepy, milky eye — still remained at her side. The german was about to begin: so I soon bowed myself away, and joined my partner. When it came Miss Lowther's turn to dance, she took me out. After the figure was completed, and while we danced together, she murmured in my ear:

"Now that you *know* me, Mr. Manhattan, I hope you will not entirely *forget* me."

"Forget you!" I responded as gallantly as I could. "That is, of course, quite impossible."

"Oh, how charming of you! But I need not tell you that I have *heard* you were charming."

A few days later I received an invitation to dine at Miss Lowther's residence. I accepted. She lived in a small, pretty house not far from Fifth Avenue. The drawing-rooms struck me as a trifle over-decorated, it is true; there were too many screens, rugs, and sofa-cushions; there was too evident an effort to be telling and *chic*. But it was all quite charming, nevertheless. I had a little chat with Miss Lowther before dinner; the guests had been invited for seven, and nearly all came, as usual, at half-past. The young lady's manner almost shocked me; it went beyond the bounds of hospitable concern; it was, in a way, literally servile. And yet I somehow could not help liking her. I found myself mentally insisting that she was a nice girl. But, if so, she was a nice girl hid behind a mist of her own making. I pictured her to myself without this over-plus of affability; I thought how pleasant she might be if she had merely been glad to see me, and not so preposterously glad. Her welcome, her geniality, defeated themselves by their own vehemence.

And it was just the same with regard to her other guests. Whomever Miss Lowther greeted, she greeted too warmly and cordially. Before her little dinner had ended that evening, I had solved the riddle of her non-success. *She tried too hard to succeed.*

Yes, the whole secret lay there. She tried too hard. If her endeavors had been only a few shades less energetic, she would have easily reached a far higher plane of attainment. My friend, Mrs. Stonington, — tried woman of the world — gave one of her soft, amused laughs, about three evenings later, when I communicated to her this discovery.

She is one of the most serenely elegant women whom I know, is Mrs. Stonington. She treats life as if it were an easy, rolling landau, in which she had nothing to do except lean comfortably backward and be driven along. No danger of *her* being *gênée* by too profuse a politenes stoward either foes or friends. She looked at me with her large, soft, tawny-brown eyes for a moment after I had spoken, and then said in her smooth, lazy voice:

"You are very extraordinary."

"How extraordinary?" I asked.

"Oh, in treating men and women just as if they were problems in algebra." Here she tapped one dainty foot impatiently on the floor. We were seated together in that beautiful little Japanese room of hers; I had dined with her *à deux;* I was to take her to the opera in a little while; we were waiting for her carriage to come. She had on a cloak of some white woolly stuff threaded with gold; her arch, indolent face lifted itself on a slender stem of neck from a snowy circlet of swan's-down; she held a bunch of big pink roses in one gloved hand; she looked enchantingly patrician, and as *mondaine* as possible, besides; you would never have suspected her of not getting the best from society; you could tell by a glance that she was the woman to take for granted, and receive rather as a matter of course, not a little solid and sincere homage; the feverish struggles of a Miss Lowther were unknown to such as she.

"But one would not so much mind this fury of observation and analysis," my hostess went on with a somewhat impudent drawl, "if one were not so certain that you are 'collecting material.' It is so tiresome to meet a person who is 'collecting material!' — I mean for a novel, of course."

"I have not the remotest idea of perpetrating a novel," I said. "There are too many bad ones already."

Mrs. Stonington raised her brows in surprise.

"What refreshing modesty!" she exclaimed. "But if such is the fact, why on earth do you bore yourself trying to find a reason for the unpopularity of that Lowther girl?"

"Because I was impressed by her being a girl who ought to succeed. But I am convinced that I have hit upon the true reason why she does not. She betrays her anxiety; she tries too hard. Yes, I am sure it is that."

"You are quite right," now said Mrs. Stonington, whom I expected to be on the verge of contradicting me. "When we show that we want a thing very greatly, the world has a trick of coolly refusing it us. Miss Lowther has more brains than I have — and I suppose you know that I don't think myself by any means a fool. I have watched her for some time — half unconsciously, perhaps. I could have explained her to you long ago. She was born outside the fashionable sets. She strove to get in among them, and distinctly did *not* fail. But her success, so to speak, went to her head. Of course, she is a nice girl;

you are perfectly right in thinking her so; if I were at some quiet country hotel in the summer, I should prefer her company to that of any reigning belle whom I know. But in society I can't endure her. She is ridiculous there — almost a caricature, in fact. She does nothing with grace or tact; and grace and tact are two things that society — always thinking so much more of manner than matter — holds indispensable. A less frivolous career would become her far better. There are a hundred worthier modes of life in which she might play her part to far greater advantage. But, as it is, she is bitten by the fashionable craze, and her recovery — her sensible recognition of her own grievous mistake — is uncertain if not absolutely impossible."

"Poor girl!" I said, half to my own thoughts. "Poor, foolish, unreasoning girl!"

Mrs. Stonington rose at this point, drawing her opera-cloak closer about her handsome figure, with one of her light, melodious, indifferent laughs. The butler had just appeared in the doorway, announcing her carriage.

"Bah! there are plenty of really miserable people in the world," she said, "who truly merit your compassion. Don't fling it away broadcast. And come — let us go to the opera and hear that divine Patti. *She* tries and succeeds. She is not like your Miss Louisa Lowther, who tries too hard — and fails."

ANNA MARIA FAY.

Anna Maria Fay, born at Savannah, Georgia, March 12, 1828. Principally educated by an English governess. She came to the North to live when she was nineteen years old. Her tastes were always of a literary character and were cultivated under the direction of Professor Short of Columbia College.

Song.

O could I with my true love float
 Upon a magic river,
Embarking in a wingèd boat
 We'd sail forever, ever.

This busy world I'd leave behind,
 Spinning in crystal azure;
In quite another sky we'd find
 A nebulous sweet leisure.

'Tis said the way is strewn with stars,
 That one may pick at pleasure;
I'd set them in some golden bars,
 As jewels for my treasure;

For her I'd seize an opal cloud,
 And weave a robe of splendor;
The sun, abashed, were fain to shroud
 His beams, and then surrender.

I'd skirt the walls of Paradise;
 The angels would look over,
But at the sight of her rare guise,
 Their breath they'd scarce recover.

They'd fly to ope the golden gates,
 Hoping that she might enter,
"Ah! no," I'd say, "far journey waits;
 We sail forever, ever."

RONDEL.

WHEN love is in her eyes,
What need of Spring for me?
A brighter emerald lies
On hill and vale and lea.
The azure of the skies
Holds nought so sweet to see,
When love is in her eyes,
What need of Spring for me?

Her bloom the rose outvies,
The lily dares no plea,
The violet's glory dies,
No flower so sweet can be;
When love is in her eyes,
What need of Spring for me?

RONDEAU.

YE foolish waves, why now so gay?
Whither take ye your dancing way?
Your rhythmic pace times with my oar;
Perchance a nymph has gone ashore,
Or Galatea tempts your play.

Now Galatea, sad to say,
A giant witched the live-long day;
For you she may have worse in store,
Ye foolish waves!

How now? 'tis plain we but obey
A common spell; I see yon spray
Just kiss her feet upon the shore;
It is the goddess I adore.
I will outrun you; haste away,
Ye foolish waves.

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